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# MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE



Did Laurier Betray Us?



The Split in the Financial Arena.



Why the Jew is Healthier Than  
the Christian.



Our Bad Manners and Who is to Blame.



Little Tales for Summer Weather.

AUGUST

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## MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XXII

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No. 4

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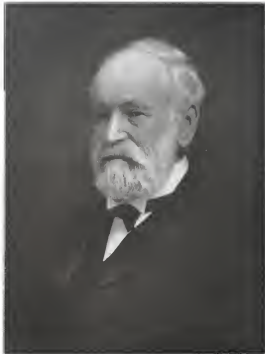
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SENATOR ROBERT JAFFRAY

A Prominent Member of the Grand Trunk  
Pacific Group of Financiers.

See "The Line-Up of the Financiers."  
Page 8.

# MacLean's Magazine

Vol XXII

Toronto August 1911

No 4

## Did Laurier Betray Us?

By

Britton B. Cooke

WHEN the English Government intimated with courtesy but firmness, that the presence of Sir Wilfrid Laurier at the Imperial Conference was not only desirable but necessary; when Sir Wilfrid went and was consulted as to Canada's position; when perilous moments came, in the history of that Conference, when the health of the whole British Empire hung upon the tactful conduct of the Prime Minister from Ottawa—Canada was helpless.

Laurier went to the Imperial Conference to discuss the problems of that loose-jointed, but none the less noble affair which is called the British Empire, and to say what Canada's attitude was, or would be on the various matters that came before the Conference. Canada had not told him what to say. He carried no message. He had not consulted the people of Canada before he went. He merely told the English people and their representatives what *he thought* the Canadian people thought. He spoke out of his own judgment. He acted upon his own discretion. It lay in his power to offend the English and cause Canada everlasting embarrassment, just as it lay in his power to commit Canada, for the time being at least, to things which Canada would not have agreed to. It was one of the possi-

bilities of the situation that he might have caused War itself, either between factions in Canada or between a Canadian faction and the very Imperial Government itself. Did Laurier Betray Canada?  
No.

But there are ardent gentlemen in Canada who even now call him traitor. He was not "Imperial" enough for them. There are other gentlemen, more ardent, who call him traitor for the opposite reason. And to the private views of the "Imperialist" (one uses this term in contradistinction to merely loyal British Canadian) as well as to the private views and ambitions of Mr. Henri Bourassa, Sir Wilfrid Laurier was indeed a "traitor." But, in the absence of any direct and trustworthy expression of opinion from the varied population of Canada, Sir Wilfrid interpreted Canada's sentiments as best he saw them, and acted accordingly.

This is not to say that his representation of Canada was satisfactory, nor to say that one agrees with him in his political views. But one would be a poor Canadian if because he was a Conservative he ignored the truth and condemned the Prime Minister, or, if because he was a Liberal he endorsed the Liberal leader without



THE MOTHER OF PARLIAMENTS.  
A cross-the-Thames view of Westminster Palace and the House of Parliament.

consideration. One thing: Sir Wilfrid Laurier did not do as so many intelligent Canadians do in London, and as so many of his honorable colleagues at the Imperial Conference did; he did not lose his head at the sight of a Dreadnaught, or a regiment of veterans, a battle-scarred flag, the Garter of a Diplomat or the Sceptre of His Majesty. He did not hasten, as some men naively admit they do, to change his opinion that the Coronation was all "fuss and feathers" to the opinion that it was a grand privilege to be part of the British Empire. He remained, throughout the whole of his sojourn in England—a Canadian, neither drunk with the glamour of Imperial regalia, nor sullen with envy or resentment, but appreciative.

The Imperialist Canadian would have had him act more cordially toward England. The French-Canadian Nationalist would have had Sir Wilfrid stand even more firmly for Canadian independence and would have had him do more than would have been discreet in the cause of the separatists.

But neither the Imperialist nor the French Canadian Nationalist could have dictated the real message of Canada. The mass of the Canadian people, loyal enough, had given, and are giving very

little thought to the question of our relations with the other parts of the so-called Empire. Thousands upon thousands of British Canadians are too deeply wrapped in business and provincial affairs to think or care, much less speak, about the subject. On the other hand the Imperialist and the Nationalist make their respective causes unpopular by their very blundering zeal. Between the three political elements, Canada is dumb. Who speaks for Canada? What is the Canadian mind? Somewhere underneath, somewhere between the Imperialist and the Nationalist there lies the real mind of Canada, but it is covered very deeply. Who can blame Laurier therefore if he, on his own judgment, tried to interpret the Canadian mind and tell England what Canada would do, if she could talk. If Canada was misunderstood, or did not make the proper stand at the Imperial Conference, the fault lies with the three elements of Canadianism: the Imperialists; the Nationalists; and the ordinary British Canadians. Laurier may have misinterpreted what Canada's message should have been, but at least he gave what he sincerely believed to be a message that would be endorsed by the majority of Canadians. If he committed an error he was led into it by the excesses of the Imperialists and



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT  
Showing "Big Ben" and ancient Westminster Hall

the Nationalists on one hand, and the indifference of the ordinary British Canadians on the other hand. In short, Canadians betrayed themselves.

• • •

There are two words between which lies a great distinction. The one is Imperialism; and the other Loyalty. The Canadian Prime Minister made clear this distinction during his recent visit to London. He did not tell the English people the whole truth, else he would have declared that the word "Imperialism" has no definition in Canada, that it is in bad favor with the unimaginative and unemotional Canadian, and that in his mind it calls up only the image of some local utilitarian crank, or some unsuccessful gentleman who can scarcely keep pace with the hard work of his fellow Canadians, but who can at all times be depended upon to wave the flag. Sir Wilfrid probably did not dare to tell the men he met that the word "Empire" has come to be looked upon as the special rallying cry of a number of well-meaning people who would vote against the building of more railways in Canada while they would pawn the whole country for the love of "the flag". The English people might have misunderstood

any such statements and would perhaps have thought that because the Canadians disapproved of the federalists who have made these honorable words empty, they condemned the very things for which those words originally stood. The one thing which the Canadian Premier could teach the English people was that there exists throughout Canada a quiet loyalty, a loyalty which would break forth in patriotic zeal were it shown that the Mother country or any of the sister colonies were in danger, but a loyalty nevertheless that is temporarily obscured by the dust of our material activities and which is made shy by those over-ardent gentlemen the Imperialists and the Nationalists.

One can conceive of no nobler sentiment towards one's country than that of true Imperialism. Stripped of gold braids and nonsense, stripped of snobbery and national aggressiveness, it is a magnificent thing, this idea of confederating the Colonies and the Motherland against the enemies of freedom. The torch from which the common Imperialist is set alight burns in London. It is there that many a sensible Canadian is first set alight. But the refined flame of true Imperialism comes only after a man has sobered himself, rubbed the glamour of gold lace and



THE CENTRE OF IMPERIAL LONDON.  
Trafalgar Square, with its monuments and fountains.

coronets out of his eyes, and comprehended at once the real glories of nationhood and the real necessities of the Colonies and the humanity which inhabits them. Men go to England and are carried off their feet with the new things they see. It is these men, coming back to Canada and

running over with superlatives who have brought the word Imperialist into bad odor here. It is this very false Imperialism which has served to emphasize and assist the Nationalist movement in Quebec.

For, what is an Empire? What must be the purpose of an Empire? What



THE FINANCIAL HEART OF THE EMPIRE.  
In the low, drab building on the left is housed the Bank of England.



THE ABBEY.  
Scene of many historic events in British history.

would these used Imperialists have the Empire do? Mount a Dreadnaught and go charging about the world and tilting with grain elevators? Would they tie the Empire together with bits of binder twine so that, whereas the parts would be united enough, still Australia dare not move a muscle without imperilling the whole connection?

The people who shout for the Empire without first thinking out all the details, and considering ultimate ends, are the traitors to the Empire.

The Quebec Nationalists are traitors to themselves.

And the Canadian who allows these people to do all the talking; who shuts his ears and buys a new threshing machine; who says, as many a Canadian has said—to his shame—"Let's sit tight and let the Old Country do the worrying"—these men, too, are traitors. Then too there are most estimable persons who gallop around the country emitting rhetoric and Gaelic about "Peace." They are betraying their own intelligence, just as the militarist betrays his narrowness when he lauds War and prays for more armies.

Between all the extremes there lies the real path of intelligent action. It is time there came a threat of war to explode the

materialism of this very country. A materialism which breeds men who say "Let's sit tight and let the Old Country do the worrying." If such men are the product of peaceful industrial times then surely War has produced better citizens. On the other hand it is time that the War Lords came down from their high horses and recognized that economic and social evils are a greater blot on the honor of the nation than the antipathy of some other race toward us. In Canada itself, it is time that Canadians stopped to consider their national existence and that instead of so much localism within each province, so much petty jealousy between the cities, they should begin to feel the unity of nationhood and the responsibilities it brings. There is a thrill in our work here in Canada. In the material development of the country, in the improvement of conditions and the overcoming of obstacles there is real honor and glory. There is a thrill, too, in the sight of a war scarred flag or an old regiment marching through Trafalgar Square, in the sound of guns and the smell of cordite, in the feeling that one has even a remote share in that great machine which maintains the relations of the "Empire" toward the rest of the world. The folly lies in choos-



A WEST END LANDMARK.  
The famous Marble Arch leading into Hyde Park

ing one or the other alone. The real Imperialism must be a compound of the two things, Materialism and Imperialism.

But how often do Canadians stop to think of our foreign relations except in the case of a trade treaty? We have been immune from war so long that we think

it affects only the Europeans. By our ultra Imperialism or Nationalism on the one hand, and by our complacency on the other we betray ourselves. Laurier saved our faces by giving us time. By the next Imperial Conference Canada should have found her voice.

IF your silence be not of sympathy or understanding, it were better to speak.

SORROW is the blacksmith of life. Good metal strengthens under the hammer, but low grade iron will not stand the fire.

GREAT literature is applied emotion that has been animated by genius, tempered by experience and modulated by discrimination.

## The Invisible Warning

By

H. Mortimer Batten

TAKE a city-bred puppy out into the hills and let him sniff the trail of a grizzly. Instantly his coat will bristle, and the pale green fire of hatred come into his eyes. Show the same puppy the trail of a cottontail and heart and voice he will join in the mad clamor of the chase. That is instinct, but leave that puppy to face the perils of the bush and he will starve, or perhaps be killed by a rival hunter as he blunders noisily through the undergrowth. For he has never learned the lessons of the wild.

Fifty years ago there was no more popular word among naturalists than the word instinct. It was instinct, they said, that told h'er rabbit "to lie low and say nothing"; that taught the hunted deer to double back, and watch his own trail, and that whispered to the panther to mock the cry of a child to decoy the hot and fever-smitten woodsman. But the naturalist of the present day is beginning to hate the word. Instinct, he says, is inherited knowledge or inherited habit, as the case may be, and plays but a small part in the self-preservation of the wild folk.

But there is yet another inherited faculty, which, for want of a better term, has been very inadequately named the "Sixth Sense." It would be a difficult thing of a name more misleading, but at the same time it would be a great deal more difficult to find a suitable substitute for it. The power of preconception—the ability to "sense" a lurking presence or a coming event, is possessed not only by the wild folk, but by man himself, to whose doughty, helpless offspring inherited knowledge would be of little value, even if possessed.

Let us leave instinct out of the question, then, and turn to the misnamed "Sixth Sense." The American Indian, like most savages, possesses this sense to a marked degree, and only a short time ago a wonderful illustration came before our notice. A Scotch prospector, who had been robbed and deserted by his two companions in the Tete Jaune district of British Columbia, ultimately reached the lodge of an old Indian brave named Emos. Here he remained for some days, accepting the Indian's hospitality till he had regained strength, when he set out again towards civilization.

Two days later the prospector reached a deserted hut, where he made camp for the night, but next morning a fresh and grievous misfortune befel him. While dressing he happened to touch the window, whereupon the upper framework came down with the force of a guillotine, firmly trapping the man's hands between the two frames.

In this unhappy plight the Scotchman remained, a helpless prisoner, for over twenty-four hours, at the end of which time, as may well be imagined, he was more dead than alive.

"The last thing I can remember," writes the prospector, "was finding Emos, the Indian, sleeping over me. He took me back to his lodge, where I remained for some weeks. Several times I asked him how he had come to find me in the old deserted shack, far away from any beaten trail. But he never would answer the question, and it seemed to displease him. Certainly it could not have been by mere chance that he journeyed across the hills for the hut was far beyond the limits of his

hunting ground. Therefore, he must have followed me, knowing, by some mysterious means, that I was in dire distress."

Most of us, who have lived among the Indians at all, have come across instances of this sort. The "Sixth Sense," as we call it—the preconception of a coming event, is possessed by the hunting tribes all the world over. It has long been a subject of special comment among sportsmen, and in a letter to this magazine on the subject, a well-known Canadian big game hunter, who prefers to have his name withheld, writes as follows: "We had crouched in the spruce thicket for over two hours, Finwell, the Indian guide, with moose call ready, and I with my rifle. Not a sound broke the stillness by the lake margin, save for the occasional weird cry of a nightbird.

Suddenly Finwell whispered: "Moose near!" "How do you know?" I queried, conscious that my sight and hearing were as good as those of the Indian.

"Don't know," he answered. "Just know."

Now had Finwell been any but a touchy red man I should probably have told him what I thought to such an answer. But ten minutes later, sure enough, we caught a glimpse of the great head and spreading antlers of moose the moose peering at us from out the bush.

Some people may consider this sort of thing to be guesswork, but that it is not guesswork has been conclusively proved scores of times. As a matter of fact, the real hunter would be but a poor creature at the best of times if he did not possess the "Sixth Sense" to some extent. To show how very necessary its possession is to the man of the woods, the following narrative, told to me a short time ago by a British Columbia woodsman, may suffice:

"I had been over to Nelson to buy stores," the woodsman explained, "and as the weather was unsettled, I was much later than usual in returning home. It must have been well after midnight when I turned the canoe keel upwards, and set out along the narrow bush cutting that led from the water's edge.

"It was so dark in the shelter of the spruce trees that I was compelled to grope the way with my feet, which was not a very difficult matter, as the path was well

worn. I had not gone fifty yards, however, when a strange, uncontrollable fear suddenly laid hold of me. Before I had time to realize what I was doing, I had stepped aside into the bush, putting at least three yards between myself and the pathway.

"Somehow I was horribly afraid, though nothing had occurred to arouse my suspicions. So intense was the silence that it seemed a part of the blackness that hemmed me in on every side, and I could even hear the ticking of my watch inside its thick gaita-percha case.

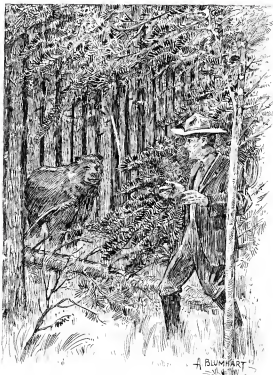
"Scarcely had I been in hiding ten seconds, however, when I distinguished the spongy tread, tread, of a heavy animal approaching along the trail in the opposite direction. The sound drew nearer, till I could hear the animal's breathing, and the brush of its body through the undergrowth.

"Of all the dangers to be met in the bush, that of meeting a wild animal is of least account, but though I have been in many tight corners, the sensations I now underwent were about the most unpleasant I have ever experienced. Somehow there was a foreboding of tragedy in the very atmosphere, and as the unseen beast drew abreast with me, the mental strain became almost unbearable.

"Just at the critical moment there was a vivid flash of summer lightning, and there, slouching rapidly down the runway, so near that I could almost have touched it, I beheld the largest grizzly I have ever been my misfortune to encounter.

The whole scene was stamped on my mind like a photograph, and I remember it to this day—the dark background of overhanging spruce trees, the silver-gray berries in the distance, and there at my feet the great shaggy monster, totally occupying the runway. I experienced an uncomfortable two minutes of it till the brute moved away, which he did, thank goodness, without argument."

This woodsman, at any rate, can consider that he owes his present good health to his possession of the sixth sense. As there was no beam of light at the time, and not even enough light to enable the grizzly to see the way, it is vastly probable that the two would have come to very close quar-



"I beheld the largest grizzly I have ever been my misfortune to encounter!"

ters, and each considered it his mortal duty to fight for supremacy.

To what extent wild animals possess this sense is known only too well by the sportsman who has ever tried to pit his woodcraft against that of moose or caribou. How often, alas, after a long stalk with wind and everything in our favor, does that coveted head with the mighty antlers look suddenly in our direction, as though some guardian spirit of the wild things had whispered a warning! And every sportsman knows, too, those first signs of unrest and suspicion in his quarry that warn him that he is "scented" long before sight, or scent, or hearing, could have given the alarm.

The question that we naturally ask is: Do we all possess this sense, or is it only acquirable by those who stand in constant need of it? There is reason enough to believe that we all possess it to a certain extent, but not to the same degree as do the Indians and other people of the wilderness, because in our modern environment, we have little need of it. Ninety years hence, very likely, when silent automobiles glide at unlimited speed through our thoroughfares, and aeroplanes innumerable tear the affrighted atmosphere overhead, we shall begin to re-develop the sense. Men will be seen to leap aside without apparent reason, just in time to evade the headlong descent of an aircraft dropping from the blue ether above the housetops. It will be quite a common sight to behold the old lady—if there exists such a thing in those days—spring suddenly into cover, warned by her newly-developed faculties that death, silent and uncheckable, was approaching from the rear.

To prove that these strange powers are still possessed by the ordinary citizen of the present day, pampered though he may be in comparison with his Stone Age ancestors, I recall the following instance: An unfortunate gentleman, who was harnessed to death in a railway accident that occurred a short time ago in England, sent the following epistle to his fiancée the night before the tragic affair took place:

"D— —, I am returning to Leeds tomorrow by the mid-day express. You know how I hate traveling, but I have never dreaded a journey in my life so much as I dread this one. I have a haunting pre-

sentiment of something dreadful happening before I reach home, and were it not, etc., etc."

The letter was published in many of the British dailies at the time, and no doubt some of the readers of this magazine will recall its appearance. Most of us, at any rate, can recall similar examples, without testing our heads against the never-ending questions of clairvoyance and witchcraft.

When in Africa a few years ago, I came across several gentlemen who professed to possess superhuman faculties. Some of them made a very good thing out of it. One old quack in particular, with a special taste for missionary and explorer, professed to be able to forecast the seasons by the look of a white man's interior. Being the only white men in the district, we naturally gave this gentleman and his faithful friends as wide a berth as possible.

I remember a story that was told in a London clubroom by a famous big game hunter, who was recently killed in India by a seladang. We were discussing the subject under review when the big game hunter intervened.

"Some of the Hindu shikarees," he said, "possess this sense to an extent that would seem incredible to a man who has never mixed with them. When I was living in India, I employed one shikaree for some years. His name was Lutti. Between the shooting seasons he acted as my personal servant, and we traveled all over India together. Naturally we got to know each other very well.

"Once, when out on a hunting trip, I had sent Lutti up country to secure stores, and the very night following his departure I received news that a man-eating tiger I had been following for some weeks, had moved into the long valley across the river.

"How I longed for Lutti to return! Without him I could do nothing. I sat up half the night longing for him, and ultimately decided to tackle the task alone next day, though it was the most risky business imaginable.

"But when morning came there was no need to do this. There was Lutti, footsore and weary, preparing my breakfast. He

had run forty miles through the jungle during the night.

"Lutti," I said. 'Why are you here?'

"You want me, sahib?'

"I do. But how did you know?'

"Lutti smiled. 'If my brother were in danger a thousand miles from here, and were to think of me, should I not know, sahib?' he asked; but when I questioned him further he answered in the descriptive words of Finwell, the Canadian Indian: 'Don't know. Just know.'"

To return nearer to home truths—our domestic dog often furnishes us with wonderful instances of the sixth sense. A farmer in Nova Scotia possessed a dog that could never be induced to leave his side. One afternoon, however, the farmer set out to visit a friend who lived a mile or two away, and to the great perplexity of the household, it was seen that the dog seemed reluctant to follow him. The farmer was puzzled and hurt at the animal's sudden loss of affection. He called it to him, but after a long and wiseal gaze the dog slunk away. A short chase ensued, but the animal easily outdistanced its portly owner, who was left to go his way unaccompanied.

A few minutes later a very different scene took place about a mile distant from the house. Along the wide, dusty road walked two children on their way from school—the son and daughter of the outraged farmer.

Suddenly a huge black beast appeared through an open gate only a few yards from the helpless toddlers. The beast was a red-eyed, short-horned Durham bull—a veritable nightmare to its owner.

Now, the little girl was wearing a crimson cloak, and what happened can well be imagined. The bull charged—the children screamed and clung to each other. There was no one near enough to divert the tragedy—in a few seconds the helpless infants would be beaten hideously to the ground and trampled to death.

But the horrible thing never occurred. Between the children and the enraged beast suddenly appeared a guardian angel in the most effective disguise of a small mongrel dog. Twenty minutes later the children were safe at home, while the little yaller dog, anxious to carry out his duty to the last minute degree, still clung with avidity to the nose of the frantic Durham.



"Along the wide, dusty road walked two children."



# Our Bad Manners, and Who Is To Blame

By

James Grant

**M**ANNERS were first started by a murderer: after that they grew.

The downfall of old-fashioned manners is part and parcel with the growth of Democracy and the up-springing of the modern newspaper. A good many people do not believe this. They consider that murder and manners are contradictory terms. At the same time that they applaud public ownership movements and the success of democratic institutions, they deplore the decline of mannerliness in the modern child. Failing to find anything else on which to blame the condition, they attack the schools of the country. This provokes a number of worthy school inspectors to make elaborate, not to say pious, denials, which need never have been made at all.

Real manners are not dead nor dying, but the old manners are passing away, and new ones are beginning to grow in certain favored places of the earth. In the meantime, and until the new manners become, as it were, popular, the present day child is adorned with only a minimum, and such earnest gentlemen as Earl Grey are worked up into states of indignation which give birth to rash statements, which in turn breed all sorts of controversies and counter accusations.

The school systems of this country are unquestionably hampered by a certain amount of fadism and experimentalism. No doubt the removal of some of the "frills" from the educational programme of a modern child would leave room for more substantial things to be planted in the said child's cerebral convolutions. The public school tries to teach the outward forms of manners. As a certain rather blundering school inspector in

Toronto pathetically pointed out, in refutation of Earl Grey's charges against Canadian children, the said schools "always teach the boys to take off their caps to ladies, and to rise when an elder enters the room." While this worthy gentleman's idea of the essentials in manners is somewhat poverty-stricken, nevertheless it really does represent just about the extent to which a crowded curriculum can deal with such a subject.

The private boarding schools of the country are unquestionably in a much better position to attend to this side of the young person's equipment, because the masters and mistresses have more hours in the day wherein to influence the child; they are better paid, and therefore the schools can, as a rule, command the services of better teachers; and finally, the teacher in the private school meets the pupil in the very hours when so subtle a thing as "good manners" may best be instilled into the bearing of the young person. The private school teacher may influence the boy or girl at meals, in sports, in the choice of reading matter outside of actual school studies, in the spending of leisure moments, and in the social events which may occupy the evenings. These are the times when the germ of good manners is easiest received and most likely to thrive in the child. But the teacher in the public school has only the few hours when his pupils are playing games for this work, unless he or she is of such a rare character—and indeed there are some in Canadian public schools—that even in the teaching of such proxy things as arithmetic, geography and grammar, the scholars will be made sensitive and responsive to that outward and visible con-

duct on the part of the teacher, which is the sign of an inward grace—I don't mean anything religious—and which constitutes "good manners."

What manners are and what the word has come to mean are different things. Manners, to repeat and to paraphrase a golden text or a catechism reminiscent of Sunday school days, are the outward and visible sign of an inward grace. The trouble with manners, however, has been that whereas there was once a time when they really were the outward manifestation of an inward condition, of mind and soul, there followed a period wherein every one who wanted to make progress in the world decorated himself with the badges of good manners merely as a means of concealing his real self. Mankind set up all sorts of idols and ideals which were to be worshipped in the Church of Good Manners. All sorts of ritual has been added by the writers of "etiquette books," and while all these things no doubt contribute to the sum of the world's graces, they are often far removed from the real thing which originally prompted these forms.

Good manners do not necessarily include all the rules of modern society, such as when to use this knife and when that one, and a thousand other small details. These come under the department of good taste and common sense, which are sub-departments of manners. But good manners refer to the values which a man by his conduct shows that he places on the world at large, upon the individuals with whom he comes in contact, and upon—himself. Good manners is the term which applies to a man's appreciation of these three things. According to the respect he pays them are his manners good or bad.

The murder which marked the beginning of "good manners" took place in the days before the Stone Age, probably before monkeys took to marriages, baptisms, cooked food and open closets. But since most people refute the monkey theory and stand up for the honor of Adam's ancestry or manufacture—which ever you please—one must define this important murder as having taken place shortly after the earth was given its human population.

There was a fight between two of the populace. It may have been over a bone or a woman or the theory of creation. It may have been fought with stone axes or wooden spears, in bouts or in a go-as-you-please. Such details do not matter; the thing is that one man survived and that by his murderous prowess he instilled into the souls of the deceased's friends and relatives a degree of respect for him. It makes no difference whether the surviving cave-dweller made a noise over his soup or did not, whether he had the seal of a boar or of a poet; whether he abused his wives in the purity of Gaelic or the profundity of British—he was the father of good manners, and somebody ought to build a hospital to him.

You might read the history of good manners this way.

They started with a brawl which ended in the neighbors being respectful to the victor. They had seen his prowess. They were inspired with appreciation for his powers of creating a concussion. This was the lowest form of manners, because it was based upon fear. There is much of it still extant.

After this there were other fights, and for convenience it came to be understood that a blow should not be delivered below the belt, and that certain other crude rules must be observed, such as wiping off the club after the fight and clearing up the debris. It was agreed that a cave-dwelling gentleman should not go courting without washing off the signs of victory, and thus, very slowly, grew up respect for the will of the majority. It is this same impulse that prompts a man to obey the more finished laws to-day, only that instead of fearing physical violence, he fears the penalty of popular opinion and public ridicule.

After a time came the "cute" man, the man who overcame brute strength with strategy, with liteness, with artifice, subterfuge and misbehaviour. He won the respect of the people, and it was to him, instead of to the early incarnations of Jack Johnson, that the public lifted its hat, as it were. This gentleman was the father of lawyers.

Presently it was seen that a graceful man could escape from fighting at all, by turning his tongue against an assailant, by overcoming him with repartee. Fol-

lowed then the period of grace and gallantry when men began to fear the things which sting the ear.

And finally, in more recent times, the code of things toward which a man should show respect has been reduced to something like this: respect money, for money is power crystallized; respect brains, for that is power; respect position and authority and the law for each exerts power, respect brute strength, for that is another sort of power. In short, respect POWER; that is the great thing; after that, respect women, children and religion. In addition to this, respect the little laws of your own stratum of society, whether they refer to the division of "swag," or the use of finger bowls.

All the world respects money and position and authority, and is good mannered to them, however grudgingly. The majority respect brute and the law and brute strength. Most people respect women, children and religion in a superficial way; each class respects its own little laws regarding minor social matters and matters of good taste. In sum it is as full to pour tea into the saucer and drink it.

But it is the children and the public school that are scorned. It is said that they do not show respect where it should be shown. It is quite true. Coming out of the age of aristocracy, the child of the democrat finds that its forefathers kowtowed to all sorts of old things, in which it can see nothing to kow-to to. It learns to respect everything "on its merits," but it is not taught how to look for the merits. The first instincts of the child are, of course, good; it respects kindness and comradeship and protection. After that, brute strength, then position, then money. Old age, innocence, purity, affliction, the beauty in a flower or a rain-storm or a ray of sun, require more than a casual glance to be appreciated. It is only instinct that recognizes in them something to be respected and instinct comes from the third and fourth generation back, and from the home—not the school. What is the worth of a drill in the rules of politeness at school, if such rules do not find an instinctive understanding in the child's heart? Such rules

have only superficial mannerliness; they make "gentle," not gentlemen; they open the doors of homes to social bousters.

It is had manners to offend or to injure, unnecessarily. It is had manners, willingly, to allow weaker people to be offended or injured. It is had manners to accept an insult, for in these things one shows a lack of respect for the sensitivities and rights of others, and a lack of self-respect. It is good manners to recognize and appreciate, not power, but worth; not the false heroism of the daily newspaper column, but the real heroism that one hears less about and that goes on in prosaic respectable homes, in ministerial cabinets, on the hopeless platforms of opposition leaders. It is because the newspaper selects always the colorful things—and this is its business, after all—that respect is paid to wrong things, and good manners are accordingly corrupted.

The instilling of good manners in a child is a matter for the parents. It is for them to counter the tendency of the new age, just as it is to forget the old age. Manners must not be based upon false ideas or caste and precedence and family, as in the old days; nor upon wealth, spectacularism and power, as today. But having taught the child first to be well-mannered toward itself—self-reliant—self respecting; then teach it the real qualities of life that are worth respecting. And not only will society benefit, but the child as well; for respect for right things means ambitions for right things; if the "respects" are wholesome, so will be the ambitions. None but a great man can have perfect manners, because he must be great who can appreciate correctly and treat charitably the man he meets. He must be very sane, who neither exaggerates nor under-estimates his own importance in his relation to others. The only man who has no manners is the unintelligent anarchist and the fool. If all the world had real manners, unjust laws, useless institutions, corruption and social diseases would be wiped out in a generation. For the false laws would not be respected, nor the useless institutions; and the good manners of the people, working through their self-respect, would make them resent inefficiency and ugliness in the social structure.

## A Night In New Arabia

By

O. Henry

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THE great city of Bagdad-on-the-Subway, which is to say, New York, is caliph-ridden. Its palaces, bazars, khans and byways are thronged with Al Rashids in divers disguises, seeking diversion and victims for their unbridled generosity. You can surely find a poor beggar whom they are willing to let enjoy his spoils unscoured, nor a wrecked unfortunate upon whom they will not re-shower the means of fresh misfortune. You will hardly find anywhere a hungry one who has not had the opportunity to tighten his belt in gift libraries, nor a poor pundit who has not blushed at the holiday basket of celery-crowned turkey forced resoundingly through his door by the eleemosynary press.

So then, fearfully through the Haroun-haunted streets creep the one-eyed calendarers, the Little Hunchback and the Barber's Sixth Brother, hoping to escape the ministrations of the roving horde of caliphoid sultans.

Entertainment for many Arabian nights might be had from the histories of those who have escaped the largesse of the army of Commanders of the Faithful. Until dawn you might sit on the enchanted rug and listen to such stories as are told of the powerful genie Roo-Ei-El-Er who sent the Forty Thieves to soak up the oil plant of Ali Baba; of the good Caliph Kar-Neg-Ghe, who gave away palace; of the Seven Voyages of Sailbad, the Sinner, who frequented wooden excursion steamers among the islands; of the Feherman and the Bottle; of the Barmecides' Boarding house; of Aladdin's rise to wealth by means of his Wonderful Gas-meter.

But now, there being ten sultans to one Sheherazade, she is held too valuable to be in fear of the bowstring. In consequence the art of narrative languishes. And, as the lesser caliphs are hunting the happy poor and the resigned unfortunate from cover to cover in order to heap upon them strange mercies and mysterious benefits, too often comes the report from Arabian headquarters that the captive refused "to talk."

This reticence, then, in the actors who perform the sad comedies of their philanthropy-scourged world, must, in a degree, account for the shortcomings of this painfully gleaned tale, which shall be called THE STORY OF THE CALIPH WHO ALLEVIATED HIS CONSCIENCE.

Old Jacob Spraggins mixed for himself some Scotch and lights water at his \$1,200 oak sideboard. Inspiration must have resulted from its imbibition, for immediately afterward he struck the quartered oak soundly with his fist and shouted to the empty dining room:

"By the coke ovens of hell, it must be that ten thousand dollars! If I can get that squared, it'll do the trick."

Thus, by the commonest artifice of the trade, having gained your interest, the action of the story will now be suspended, leaving you grumpily to consider a sort of dull biography beginning fifteen years before.

When old Jacob was young Jacob, he was a breaker boy in a Pennsylvania coal mine. I don't know what a breaker boy is; but his occupation seems to be standing by a coal dump with a wan look and a dinner-pail to have his picture taken for magazine articles. Anyhow, Jacob was

one. But, instead of dying of overwork at nine, and leaving his helpless parents and brothers at the mercy of the union strikers' reserve fund, he hitched up his galluses, put a dollar or two in a side proposition now and then, and at forty-five was worth \$20,000,000.

There now it's over. Hardly had time to yawn, did you? I've seen biographies that—but let us disemile.

I want you to consider Jacob Spraggins, Esq., after he had arrived at the seventh stage of his career. The stages mount are, first, humble origin; second, deserved promotion; third, stockholder; fourth, capitalist; fifth, trust magnate; sixth, rich malefactor; seventh, caliph; eighth, z. The eighth stage shall be left to the higher mathematics.

At fifty-five Jacob retired from active business. The income of a car was still rolling on him from coal, iron, real estate, oil, railroads, manufactures, and corporations, but none of it touched Jacob's hands in a raw state. It was a sterilized increment, carefully cleaned and dusted and fumigated until it arrived at its ultimate stage of untainted, spotless checks in the white fingers of his private secretary. Jacob built a three-million-dollar palace on a corner lot fronting on Natchez Avenue, city of New Bagdad, and began to feel the mantle of the late H. A. Rashid descending upon him. Eventually Jacob slipped the mantle under his collar, tied it in a neat four-in-hand, and became a licensed harrier of our Mesopotamian proletariat.

When a man's income becomes so large that the butcher actually sends him the kind of steak he orders, he begins to think about his soul's salvation. Now, the various stages or classes of rich men must not be forgotten. The capitalist can tell you to a dollar the amount of his wealth. The trust magnate "estimates" it. The rich malefactor hands you a cigar and denies that he has bought the P. D. & Q. The caliph merely smiles and talks about Hammett and the magical lasses. There is a record of tremendous alteration at breakfast in a "Where-to-Dine-Well" tavern between a magnate and his wife, the rift within the loot being that one wife calculated their fortune at a figure \$3,000,000 higher than did her future divorcée. Oh, well, I, myself, heard a

similar quarrel between a man and his wife because he found fifty cents less in his pockets than he thought he had. After all, we are all human—Count Tolstol, R. Pissimmons, Peter Pan, and the rest of us.

Don't lose heart because the story seems to be degenerating into a sort of moral essay for intellectual readers.

There will be dialogue and stage business pretty soon.

When Jacob first began to compare the eyes of needles with the emeralds in the Zoo he decided upon organized charity. He had his secretary send a check for one million to the Universal Benevolent Association of the Globe. You may have looked down through a grating in front of a decayed warehouse for a nickel that you had dropped through. But that is neither here nor there. The Association acknowledged receipt of his favor of the 24th ult. with enclosure as stated. Separated by a double line, but still mighty close to the matter under the caption of "Oddities of the Day's News" in an evening paper, Jacob Spraggins read that one "Jasper Spargyous" had "donated \$100,000 to the U.B.A. of G." A camel may have a stomach for each day in the week; but I dare not venture to accord him whiskers, for fear of the Great Displeasure at Washington; but if he had whiskers, surely not one of them will seem to have been inserted in the eye of a needle by that effort of that rich man to enter the K. of H. The right is reserved to reject any and all bids; signed, S. Peter, secretary and gatekeeper.

Next, Jacob selected the best endowed college he could scare up, and presented it with a \$200,000 laboratory. The college did not maintain a scientific course, but it accepted the money and built an elaborate lavatory instead, which was no diversion of funds so far as Jacob ever discovered.

The faculty met and invited Jacob to come over and take his A B C degree. Before sending the invitation they smiled, cut out the C, added the proper punctuation marks, and all was well.

While walking on the campus before being capped and gowned, Jacob saw two professors strolling nearby. Their voices, long adapted to indoor necessities, undignifiedly reached his ear.

"There goes the latest chevalier d'industrie," said one of them, "to buy a sleeping powder from us. He gets his degree to-morrow."

"In fore conscientious," said the other. "Let's leave 'arf a brick at 'im."

Jacob ignored the Latin, but the brick plausibly was not too hard for him. There was no mandragora in the honorary draught of learning that he had bought. That was before the passage of the Pure Food and Drugs Act.

Jacob wearied of philanthropy on a large scale.

"If I could see folks made happier," he said to himself—"if I could see 'em myself and hear 'em express their gratitude for what I done for 'em, it would make me feel better. This donate funds to institutions and societies is about as satisfactory as dropping money into a broken slot machine."

So Jacob followed his nose, which led him through unwept streets to the homes of the poorest.

"The very thing!" said Jacob. "I will charter two river steamboats, pack them full of these unfortunate children and say ten thousand dolls and drums and a thousand freezers of ice cream, and give them a delightful outing up the Sound. The sea breezes on that trip ought to blow the taint off some of this money that keep coming in faster than I can work it off my mind."

Jacob must have leaked some of his benevolent intentions, for an immense person with a bald face and a mouth that looked as if it ought to have a "Drop Letters Here" sign over it hooked a finger around him and set him in a space between a barber's pole and a stack of ash cans. Words came out of the post-office slit—smooth, husky words with gloves on 'em, but sounding as if they might turn to bare knuckles any moment.

"Say, Sport, do you know where you are at? Well, dis is Mike O'Grady's district you're buttin' into—see? Mike's got de stomach-ache privilege for every kid in dis neighborhood—see? And if dere's any picnics or red balloons to be dealt out here, Mike's money pays for 'em—see? Don't you butt in, or see nothing'll be handed to you. Youse d—settlers and reformers with your social ologies and your millionaire detectives

have got dis district in a hell of a fix, anyhow. With your college students and professors rough-housing de soda-water stands and dem rubber-neck coaches fillin' de streets, de folks down here are 'fraid to go out of de houses. Now you leave 'em to Mike. Dey belongs to him, and he knows how to handle 'em. Keep on your own side of de town. Are you some wiser now, uncles, or do you want to scrap wit' Mike O'Grady for de Santa Claus belt in dis district?"

Clearly, that spot in the moral vineyard was pre-empted. So Caliph Spraggins mended no more the people in the hassars of the East Side. To keep down his growing surplus he doubled his donations to organized charity, presented the Y.M.C.A. of his native town with a \$10,000 collection of butterfiles, and sent a check to the famine sufferers in China big enough to buy new emerald eyes and diamond-filled teeth for all their gods. But none of these charitable acts seemed to bring peace to the caliph's heart. He tried to get a personal note into his benefactions by tipping bell-boys and waiters \$10 and \$20 bills. He got well snickered at and derided for that by the minions who accept with respect gratuities commensurate to the service performed. He sought out an ambitious and talented but poor young woman, and bought for her the star part in a new comedy. He might have gotten rid of \$50,000 more of his cumbersome money in this philanthropy if he had not neglected to write letters to her. But she lost the suit for lack of evidence, while his capital still kept piling up, and his optiques *neofascistis caracibus* — or rich man's disease — was untireless.

In Caliph Spraggins's \$3,000,000 home lived his sister Henrietta, who used to cook for the coal miners in a twenty-five-cent eating house in Coketown, Pa., and who now would have offered John Mitchell only two fingers of her hand to shake. And his daughter Celia, nineteen, back from boarding-school and from being polished off by private instructors in the restaurant languages and those études and things.

Celia is the heroine. Let the artist's delineation of her charms on this very page humbug your fancy, take from me her authorized description. She was a nice-looking, awkward, loud, rather bash-

ful, brown-haired girl, with a sallow complexion, bright eyes, and a perpetual smile. She had a wholesome, Spraggins-inherited love for plain food, loose clothing, and the society of the lower classes. She had too much health and youth to feel the burden of wealth. She had a wide mouth that kept the peppermint-peppin tablets rattling like hail from the slot-machine wherever she went, and she could whistle hornpipes. Keep this picture in mind; and let the artist do his worst.

Celia looked out of her window one day and gave her heart to the grocer's young man. The receiver thereof was at that moment engaged in conceding immortality to his horse and calling down upon him the ultimate fate of the wicked; so he did not notice the transfer. A horse should stand still when you are lifting a crate of strictly new-laid eggs out of the wagon.

Young lady reader, you would have liked that grocer's young man yourself. But you wouldn't have given him your heart, because you are saving it for a riding-master, or a shoe-manufacturer with a torped liver, or something quiet but rich in grey tweeds at Palm Beach. Oh, I know about it. So I am glad the grocer's young man was for Celia, and not for you.

The grocer's young man was slim and straight and as confident and easy in his movements as the man in the back of the magazine who wears the new frictionless roller suspenders. He wore a grey bicycle cap on the back of his head, and his hair was straw-colored and curly, and his sunburned face looked like one that smiled a good deal when he was not preaching the doctrine of everlasting punishment to delivery-wagon horses. He slung imported Al fancy groceries about as though they were only the stuff he delivered at hearing-houses; and when he picked up his whip, your mind instantly recalled Mr. Tackett and his air with the buttonless foils.

Trade-men delivered their goods at a side gate at the rear of the house. The grocer's wagon came about ten in the morning. For three days Celia watched the driver when he came, finding something new each time to admire in the lofty and almost contemptuous way he had of

tossing around the choicest gifts of Pomona: Ceres, and the cunning factories. Then she consulted Annette.

To be explicit, Annette McCorkle, the second housemaid, who deserves a paragraph herself. Annette Fletcherized large numbers of romantic novels which she obtained at a free public library branch (donated by one of the biggest oilpits in the business.) She was Celia's sidekick and chum, though Aunt Henrietta didn't know it, you may hazard a bean or two.

"Oh, canary-bird seed?" exclaimed Annette. "Ain't it a corkin' situation? You a heiress, and fallin' in love with him on sight! He's a sweet boy, too, and above has business. But he ain't susceptible like the common run of grocer's assistants. He never pays no attention to me."

"He will to me," said Celia.

"Riches ——" began Annette, unsheddng the not unjustifiable feminine sting.

"Oh, you're not so beautiful," said Celia, with her wide, disarming smile. "Neither am I; but he shan't know that there's any money mixed up with my looks, such as they are. That's fair. Now, I want you to lend me one of your caps and an apron, Annette."

"Oh, marshmallows!" cried Annette. "I see. Ain't it lovely? It's just like 'Lurline, the Left-Handed; or, A Buttonhole Maker's Wrongs.' I'll bet he'll turn out to be a count."

There was a long hallway (or "passage-way," as they call it in the land of the Colonels) with one side latticed, running along the rear of the house. The grocer's young man went through this to deliver his goods. One morning he passed a girl in there with shining eyes, sallow complexion, and a wide, smiling mouth, wearing a maid's cap and apron. But as he was cluttered with a basket of Early Drumhead lettuce and Trophy tomatoes and three bunches of asparagus and six bottles of the most expensive Queen olives, he saw no more than that she was one of the maids.

But on his way out he came up behind her, and she was whistling "Fisher's Hornpipe" so loudly and clearly that all the piccolos in the world should have disjoined themselves and crept into their cases for shame.

The grocer's young man stopped and pushed back his cap until it hung on his collar button behind.

"That's out of sight, Kid," said he. "My name is Celia, if you please," said the whistler, dashing him with a three-inch smile.

"That's all right. I'm Thomas McLeod. What part of the house do you work in?"

"I'm the — the second parlor maid."

"Do you know the 'Falling Waters'?"

"No," said Celia, "we don't know anybody. We got rich too quick—that is, Mr. Spraggins did."

"I'll make you acquainted," said Thomas McLeod. "It's a stratagem—a first cousin to a hornpipe."

If Celia's whistling put the piccolos out of commission, Thomas McLeod's surely made the biggest floss hunt their holes. He could actually whistle *lows*.

When he stopped Celia was ready to jump into his delivery wagon and ride with him clear to the end of the pier and on to the ferry-boat of the Cheron line.

"I'll be around to-morrow at 10.15," said Thomas, "with some spinach and a case of carbonic."

"I'll practice that what-you-may-call-it," said Celia. "I can whistle a fine second."

The processes of courtship are personal, and do not belong to general literature. They should be chronicled in detail only in advertisements of iron tonics and in the secret by-laws of the Woman's Auxiliary of the Ancient Order of the Rat Trap. But genteel writing may contain a description of certain stages of its progress without intruding upon the province of the X-ray or of park policemen.

A day came when Thomas McLeod and Celia lingered at the end of the latticed "passage."

"Sixteen a week isn't much," said Thomas, letting his cap rest on his shoulder blades.

Celia looked through the lattice-work and whistled a dead march. Shopping with Aunt Henrietta the day before, she had paid that much for a dozen handkerchiefs.

"Maybe I'll get a raise next month," said Thomas. "I'll be around to-morrow at the same time with a bag of flour and the laundry soap."

"All right," said Celia. "Annette's married cousin pays only \$20 a month for a flat in the Bronx."

Never for a moment did she count on the Spraggins' money. She knew Aunt Henrietta's invincible pride of caste and pat's mightiness as a Colossus of cash, and she understood that if she chose Thomas she and her grocer's young man might go whistle for their living.

Another day came. Thomas violating the dignity of Nabob Avenue with "The Devil's Dream," whistled keenly between his teeth.

"Raised to eighteen a week yesterday," he said. "Been pricing flats around Morningside. You want to start untying those apron strings and unpinning that cap, old girl."

"Oh, Tommy!" said Celia, with her broadest smile. "Won't that be enough? I got Betty to show me how to make a cottage pudding. I guess we could call it a flat pudding if we wanted to."

"And tell me lie," said Thomas.

"And I can sweep and polish and dust—of course, a parlor maid learns that. And we could whistle duets of evenings."

"The old man said he'd raise me to twenty at Christmas if Bryan couldn't think of any harder name to call a Republican than a 'postponer,'" said the grocer's young man.

"I can see," said Celia: "and I know that you must make the gas company's man show his badge when he comes to look at the meter; and I know how to put up ounce jam and window curtains."

"Bully! you're all right, Celia. Yes, I believe we can pull it off on eighteen."

As he was jumping into the wagon the second parlor maid braved discovery by running swiftly to the gate.

"And, oh, Tommy, I forgot," she called, softly. "I believe I could make your neckties."

"Forget it!" said Thomas decisively.

"And another thing," she continued. "Sliced cucumbers at night will drive away cockroaches."

"And sleep, too, you bet," said Mr. McLeod. "Yes, I believe if I have a delivery to make on the West Side this afternoon I'll look in at a furniture store I know over there."

It was just as the wagon dashed away that old Jacob Spraggins struck the side-

board with his fist and made the mysterious remark about ten thousand dollars that you perhaps remember. Which justifies the reflection that some stories, as well as life, and puppies thrown into wells, move around in circles. Painfully but briefly we must shed light on Jacob's words.

The foundation of his fortune was made when he was twenty. A poor coal-digger (ever hear of a rich one!) had saved a dollar or two and bought a small tract of land on a hillside on which he tried to raise corn. Not a nubbin, Jacob, whose nose was a divining-rod, told him there was a vein of coal beneath. He bought the land from the miner for \$125 and sold it a month afterward for \$10,000. Luckily the miner had enough left of his sale money to drink himself into a black coat opening in the back, as soon as he heard the news.

And so, forty years afterward, we find Jacob illuminated with the sudden thought that if he could make restitution of this sum of money to the heirs or assigns of the unlucky miner, respect and Nephenthe might be his.

And now must come swift action, for we have here some four thousand words and not a tear shed and never a pistol, joke, safe, not bottle cracked.

Old Jacob hired a dozen private detectives to find the heirs, if any existed, of the old miner, Hugh McLeod.

Get the point? Of course I know as well as you do that Thomas is going to be the heir. I might have concealed the name; but why always hold back your mystery till the end? I say, let it come near the middle so people can stop reading there if they want to.

After the detectives had trailed false clues about three thousand dollars—I mean miles—they cornered Thomas at the grocery and got his confession that Hugh McLeod had been his grandfather, and that there were no other heirs. They arranged a meeting for him and old Jacob one morning in one of their offices.

Jacob liked the young man very much. He liked the way he looked straight at him when he talked, and the way he threw his bicycle cap over the top of a rose-colored vase on the center-table.

There was a slight flaw in Jacob's system of restitution. He did not consider

that the act, to be perfect, should include confession. So he represented himself to be the agent of the purchaser of the land who had sent him to refund the sale price for the sake of his conscience.

"Well, sir," said Thomas, "this sounds to me like an illustrated post-card from South Boston with 'We're having a good time here' written on it. I don't know the game. Is this ten thousand dollars money, or do I have to save so many coupons to get it?"

"Old Jacob counted out to him twenty five-hundred-dollar bills.

That was better, he thought, than a check. Thomas put them thoughtfully into his pocket.

"Grandfather's best thanks," he said, "to the party who sends it."

Jacob talked on, asking him about his work, how he spent his leisure time, and what his ambitions were. The more he saw and heard of Thomas, the better he liked him. He had not met many young men in Bagdad so frank and wholesome.

"I would like to have you visit my house," he said. "I might help you in investing or laying out your money. I am a very wealthy man. I have a daughter about grown, and I would like for you to know her. There are not many young men I would care to have call on her."

"I'm obliged," said Thomas. "I'm not much at making calls. It's generally the side entrance for mine. And, besides, I'm engaged to a girl that has the Deleware peach crop killed in the blossom. She's a parlor maid in a house where I deliver goods. She won't be working there much longer, though. Say, don't forget to give your friend my grandfather's best regards. You'll excuse me now; my wagon's outside with a lot of green stuff that's got to be delivered. See you again, sir."

At eleven Thomas delivered some bunches of parsley and lettuce at the Spraggins' mansion. Thomas was only twenty-two; so, as he came back, he took out the handful of five-hundred-dollar bills and waved them carelessly. Annette took a pair of eyes as big as creamed onions to the cook.

"I told you he was a count," she said, after relating. "He never would carry on with me."

"But you say he showed money," said the cook.

"Hundreds of thousands," said Annette. "Carried around loose in his pockets. And he never would look at me."

"It was paid to me to-day," Thomas was explaining to Celia outside. "It came from my grandfather's estate. Say, Celia, what's the use of waiting now? I'm going to quit the job to-night. Why can't we get married next week?"

"Tommy," said Celia, "I'm no parlor maid. I've been fooling you. I'm Miss Spraggins—Celia Spraggins. The newspapers say I'll be worth forty million dollars some day."

Thomas pulled his cap down straight on his head for the first time since we have known him.

"I suppose then," said he, "I suppose then you'll not be marrying me next week. But you can whistle."

"No," said Celia, "I'll not be marrying you next week. My father would never let me marry a grocer's clerk. But I'll marry you to-night, Tommy, if you say so."

Old Jacob Spraggins came home at 9:30 P.M., in his motor car. The make of it you will have to surmise sorrowfully; I am giving you unsubsidized fiction; had it been a street car I could have told you its voltage and the number of flat wheels it had. Jacob called for his daughter; he had bought a ruby necklace for her, and wanted to hear her say what a kind, thoughtful, dear old dad he was.

There was a brief search in the house for her, and then came Annette, glowing with the pure flame of truth and loyalty well mixed with envy and histrionics.

"Oh, sir," said she, wondering if she should kneel, "Miss Celia's just this minute running away out of the side gate with a young man to be married. I couldn't stop her, sir. They went in a cab."

"What young man?" roared old Jacob.

"A millionaire, if you please, sir—a rich nobleman in disguise. He carries his money with him, and the red peppers and the onions was only to blind us, sir. He never did seem to take to me."

Jacob rushed out in time to catch his car. The chauffeur had been delayed by trying to light a cigarette in the wind.

"Here, Gaston, or Mike, or whatever you call yourself, scout around the corner quicker than blazes and see if you can see a cab. If you do, run it down."

There was a cab in sight a block away. Gaston, or Mike, with his eyes half shut and his mind on his cigarette, picked up the trail, nearly crowded the cab to the curb and pocketed it.

"What'll you doin'?" yelled the cabman.

"Pa!" shrieked Celia. "Grandfather's remorseful friend's agent!" said Thomas. "Wonder what's on his conscience now?"

"A thousand thunders!" said Gaston, or Mike. "I have no other match."

"Young man," said old Jacob, severely, "how about that parlor maid you were engaged to?"

A couple of years afterward old Jacob went into the office of his private secretary.

"The Amalgamated Missionary Society solicits a contribution of \$30,000 toward the conversion of the Koreans," said the secretary.

"Pass 'em up," said Jacob. "The University of Plumville writes that its yearly endowment fund of \$50,000 that you bestowed upon it is past due."

"Tell 'em it's been cut out." "The Scientific Society of Clam Cove, Long Island, asks for \$10,000 to buy alcohol to preserve specimens."

"Waste basket."

"The Society for Providing Healthful Recreation for Working Girls wants \$20,000 from you to lay out a golf course."

"Tell 'em to see an undertaker."

"Cut 'em all out," went on Jacob. "I've quit being a good thing. I need every dollar I can scrape or save. I want you to write to the directors of every company that I'm interested in and recommend a 10 per cent. cut in salaries. And say—I noticed half a cake of soap lying in a corner of the hall as I came in. I want you to speak to the scrubwoman about waste. I've got no money to throw away. And say—we've got vinegar pretty well in hand, haven't we?"

"The Globe Spice & Seasons Company," said the secretary, "controls the market at present."

"Raise vinegar two cents a gallon. Notify all our branches."

Suddenly Jacob Spragg's plump red face relaxed into a pulpy grin. He walked over to the secretary's desk and showed a small red mark on his thick forefinger.

"Bit it," he said, "damned if he didn't, and he ain't had the tooth three weeks—Jaky McLeod, my Odin's kid. It'll be worth a hundred millions by the time he's twenty-one if I can pile it up for him."

As he was leaving, old Jacob turned at the door, and said:

"Better make that vinegar raise three cents instead of two. I'll be back in an hour and sign the letters."

The true history of the Caliph Harun Al Rashid relates that toward the end of his reign he weariest of philanthropy, and caused to be beheaded all his former favorites and companions of his "Arabian Nights" rambles. Happy are we in these days of enlightenment, when the only death warrant the caliphs can serve on us is in the form of a tradesman's bill.



## I CANNOT FACE THE TWILIGHT HOUR NOW.

I cannot face the twilight hour now,  
The soft dusk hour we used to love so well—  
Old melodies the tender silence swell,  
Light kisses cool my waiting, tired brow.  
I cannot bear to live old hours alone,  
Loved hours, that stole so hurriedly away!  
You cannot have forgotten yesterdays,  
So full of golden dreamings all our own?

I crowd my days with duties silently,  
I leave no moment for reflection's sway,  
There is no place for memories in my day—  
Men watch, and marvel at my energy—  
But ah, when swiftly steals the twilight hour—  
I pray for strength to meet its tragic power!

—Avery E. Campbell

## The Trail of '98

By

Robert W. Service

Author of "The Songs of a Sourdough" and "Ballads of a Cheechako."

### BOOK IV

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### CHAPTER IV

I FOUND the Youth awaiting me.  
"Say, pardner," said he, "I was just getting a bit anxious about you. I thought sure that fairy had you in tow for a sucker. I'm going to stay right with you, and you're not going to shake me. See!"  
"All right," I said; "come on and we'll watch the dance."

So we got in the front row of spectators, while behind us the crowd packed as closely as matches in a box. The champagne I had taken had again aroused in me that vivid sense of joy and strength and color. Again the lights were effulgent, the music witching, the women divine. As I swayed a little I clutched unsteadily at the Youth. He looked at me curiously.

"Brace up, old man," he said. "Guess you're not often in town. You're not much used to the dance-hall racket."

"No," I assured him.  
"Well," he continued, "it's the rottenest game ever. I've seen more poor beggars put plumb out of business by the dance-halls than by all the saloons and gambling-joints put together. It's the game of catching the sucker brought to the point of perfection, and there's very few cases where it fails."

He perceived I was listening earnestly, and he warmed up to his subject.

"You see, the boys get in after they've been out on the claim for six months at a stretch, and town looks mighty good to

them. The music sounds awful nice, and the women, well, they look just like angels. The boys are all right, but they've got that mad craving for the sight of a woman a man gets after he's been off out in the Wild, and these women have got the captivation of men down to a fine art. One of them gets to looking at you with eyes that eat right into you, and soft white hands, and pretty cooing ways, well, it's mighty hard to hold back. A man's a fool to come near these places if he's got a poke—except, like me, he knows the ropes and he's right onto himself."

The Youth said this with quite a complacent air. He went on:

"These girls work on a percentage basis. You'll notice every time you buy them a drink the waiter gives them a check. That means that when the night's over they cash in and get twenty-five per cent. of the money you've spent on them. That's how they're so keen on ordering fresh bottles. Sometimes they'll say a bottle's gone flat before it's empty, and have you order another. Or else they'll pour half of it into the cuspidor when you're not looking. Then, when you get too full to notice the difference, they'll run in ginger ale on you. Or else they'll get you ordering by the case, and have half a dozen dummy bottles in it. Oh, there's all kinds of schemes these box rustlers are on to. When you pay for a drink you toss over your poke, and they take the price out. Do you think they're particular to a quarter ounce or so? No, sir!

and you always got the short end of it. It's a bad game to go up against."

The Youth looked at me as though proud of his superior sophistication.

The floor was cleared. Girls were now coming from behind the stage, preening themselves and chaffing with the crowd. The orchestra struck up some jubilant ragtime that set the heart dancing and the heels tapping in tune. Brighter than over seemed the lights; more dazzling the white and gilt of the walls. Some of the girls were balancing lightly to a waltz rhythm. There was a witching grace in their movements, and the Youth watched them intently. He looked down at his feet clad in old moccasins.

"Gee, I'd like just to have one spin," he said; "just one before I leave the darned old country for good. I was always crazy about dancing. I'd ride thirty miles to attend a dance back home."

His eyes grew very wistful. Suddenly the music stopped and the floor-master came forward. He was a tall, dark man with a rich and vibrant baritone voice.

"That's the best speller in the Yukon," said the Youth.

"Come on, boys," boomed the speller. "Look alive there. Don't keep the ladies waiting. Take your hands out of your pockets and get in the game. Just going to begin, a dreamy waltz or a nice juicy two-step, whichever you prefer. Hey, professor, strike up that waltz!"

Once more the music swelled out.

"How's that, boys? Doesn't that make your feet like feathers? Come on, boys! Here you are for the nice, glossy floor and the nice, flossy girls. Here you are! Here you are! Here you are! That's right, select your partners! Swing your honey! Hurry up there! Just a-go-in' to begin. What's the matter with you fellows? Wake up! a dance won't break you. Come on! don't be a cheap skate. The girls are fine, fit and fairy-like, the music's swell and the floor's elegant. Come on, boys!"

There was a compelling power in his voice, and already a number of couples were waltzing round. The women were exquisite in their grace and springy lightness. They talked as they danced, gazing with languishing eyes and serene smiles at the man of the moment.

Some of them, who had not got partners, were picking out individuals from the crowd and coaxing them to come forward. A drunken fellow staggered onto the floor and grabbed a girl. She was young, dainty and pretty, but she showed no repugnance for him. Round and round he cavorted, singing and whooping, a wild, weird object; when, suddenly, he tripped and fell, bringing her down with him. The crowd roared; but the girl good-naturedly picked him up, and led him off to the bar.

A man in a greasy canvas suit with mucklucks on his feet had gone onto the floor. His hair was long and matted, his beard wild and rank. He was dancing vehemently, and there was the glitter of wild excitement in his eyes. He looked as if he had not bathed for years, but again I could see no repugnance in the face of the handsome brunette with whom he was waltzing. Dance after dance they had together, locked in each other's arms.

"That's a 'live one,'" said the Youth. "He's just come in from Dominion with a hundred ounces, and it won't last him over the night. Amber, there, will get it all. She won't let the other girls go near. He's her game."

Between dances the men promenaded to the bar and treated their companions to a drink. In the same free, trusting way they threw over their poles to the bartender and had the price weighed out. The dances were very short, and the drinks very frequent.

Madder and madder grew the merriment. The air was hot; the odor of patchouli mingled with the stench of stale garments and the reek of alcohol. Men dripping with sweat whirled round in wild gyrations. Some of them danced beautifully; some merely shuffled over the floor. It did not make any difference to the girls. They were superbly muscular and used to the dragging efforts of the novices. After a visit to the bar back they came once more, licking their lips, and fell to with fresh energy.

There was no need to beg the crowd now. A wave of excitement seemed to have swept over them. They clamoured to get a dance. The "live one" whooped and pranced on his wild career, while Amber stared him calmly through the mazes of the waltz. Touch-the-Button-Nell

was talking to a tall fair-moustached man whom I recognized as a black-jack booster. Suddenly she left him and came over to us. She went up to the Youth.

She had discarded her blond wig, and her pretty brown hair parted in the middle and rippled behind her ears. Her large violet-blue eyes had a devouring look that would stir the pulse of a saint. She accosted the Youth with a smile of particular witchery.

"Say, kid, won't you come and have a two-step with me? I've been looking at you for the last half-hour and wishing you'd ask me."

The Youth had advised me: "If any of them asks you, tell them to go to the devil," but now he looked at her and his boyish face flushed.

"Nothing doing," he said stoutly.

"Oh, come now," she pleaded; "honest to goodness, kid, I've turned down the other fellow for you. You won't refuse me, will you? Come on; just one, sweet-heart."

She was holding the lapels of his coat and dragging him gently forward. I could see him biting his lip in embarrassment.

"No, thanks, I'm sorry," he stammered. "I don't know how to dance. Besides, I've got no money."

She grew more coaxing.

"Never mind about the coin, honey. Come on, have one on me. Don't turn me down. I've taken such a notion to you. Come on now; just one turn."

I watched his face. His eyes clouded with emotion, and I knew the psychology of it. He was thinking:

"Just one—surely it wouldn't hurt. Surely I'm man enough to trust myself, to know when to quit. Oh, lordy, wouldn't it be sweet just to get my arm round a woman's waist once more! The sight of them's honey to me; surely it wouldn't matter. One round and I'll shake her and go home."

The hesitation was fatal. By an irresistible magnetism the Youth was drawn to this woman whose business it ever was to lure and bewitch. By her siren strength she conquered him as he had conquered many another, and as she led him off there was a look of triumph on her face. Poor Youth! At the end of the dance he did not go home, nor did he "shake" her

He had another and another and another. The excitement began to paint his cheeks, the drink to stoke wild fires in his eyes. As I stood despondently I tried to attract him, to get him back; but he no longer heeded me.

"I don't see the Madonna to-night," said a little, dark individual in spectacles. Somehow he looked to me like a newspaper man "chasing" copy.

"No," said one of the girls; "she ain't workin', she's sick; she don't take very kindly to the business, somehow. Don't seem to get broke in easy. She's funny, poor kid."

Carelessly they went on to talk of other things, while I stood there gazing, staring, sick at heart. All my vicious joy was gone, leaving me a haggard, weary wretch of a man, disenchanted and miserable to the verge of—what? I shuddered. The lights seemed to have gone blurred and dim. The hall was tawdry, cheap and vulgar. The women, who but a moment before had seemed creatures of grace and charm, were now nothing more than painted, posturing harlots, their seductive smiles the leers of shameless sin.

And this was a Dawson dance-hall, the trump card in the nightly game of despoliation. Dance-halls, saloons, gambling-dens, brothels, the heart of the town was a cesser, a hive of iniquity. Here had flocked the most suspicious of gamblers, the most beautiful and unscrupulous women on the Pacific slope. Here in the gold-born city they waited for their prey, the Man with the Poke. Back there in the silent Wild, with pain and bloody sweat, he toiled for them. Sooner or later must he come within reach of their talent to be felled, flouted and despoiled. It was an organized system of sharpers, thugs, harpies, and birds of prey of every kind. It was a blot on the map. It was a great whirlpool, and the eddy of it encircled the furthest outpost of the golden valley. It was a vortex of destruction, of ruin and shame. And here was I, hovering in its brink, likely to be soon sucked down into its depths.

I pressed my way to the door, and stood there staring and swearing, but whether with wine or weakness I knew not. In the vicious and flamboyant street I could hear the raucous voices of the spidlers, the jiggling tunes of the orchestra,

the click of ivory balls, the popping of corks, the hoarse, animal laughter of men, the shrill, insane giggles of women. Day and night the game went on without abatement, the game of despoliation.

And I was on the verge of the vortex. Memories of Glengyle, the laughing of the silver-scaled sea, the tawny fisher-lads with their honest eyes, the herring glittering like jewels in the brown nets, the women with their round health-bared cheeks and motherly eyes. Oh, Home, with your peace and rest and content, can you not move me from this?

And as I stood there wretchedly a timid little hand touched my arm.

#### CHAPTER V

It is odd how people who have been parted a weary while, yet who have thought of each other constantly, will often meet with as little show of feeling as if they had but yesterday bid good-bye. I looked at her and she at me, and I don't think either of us betrayed any emotion. Yet must we both have been infinitely moved.

She was changed, desperately, pitifully changed. All the old sweetness was there, that pathetic sweetness which had made the miners call her the Madonna; but also, forever gone from her was the fragrant flower of girlhood. Her pallor was excessive, and the softness had vanished out of her face, leaving there only lines of suffering. Sorrow had kindled in her grey eyes a spiritual lustre, a shining, tearless brightness. Ah me, said, sad, indeed, was the change in her!

So she looked at me, a long and level look in which I could see neither love nor hate. The bright, grey eyes were clear and steady, and the pinched and puffed lips did not quiver. And as I gazed on her I felt that nothing ever would be the same again. Love could no more be the radiant spirit of old, the prompter of impassioned words, the painter of bewitching scenes. Never again could we feel the world recede from us as we poised on bright wings of fancy; never again compare our joys with that of the heaven-born; never again welcome that pure ideal that comes to youth alone, and that pitifully dies in the disenchantment of graver days. We could sacrifice all things for each other; joy and grief for each

other—live and die for each other—but the Hope, the Dream, the exaltation of love's dawn, the peerless white glory of it—had gone from us forever and forever.

Her lips moved:

"How you have changed!"

"Yes, flarna, I have been ill. But you, you too have changed."

"Yes," she said very slowly. "I have been—dead."

There was no faltering in her voice, never a throb of pathos. It was like the voice of one who has given up all hope, the voice of one who has arisen from the grave. In that cold mask of a face I could see no glimmer of the old-time joy, the joy of the season when wild roses were aglow. We both were silent, two pitifully cold beings, while about us the howling bedlam of pleasure-plotters surged and seethed.

"Come upstairs where we can talk," said she. So we sat down in one of the boxes, while a great freezing shadow seemed to fall and wrap us around. It was so strange, this silence between us. We were like two pale ghosts meeting in the misty gulfs beyond the grave.

"And why did you not come?" she asked.

"Come—I tried to come."

"But you did not." Her tone was measured, her face averted.

"I would have sold my soul to come. I was ill, desperately ill, nigh to death. I was in the hospital. For two weeks I was delicious, raving of you, trying to get to you, making myself a hundred times worse because of you. But what could I do? No man could have been more helpless. I was out of my mind, weak as a child, fighting for my life. That was why I did not come."

When I began to speak she started. As I went on she drew a quick, choking breath. Then she listened ever so intently, and when I had finished a great change came over her. Her eyes stared glassily, her head drooped, her hands clutched at the chair, she seemed nigh to fainting. When she spoke her voice was like a whisper.

"And they lied to me. They told me you were so eager gold-getting to think of me; that you were in love with some other woman out there; that you cared

no more for me. They lied to me. Well, it's too late now."

She laughed, and the once tuneful voice was harsh and grating. Still were her eyes blank with misery. Again and again she murmured: "Too late, too late."

Quietly I sat and watched her, yet in my heart was a vast storm of agony. I longed to comfort her, to kiss that face so white and worn and weariful, to bring tears to those hopeless eyes. There seemed to grow in me a greater hunger for the girl than ever before, a longing to bring joy to her again, to make her forget. What did it all matter? She was still my love. I yearned for her. We both had suffered, both been through the furnace. Surely from it would come the love that passeth understanding. We would rear no lily walls, but out of our pain would we build an abiding place that would outlast the tomb.

"Berna," I said, "it's not too late."

There was a desperate bitterness in her face. "Yes, yes, it is. You do not understand. You—it's all right for you, you are blameless; but I—"

"You too are blameless, dear. We have both been miserably duped. Never mind, Berna, we will forget all. I love you, Oh how much I never can tell you, girl! Come, let us forget and go away and be happy."

It seemed as if my every word was like a stab to her. The sweet face was tragically wretched.

"Oh no," she answered, "it can never be. You think it can, but it can't. You could not forget. I could not forget. We would both be thinking; always, always torturing each other. To you the thought would be like a knife thrust, and the more you loved me the deeper would pierce it. And I, too, can you realise how fearfully I would look at you, always knowing you were thinking of that, and what an agony it would be to me to wait your agony? Our home would be a haunted one, a place of ghosts. Never again can there be a joy between you and me. It's too late, too late!"

She was choking back the sob now, but still the tears did not come.

"Berna," I said gently, "I think I could forget. Please give me a chance to prove it. Other men have forgotten. I know it was not your fault. I know that spiritu-

ally you are the same pure girl you were before. You are an angel, dear; my angel."

"No, I was not to blame. When you failed to come I grew desperate. When I wrote you and still you failed to come, I was almost distracted. Night and day he was persecuting me. The others gave me no peace. If ever a poor girl was hounded to dishonor I was. Yet I had made up my mind to die rather than yield. Oh, it's too horrible."

She shuddered.

"Never mind, dear, don't tell me about it."

"When I awoke to life sick, sick for many days, I wanted to die, but I could not. There seemed to be nothing for it but to stay on there. I was so weak, so ill, so indifferent to everything that it did not seem to matter. That was where I made my mistake. I should have killed myself. Oh, there's something in us all that makes us cling to life in spite of shame. But I would never let him come near me again. You believe me, don't you?"

"I believe you."

"And though, when he went away, I've gone into this life, there's never been any one else. I've dined with them, laughed with them, but that's all. You believe me?"

"Yes, dear."

"Thank God for that! And now we must say good-bye."

"Good-bye?"

"I said—good-bye. I would not spoil your life. You know how proud I am, how sensitive. I would not give you such as I. Once I would have given myself to you gladly, but now—please go away."

"Impossible."

"No, the other is impossible. You don't know what these things mean to a woman. Leave me, please."

"Leave you—to what?"

"To death, ruin—I don't know what. If I'm strong enough I will die. If I am weak I will sink in the mire. Oh, and I am only a girl too, a young girl!"

"Berna, will you marry me?"

"No! No! No!"

"Berna, I will never leave you. Here I tell you frankly, plainly, I don't know whether or not you still love me—you haven't said a word to show it—but I



know I love you, and I will love you as long as life lasts. I will never leave you. Listen to me, dear: let us go away, far, far away. You will forget, I will forget. It will never be the same, but perhaps it will be better, greater than before. Come with me. O my love! Have pity on me. Berna, have pity. Marry me. Be my wife."

She merely shook her head, sitting there cold as a stone.

"Then," I said, "if you call yourself dishonored, I, too, will become dishonored. If you choose to sink in the mire, I, too, will sink. We will go down together, you and I. Oh, I would rather sink with you, dear, than rise with the angels. You have chosen—well, I too have chosen. We stand on the edge of the vortex, now will we plunge down. You will see me steep myself in shame, then when I am a hundred shades blacker than you can ever hope to be, my angel, you will stoop and pity me. Oh, I don't care any more. I've played the fool too long; now I'll play the devil, and you'll stand by and watch me. Sometimes it's nice to make those we love suffer, isn't it? I would break my arm to make you feel sorry for me. But now you'll see me in the vortex. We'll go down together, dear. Hand in hand, hellward we'll go down, we'll go down."

She was looking at me in a frightened way. A madness seemed to have gotten into me.

"Berna, you're on the dance-halls. You're at the mercy of the vilest wretch that's got an ounce of gold in his filthy poke. They can buy you as they buy white flesh everywhere on earth. You must dance with them, drink with them, go away with them. Berna, I can buy you. Come, dance with me, drink with me. We'll live, live. We'll eat, drink, and be merry. On with the dance! Oh, for the joy of life! Since you'll not be my love, you'll be my light-of-love. Come, Berna, come!"

I paused. With her head lying on the cushioned edge of the box, she was crying. The flush was streaky with her tears.

"Will you come?" I asked again.

She did not move.

"Then," said I, "there are others, and I have money, lots of it. I can buy them.

I am going down into the vortex. Look on and watch me."

I left her crying.

## CHAPTER VI

It is with shame I write the following pages. Would I could blot them out of my life. To this day there must be many who remember my meteoric career in the firmament of fast life. It did not last long, but in less than a week I managed to squander a small fortune.

Those were the days when Dawson might fitly have been called the dissolute. It was the regime of the dance-hall girl, and the taint of the tenderloin was over the town. So far there were few decent women to be seen on the streets. Respectable homes were being established, but even there social evils were discussed with an astonishing frankness and indifference. In the best society men were welcomed who were known to be living in open infamy. A general callousness to social corruption prevailed.

For Dawson was at this time the Mecca of the gambler and the courtesan. Of its population probably two-thirds began their day when most people finished it. It was only toward midnight that the town completely roused up, that the fever of pleasure providing began. Nearly every one seemed to be affected by the spirit of degeneracy. On the faces of many of the business men could be seen the stamp of the pace they were going. Cases in Court had to be adjourned because of the debauches of lawyers. Bank tellers stepped into their cages sleepless from all-night orgies. Government officials lived openly with wanton women. High and low were attainted by the corruption. In those days of headstrong excitement, of sudden fortune, of money to be had almost for the picking up, when the gold-camp was a reservoir into which poured by a thousand channels the treasure of the valley, few were those among the men who kept a steady head, whose private records were pure and blameless.

No town of its size has ever broken up more homes. Men in the intoxication of fast-won wealth in that far-away land gave up to excesses of every kind. Fathers of families pounded the streets arm in arm with dill-mondaines. To be seen talking to a loose woman was unworthy of com-

ment, not to have a mistress was not to be in the swim. Words cannot express the infinite and general degradation. It is scarcely possible to exaggerate it. That towering town at the mouth of the Klondike set a pace in libertinism that has never been equaled.

I would divide its population into three classes: the sporting fraternity, whose business it was to despoil and betray; the business men, drawn more or less into the vortex of dissipation; the miners from the creeks, the Man with the Poke, here to-day, gone to-morrow, and of these all the most worthy of respect. He was the prop and mainstay of the town. It was like a vast trap set to catch him. He would "blow in" brimming with health and high spirits; for a time he would "get into the game," sooner or later he would cut loose and "hit the high places," then, at last, beggared and broken, he would crawl back in shame and sorrow to the claim. O, that grey city! could it ever tell its woes and sorrows the great white stars above would melt into compassionate tears.

Ah, well, to the devil with all moralizing! A short life and a merry one. Switch on the lights! Ring up the curtain! On with the play!

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In the casino a crowd is gathering round the roulette wheel. Three-deep they stand. A woman rushes out from the dance-hall and pushes her way through the throng. She is very young, very fair and redundant of life. A man jostles her. From frank blue eyes she flashes a look at him, and from lips sweet as those of a child there comes the remonstrance: "Curse you; take care."

The men make way for her, and she throws a poke of dust on the red. "A hundred dollars out of that," she says. The croupier nods; the wheel spins round; she loses.

"Give me another two hundred in chips," she cries eagerly. The dealer hands them to her, and puts her poke in a drawer. Again and again she plays, placing chips here and there round the table. Sometimes she wins, sometimes she loses. At last she has quite a pile of chips before her. She laughs gleefully. "I guess I'll cash in now," she says. "That's good enough for to-night."

The man hands her back her poke, writes out a cheque for her winnings, and off she goes like a happy child.

"Who's that?" I ask.

"That? that's Blossom. She's a 'bute,' she is. Want a knockdown? Come on round to the dance-hall."

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Once more I see the Youth. He is nearing the end of his tether. He borrows a few hundred dollars from me. "One more night," he says with a bitter grin, "and the hog goes back to yallow in the mire. They've got you, too—look—Oh, Lord, it's a great game! He! he!"

He goes off unsteadily; then from out of the luminous mists there appears the Jam-wagon. In a pained way he looks at me. "Here, chuck it, old man," he says; "come home to my cabin and straighten up."

"All right," I answer; "just one drink more."

One more means still one more. Poor old Jam-wagon! It's the blind leading the blind.

Mosher haunts me with his gleaming bald head and his rat-like eyes. He is living with the little ninety-five-pound woman, the one with the mop of hair.

Oh, it's a hades of a life I am steeped in! I drink and I drink. It seems to me I am always drinking. Rarely do I eat. I am one of half a dozen spectacular "live ones." All the camp is talking of us, but it seems to me I lead the lurch in the race to ruin. I wonder what Berna thinks of it all. Was there ever such a sensitive creature? Where did she get that obstinate pride? Child of misfortune! She minded me of a delicate china cup that gets mixed in with the coarse crockery of a hash joint.

Remotely the Prodigal speaks to town.

"Are you crazy?" he cries. "I don't mind you making an ass of yourself, but lushing around all that coin the way you're doing—it's wicked; it makes me sick. Come home at once."

"I won't," I say. "What if I am crazy? Isn't it my money? I've never sown my wild oats yet. I'm trying to catch up, that's all. When the money's done I'll quit. I'm having the time of my life. Don't come spoiling it with your precepts.

What a lot of fun I've missed by being good. Come along; 'listen to the last word of human philosophy—have a drink.'"

He goes away shaking his head. There's no fear of him ever breaking loose. He, with his smile of sunshine, would make misfortune pay. He is a rolling stone that gathers no moss, but manages to glue itself to greenbacks at every turn.

I am in a box at the Palace Grand. The place is packed with rowdy men and rival women. I am at the south of my shame. Right and left I am buying wine. Lake vultures at a feast they bunch into the box. Like carrion flies they buzz around me. That is what I feel myself to be—carrion.

How I loathe myself! but I think of Berna, and the thought goes mad to fresh excesses. I will go on till flesh and blood can stand it no longer, till I drop in my tracks. I realize that somehow I must make her pity me, must awake in her that guardian angel which exists in every woman. Only in that way can I break down the barrier of her pride and arouse the love latent in her heart.

There are half a dozen girls in the box, a bevy of beauties, and I buy a case of wine for each, over a thousand dollars' worth. Screaming with laughter they toss it in bottles down to their friends in the audience. It is a scene of riotous excitement. The audience roars, the girls shriek, the orchestra tries to make itself heard. Madder and madder grows the merriment. The fierce fever of it scorches in my veins. I am mad to spend, to throw away money, to outdo all others in bitter, reckless prodigality. I fling twenty-dollar gold pieces to the singers. I open bottle after bottle of wine. The girls are spraying the crowd with it, the floor of the box swims with it. I drop my pencil signing a tab, and when I look down it is floating in a pool of champagne.

Then comes the last. The dance has begun. Men in fur caps, masklike coats and muckrucks are walking with women clad in Paris gowns and sparkling with jewels. The floor is thronged. I have a large, hundred-ounce pool of dust, and I unlense the throng. Suddenly with a mad shout I reenter its contents round the hall. Like a shower of golden rain it falls

on men and women alike. See how they grovel for it, the brutes, the vampires! How they fight and grab and sprawl over it! How they shriek and howl and curse! It is like an arena of wild beasts; it is pandemonium. Oh, how I despise them! My gorge rises, but—to the end, to the end. I must play my part.

Always amid that lurid carnival of sin floats the figure of Blossom, Blossom with her child-face of dashing fairness, her china-blue eyes, her round, smooth cheeks. How different from the pinched pallid face of Berna! Poor, poor Berna! I never see her, but amid all the saturnalism she haunts me. The thought of her is agony, agony. I cannot bear to think of her. I know she watches me. If she would only stop and save me now! Or have I not fallen low enough? What a faith I have in that deep mother-love of hers that will redeem me in the end. I must go deeper yet. Faster and faster must I swirl into the vortex.

Oh, these women, how in my heart I loathe them! I laugh with them, I quaff with them, I let them rob me; but that's all.

In all that fierce madness of debauch, thank God, I retained my honor. They beguiled me, they tried to lure me into their rooms; but at the moment I went to enter I recoiled. It was as if an invisible arm stretched across the doorway and barred me out.

And Blossom, she, too, tried hard to lure me, and because I resisted it inflamed her. Half angel, half devil, was Blossom, a girl in years, but woefully wise, a soft strown when pleased, a she-devil when roused. She made me her special quarry. She fought for me. She drove off all the other girls. We talked together, we drank together, we "played the tables" together, but nothing more. She would coax me with the prettiest gestures, and coo to me with the sweetest endearments; then, when I steadfastly resisted her, she would fly into a fury and flout me with the foulness of the steers. She was beautiful, but born to be bad. No power on heaven or earth could have saved her. Yet in her badness she was frank, natural and untroubled as a child.

It was in one of the corridors of the dance-hall in the early hours of the morning. The place was deserted, strewn with debris of the night's debauch. The air was fetid, and from the gambling-hall down below arose the shouts of the players. We were up there, Blossom and I. I was in a strange state of mind, a state bordering on frenzy. Not much longer, I felt, could I keep up this pace. Something had to happen, and that soon.

She put her arms around me. I could feel her cheek pressed to mine. I could see her bosom rise and fall.

"Come," she said. She led me towards her room. No longer was I able to resist. My foot was on the threshold and I was almost over when—

"Telegram, sir." It was a messenger. Confusedly I took the flimsy envelope and tore it open. Blankly I stared at the line of type. I stared like a man in a dream. I was sober enough now.

"Am't you coming?" said Blossom, putting her arms round me.

"No," I said hoarsely, "leave me, please leave me. Oh, my God!"

Her face changed, became vindictive, the face of a fury.

"Curse you!" she hissed, gnashing her teeth. "Oh, I knew. It's that other, that white-faced doll you cure for. Look at me! Am I not better than her? And you scorn me. Oh, I hate you. I'll get even with you and her. Curses you, curse you—"

She snatched up an empty wine bottle. Swinging it by the neck she struck me square on the forehead. I felt a stunning blow, a warm rush of blood. Then I fell limply forward, and all the lights seemed to go out.

There I lay in a heap, and the blood spurting from my wound soaked the little piece of paper. On it was written:

"Mother died this morning. Gerry."

## CHAPTER VII.

"Where am I?" "Here, with me." Low and sweet and tender was the voice. I was in bed and my head was heavily bandaged, so that the cloths weighed upon my eyelids. It was difficult to see, and I was too weak to raise myself, but I seemed

to be in semi-darkness. A lamp burning on a small table nearby was turned low. By my bedside some one was sitting, and a soft, gentle hand was holding mine.

"Where is here?" I asked faintly.

"Here's my cabin. Rest, dear."

"Is that you, Berna?"

"Yes, please don't talk." I thrilled with a sudden sweetness of joy. A flood of sunshine bathed me. It was all over, then, the turmoil, the storm, the shipwreck. I was drifting on a tranquil ocean of content. Blissfully I closed my eyes. Oh, I was happy, happy!

In her cabin, with her, and she was nursing me—what had happened? What new turn of events had brought about this wonderful thing? As I lay there in the quiet, trying to recall the something that went before, my poor sick brain groped but feebly amid a murk of sinister shadows.

"Berna," I said. "I've had a bad dream."

"Yes, dear, you've been sick, very sick. You've had an attack of fever, brain fever. But don't try to think, just rest quietly."

So for a while longer I lay there, thrilled with a strange new joy, steeped in the ineffable comfort of her presence, and growing better, stronger with every breath. Memories came thronging back, memories that made me cringe and wince, and shudder with the shame of them. Yet over the thought that she was with me was like a holy blessing. Surely it was all good since it had ended in this.

Yet there was something else, some memory darker than the others, some shadow of shadows that baffled me. Then as I battled with a growing terror and suspense, it all came back to me, the telegram, the news, my collapse. A great grief welled up in me, and in my agony I spoke to the girl.

"Berna, tell me. Is it true? Is my Mother dead?"

"Yes, it's true, dear. You must try to bear it bravely."

I could feel her bending over me, could feel her hand holding mine, could feel her hair brush my cheek, yet I forgot even her just then. I thought only of Mother, of her devotion and of how little I had done to deserve it. So this was the end:

a narrow grave, a rending grief and the haunting spectre of reproach.

I saw my Mother sitting at that window that faced the west, her hands meekly folded on her lap, her eyes wistfully gazing over the grey sea. I knew there was never a day of her life when she did not sit thus and think of me. I could guess at the heartache that gentle face would not betray, the longing those tender lips would not speak, the grief those sweet eyes struggled to conceal. As, sitting there in the strange clouded sunset of my native land, she let her knitting drop on her lap, I knew she prayed for me. Oh, Mother! Mother!

My sobbings were choking me, and Berna was holding my hand very tightly. Yet in a little I grew calmer.

"Berna," I said, "I've only got you now, only you, little girl. So you must love me, you mustn't leave me."

"I'll never leave you—if you want me to stay."

"God bless you, dear. I can't tell you the comfort you are to me. I'll try to be quiet now."

I will always remember those days as I grew slowly well again. The cat in which I lay stood in the sitting-room of the cabin, and from the window I could overlook the city. Snow had fallen, the days were diamond bright, and the smoke ascended sharply in the glittering air. The little room was papered with a design of wild roses that reminded me of the Whitehorse Rapids. On the walls were some little framed pictures; the floor was carpeted in dull brown, and a little heater gave out a pleasant warmth. Through a doorway draped with a curtain I could see her busy in her little kitchen.

She left me much alone, alone with my thoughts. Often when all was quiet I knew she was sitting there beyond the curtain, sitting thinking, just as I was thinking. Quiet was the keynote of our life, quiet and sunshine. That little cabin might have been a hundred miles from the gold-born city, it was so quiet. Here drifted no echo of its abandoned gaiety, its glory of demoralization. How sweet she looked in her spotless home attire, her neat waist, her little apron with bib and sleeves, her general air of a little housewife. And never was there so devoted a nurse.

Sometimes she would read to me from one of the few books I had taken everywhere on my travels, a page or two from my beloved Stevenson, a poem from my great-hearted Henley, a luminous passage from my Thoreau. How those readings brought back the time when, tired of flicking the tawny pools, I would sit on the edge of the boisterous little barn and read till the grey shadows sifted down! I was so happy then, and I did not know it. Now everything seemed changed. Life had lost its zest. Its savour was no longer sweet. Its very success was more bitter than failure. Would I ever get back that old-time rapture, that youthful joy, that satisfaction with all the world?

It was sweet prolonging my convalescence, yet the time came when I could no longer let her wait upon me. What was going to happen to us? I thought of that at all times, and she knew I thought of it. Sometimes I could see a vivid color in her cheeks, an eager brightness in her eyes. Was over a stranger's situation? She slept in the little kitchen, and between us there was but that curtain. The faintest draught stirred it. There I lay through the long, long night in that quiet cabin. I heard her breathing. Sometimes even I heard her murmur in her sleep. I knew she was there, within a few yards of me. I thought of her always. I loved her beyond all else on earth. I was cringing daily in health and strength, yet not for the wealth of the world would I have tossed that little curtain. She was so safe there as if she were guarded with swords. And she knew it.

Once when I was in agony I called to her in the night, and she came to me. She came with a mother's tenderness, with exorcise endearments, with the great love shining in her eyes. She leaned over me, she kissed me. As she bent over my bed I put my arm round her. There in the darkness were we, she and I, her kisses warm upon my lips, her hair brushing my brow, and a great love dawning us. Oh, it was hard, but I released her, put her from me, told her to go away.

"I'll play the same fair," I said to myself. I must be very, very careful. Our position was full of danger. So I forced myself to be cold to her, and she looked both surprised and pained at the change in me. Then she seemed to put forth special effort to please me. She changed

the fashion of her hair, she wore peevish bows of ribbon. She talked brightly and lightly in a febrile way. She showed little coquettish tricks of manner that were charming to my mind. Ever she looked at me with wistful concern. Her heart was innocent, and she could not understand my sudden coldness. Yet that night had given me a lightning glimpse of my nature that frightened me. The girl was winsome beyond words, and I knew I had but to say it and she would come to me. Yet I checked myself. I retreated behind a barrier of reserve. "Play the game," I said; "play the game."

So as I grew better and stronger she seemed to lose her cheerfulness. Always she had that anxious, wistful look. Once came a sound from the kitchen like stifled sobbing, and again in the night I heard her cry. Then the time came when I was well enough to get up, to go away.

I dressed, looking like the cadaverous ghost I felt myself to be. She was there in the kitchen, sitting quietly, waiting.

"Berna," I called.

She came, with a smile lighting up her face.

"I'm going."

The smile vanished, and left her with that high proud look, yet behind it was a lurking fear.

"You're going?" she faltered.

"Yes," I said roughly, "I'm going."

She did not speak.

"Are you ready?" I went on.

"Ready?"

"Yes, you're going, too."

"Where?"

I took her suddenly in my arms.

"Why, you dear little angel, to get married, of course. Come on, Berna, we'll find the nearest parson. We won't lose any more precious time."

Then a great rush of tears came into her eyes. But still she hung back. She shook her head.

"Why, Berna, what's the matter? Won't you come?"

"I think not."

"In Heaven's name, what is wrong, dear? Don't you love me?"

"Yes, I love you. It's because I love you I won't come."

"Won't you marry me?"

"No, no, I can't. You know what I said before. I haven't changed any. I'm

still the same—dishonored girl. You could never give me your name."

"You're as pure as the driven snow, little one."

"No one thinks so but you, and it's that that makes all the difference. Everybody knows. No, I could never marry you, never take your name, never bind you to me."

"Well, what's to be done?"

"Yes, must go away, or—stay."

"Stay?"

"Yes. You've been living alone with me for a month. I picked you up that night in the dance-hall. I had you brought here. I nursed you. Do you think people don't give us credit for the worst? We are as innocent as children, yet do you think I have a share of reputation left? Already I am supposed to be your mistress. Everybody knows; nobody cares. There are so many living that way here. If you told them we were innocent they would scoff at us. If you go they will say you have discarded me."

"What shall I do?"

"Just stay. Oh, why can't we go on as we've been doing? It's been so like home. Don't leave me, dear. I don't want to bind you. I just want to be of some use to you, to help you, to be with you always. Love me for a little, anyway. Then when you're tired of me you can go, but don't go now."

I was dazed, but she went on.

"What does the ceremony matter? We love each other. Isn't that the real marriage? It's more; it's an ideal. We'll both be free to go if we wish. There will be no bonds but those of love. Is not that beautiful, two people cleaving together for love's sake, living for each other, sacrificing for each other, yet with no man-made law to tell them: 'This must ye do?' Oh, stay, stay!"

Her arms were round my neck. The grey eyes were full of pleading. The sweet lips had the old, pathetic droop. I yielded to the emptiness of love.

"Well," I said, "we will go on awhile, on one condition—that bye-and-bye you marry me."

"Yes, I will, I will; I promise. If you don't tire of me; if you are sure beyond

all doubt you will never regret it, then I will marry you with the greatest joy in the world."

So it came about that I stayed.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

In this infernal irony of an existence why do the good things of life always come when we no longer have the same appetite to enjoy them? The year following, in which Berna and I kept house, was not altogether a happy one. Somehow we had both just missed something. We had suffered too much to recover our poise very easily. We were sick, not in body, but in mind. The thought of her terrible experience haunted her. She was as sensitive as the petal of a delicate flower, and often would I see her lips quiver and a look of pain come into her eyes. Then I knew of what she was thinking. I knew and I, too, suffered.

I tried to make her forget, yet I could not succeed; and even in my most happy moments there was always a shadow, the shadow of Locasto; there was always a fear, the fear of his return. Yes, it seemed at times as if we were two unfortunates, as if our happiness had come too late, as if our lives were irretrievably shipwrecked.

Locasto where was he? For near a year had he been gone, somewhere in that wild country at the Back of Beyond. Somewhere amid the wilder peaks and valleys of the Rockies he fought his desperate battle with the Wild. There had been sinister rumors of two lone prospectors who had perished up in that savage country, of two bodies that lay rotting and half buried by a landslide. I had a sudden, wild hope that one of them might be my enemy; for I hated him and I would have joyed at his death. When I loved Berna most exquisitely, when I gazed with tender joy upon her sweetness, when, with glad, thankful eyes, I blessed her for the sympathy and sunshine of her presence, then between us would come a shadow, dark, menacing and mordant. So the joy-light would vanish from my eyes and a great sadness fall upon me.

What would I do if he returned? I wondered. Perhaps if he left us alone I might let by-gones be by-gones; but if he ever came near her again—well, I oiled the chambers of my Colt and heard its joyous click as it revolved. "That's for

him," I said, "that's for him, if by look, by word, or by act he ever molests her again." And I meant it, too. Suffering had hardened me, made me dangerous. I would have killed him.

Then, as the months went past and the suspicion of his fate deepened almost to a certainty, I began to breathe more freely. I noticed, too, a world of difference in Berna. She grew light-hearted. She sang and laughed a good deal. The sunshine came back to her eyes, and the shadow seldom lingered there. Sometimes she thought that we were not legally married troubled me, but on all sides were men living with their Klondike wives, either openly or secretly, and where this domestic menage was conducted in quietness there was little comment on it. We lived to ourselves, and for ourselves. We left our neighbors alone. We made few friends, and in the ferment of social life we were almost unnoticed.

Of course, the Prodigal expostulated with me in severe terms. I did not attempt to argue with him. He would not have understood my point of view. There are heights and depths in life to which he with his practical mind could never attain. Yet he became very fond of Berna, and often visited us.

"Why don't you go and get churchered decently, if you love her?" he demanded. "So I will," I answered calmly; "give me a little time. Wait till we get more settled."

And, indeed, we were up to our necks in business these days. Our Gold Hill property had turned out well. We had a gang of men employed there, and I made frequent trips out to Bonanza. We had given the Halfbreed a small interest, and installed him as manager. The Jamnawagon, too, we had employed as a sort of assistant foreman. Jim was busy installing his hydraulic plant on Ophir Creek, and altogether we had enough to think about. I had set my heart on making a hundred thousand dollars, and as things were looking it seemed as if two more years would bring me to that mark.

"Then," said I to Berna, "We'll go and travel all over the world, and do it in style."

"Will we, dear?" she answered tenderly. "But I don't want money much now, and I don't know that I care so much

about travel either. What I would like would be to go to your home, and settle down and live quietly. What I want is a nice flower garden, and a pony to drive into town, and a house to fuss about. I would embroider, and read, and play a little, and cook things, and—just be with you."

She was greatly interested in my description of Glenlyle. She never tired of questioning me about it. Particularly was she interested in my accounts of Garry, and rather scoffed at my enthusiastic description of him.

"Oh, that wonderful brother of yours! One would think he was a small god, to hear you talk. I declare I'm half afraid of him. Do you think he would like me?"

"He would love you, little girl; any one would."

"Don't be foolish," she chided me. And then she drew my head down and kissed me.

I think we had the prettiest little cabin in all Dawson. The big logs were peeled smooth, and the ends squarely cut. The chinks were filled in with mortar. The whole was painted a deep rich crimson. The roof was covered with sheet-iron, and it, too, was painted crimson. There was a deep porch to it. It was the snugest, neatest little home in the world.

Windows hung with dainty lace curtains peeped through its clustering greenery of vines, but the glory of it all was the flower garden. There was a bewildering variety of flowers, but mostly I remember stocks and pinks, Iceland poppies, marigolds, asters, marigolds, verbena, hollyhocks, pansies and peonies, growing in glorious profusion. Even the roughest miner would stand and stare at them as he tramped past on the board sidewalk.

They were a mosaic of glowing color, yet the crowning triumph was the poppies and sweet peas. Set in the centre of the lawn was a circle that was a leaping glow of poppies. Of every shade were they, from starry pink to luminous gold, from snowy white to passionate crimson. Like var-colored lamps they swung, and wakened us to wonder and joy with the exultant challenge of their beauty. And the sweet peas! All up the south side of the cabin they grew, overtopping the eaves in their riotous perfection. They rivalled the poppies in the radiant confusion of

their color, and they were so lavish of blossom we could not pick them fast enough. I think ours was the pioneer garden of the gold-burn city, and awakened many to the growth-giving magic of the long, long day.

And it was the joy and pride of Berna's heart. I would sit on the porch of a summer's evening when down the mighty Yukon a sunset of vast and violent beauty flamed and languished, and I would watch her as she worked among her flowers. I can see her sitting figure in a dress of dainty white as she hovered over a beautiful blossom. I can hear her calling me, her voice like the music of a flute, calling me to come and see some triumph of her skill. I have a picture of her coming towards me with her arms full of flowers, baring her face lovingly among the velvet petals, and raising it again, the sweetest flower of all. How radiantly outshone her eyes, and her face, delicate as a cameo, seemed to have stolen the fairest tints of the lily and the rose.

Starry vines screened the porch, and everywhere were swinging baskets of silver birch, brimming over with the delicate green of saxifrage or clouded in an anemone mist of lobelias. I can still see the little sitting-room with its piano, its plenitude of cushions, its book-rack, its Indian corner, its tasteful paper, its pictures, and always and everywhere flowers, flowers. The air was heavy with the fragrance of them. They glorified the crudest corner, and made our home like a nook in fairyland.

I remember one night as I sat reading she came to me. Never did I see her look so happy. She was almost childlike in her joy. She sat down by my chair and looked up at me. Then she put her arms around me.

"Oh, I'm so happy," she said with a sigh.

"Are you, dearest?" I caressed the soft flow of her hair.

"Yes, I just wish we could live like this forever," and she nestled up to me ever so fondly.

Aye, she was happy, and I will always bless the memory of those days, and thank God I was the means of bringing a little gladness into her married life. She was happy, and yet we were living in what society would call sin. Conventionally

we were not man and wife, yet never were man and wife more devoted, more self-respecting. Never were man and wife endowed with purer ideals, with a more exalted conception of the sanctity of love. Yet there were many in the town not half so delicate, so refined, so spiritual, who would have passed my little lady like a parish. But what cared we?

And perhaps it was the very greatness of my love for her that sometimes made me fear; so that often in the ecstasy of a moment I would catch my breath and wonder if it all could last. And when the poplars turned to gold, and up the valley stole a shuddering breath of desolation, my fear grew apace. The sky was all resplendent with the winter stars, and keen and hard their facets sparkled. And I knew that somewhere underneath those stars there slept Lornato. But was it the sleep of the living or of the dead? Would he return?

## CHAPTER IX.

Two men were crawling over the winter-blocked plain. In the arctic circle if its immensity they were like little black ants. One, the leader, was of great bulk and of a vast strength; while the other was small and wiry, of the breed that clings like a louse to life while better men perish.

On all sides of the frozen lake over which they were traveling were hills covered with harsh pine, that pricked funnery up to the boulder-broken snows. Above that was a stormy and fantastic sea of mountains baring many a fierce peak-fang to the hollow heavens. The sky was a waxen grey, roiled as a corpse-light. The snow was an immaculate shroud, unmarked by track of bird or beast. Death-sealed the land lay in its silent vastitude, in its despoiled desolation.

The small man was breaking trail. Down almost to his knees in the soft snow, he sunk at every step; yet ever he dragged a foot painfully upward, and made another forward plunge. The snowshoes thong, jagged with ice, chafed him cruelly. The muscles of his legs ached so insistently as if clamped in a vice. He lurched forward with fatigue, so that he seemed to be ever stumbling, yet recovering himself.

"Come on there, you darned little shrimp; get a move on you," growled the

big man from within the frost-friaged hood of his parka.

The little man started as if galvanized into sudden life. His breath steamed and almost himself as it struck the icy air. At each raw intake of it his chest heaved. He beat his mittened hands on his breast to keep them from freezing. Under the hood of his parka great icicles had formed, hanging to the hairs of his beard, walrus-like, and his eyes, thickly wadded with frost, glared out with the furtive fear of a hunted beast.

"Curse him, curse him," he whispered; but once more he lifted those leaden snowshoes and staggered on.

The big man lashed fiercely at the dogs, and as they screamed at his blows he laughed cruelly. They were straining forward in the harness, their bellies almost level with the ground, their muscles standing out like whale-bone. Great, gaunt brutes they were, with ribs like barrel-staves, and hip-bones sharp as stakes. Their wooly coats were white with frost, their sly, slit-eyed faces ice-sheathed, their feet torn so that they left a bloody track on the snow at every step.

"Mash on there, you cuss, or I'll cut you in two," stormed the big man, and once again the heavy whip fell on the yelling pack. They were pulling for all they were worth, their heads down, their shoulders squared. Their breath came pantingly, their tongues gleamed redly, their white teeth shone. They were fighting, fighting for life, fighting to placate a cruel master in a world where all was cruelty and oppression.

For there in the Winter Wild prey was not even a name. It was the struggle for life, desperate and never-ending. The Wild abhorred life, abhorred most of all these atoms of heat and hurry in the midst of her triumphant stillness. The Wild would crush those defiant pigmies that disputed the majesty of her invincible calm.

A dog was hanging back in the harness. It whined; then as the husky following snapped at it savagely, it gave a lurch and lurched. The big man shot forward with a sudden fury in his eyes. Swinging the heavy-thonged whip, again and again he brought it down on the writhing brute. Then he twisted the thong around his hand and belabored its hollow ribs with

the butt. It screamed for awhile, but soon it ceased to scream; it only moaned a little. With glistening fangs and ears up-pricked the other dogs looked at their fallen comrade. They longed to leap on it, to rend its gaunt limbs apart, to tear its quivering flesh; but there was the big man with his murderous whip, and they covered before him.

The big man kicked the fallen dog repeatedly. The little man paused in his painful progress to look on apathetically.

"You'll starve in its ribs," he remarked presently; "and then we'll never make timber by nightfall."

The big man had failed in his efforts to rouse the dog. There in that lacerating cold, in an ecstasy of rage, despairfully he poised over it.

"Who told you to put in your lip?" he snarled. "Who's running this show, you or I? I'll starve in its ribs if I choose, and I'll bludge you to the sled and make you pull your guts out, too."

The little man said no more. Then, the dog still refusing to rise, the big man leapt over the harness and came down on the animal with both feet. There was a scream of pitiful agony, and the snap of breaking bones. But the big man slipped and fell. Down he came, and like a flash the whole pack piled onto him.

For a moment there was a confused muddle of dogs and master. This was the time for which they had waited, these savage semi-wolves. This man had beaten them, had starved them, had been a devil to them, and now he was down and at their mercy. Ferociously they sprang on him, and their white fangs snapped like traps in his face. They fought to get at his throat. They tore at his parka. Oh, if they could only make their teeth meet in his warm flesh! But no; they were all tangled up in the harness, and the man was fighting like a giant. He had the leader by the throat and was using her as a shield against the others. His right hand swung the whip with flank-like blows. Foiled and confused the dogs fell to fighting among themselves, and triumphantly the man leapt to his feet.

He was like a fiend now. Fiercely he raced among the snarling pack, kicking, clubbing, cursing, till one and all he had beaten into covering subjection.

He was still panting from his struggle. His face was deathly pale, and his eyes were glittering. He strode up to the little man, who had watched the performance stolidly.

"Why didn't you help me, you dirty little whelp?" he hissed. "You wanted to see them chew me up; you know you did. You'd like to have them rip me to ribbons. You wouldn't move a finger to save me. Oh, I know, I know. I've had enough of your trip to last me a lifetime. You've backed me right along. Now, blast your dirty little soul, I hate you, and for the rest of the way I'm going to make your life hell. See! Now I'll begin."

The little man was afraid. He seemed to grow smaller, while over him towered the other, dark, fierce and malignant. The little man was desperate. Defensively he crouched, yet the next instant he was overthrown. Then, as he lay sprawling in the snow, the big man fell to lashing him with the whip. Time after time he struck, till the screams of his victim became one long, drawn-out wail of agony. Then he desisted. Jerking the other on his feet once more, he bade him go on breaking trail.

Again they struggled on. The light was beginning to fail, and there was no thought in their mind but to reach that dark belt of timber before darkness came. There was no sound but the crunch of their snowshoes, the ranting of the dogs, the rasping of the sleigh. When they raised the silence seemed to fall on them like a blanket. There was something awful in the quality of this deathly silence. It was as if something material, something tangible, hovered over them, closed in on them, choked them, throttled them. It was almost like a Presence.

Wet and worn were men and dogs as they struggled onward in the growing gloom, but because of the feeling in his heart the little man no longer was conscious of bodily pain. It was black murder that raged there.

With straining sinews and bones that cracked, the dogs bent to a heavy pull, while at the least sign of shirking down swished the relentless whip. And the big man, as if proud of his strength, gazed insolently round on the Wild. He was at home in this land, this stark wolf-land, so

callous, so cruel. Was he not cruel, too? Surely this land covered before him. Its hardships could not daunt him, nor its terrors dismay. As he urged on his bloody-footed dogs, he exulted greatly. Of all Men of the High North was he not king?

At last they reached the forest fringe, and after a few harsh directions he had the little man making camp. The little man worked with a strange willingness. All his taciturnity had gone. As he gathered the firewood and filled the Yukon stove, he hummed a merry air. He had the water boiling and soon there was the fragrance of tea in the little tent. He produced sourdough bread (which he fried in lard fat), and some dried moose-meat.

To men of the trail this was a treat. They ate ravenously, but they did not speak. Yet the little man was oddly cheerful. Time and again the big man looked at him suspiciously. Outside it was a steely night, with an icicle of a moon. The cold leapt on one savagely. To step from the tent was like plunging into icy water, yet within those canvas walls the men were warm and snug. The stove crackled its cheer. A grease-light sputtered, and by its rays the little man was mending his ice-stiffened moccasins. He hummed an Irish air, and he seemed to be tickled with some thought he had.

"Stop that tune," growled the other. "If you don't know anything else, out it out. I'm sick of it."

The little man shut up meekly. Again there was silence, broken by a whining and a scratching outside. It was the five dogs crying for their supper, crying for the frozen fish they had earned so well. They wondered why it was not forthcoming. When they received it they would lie on it, to warm it with the heat of their bodies, and then gnaw off the thawed portions. They were very wise, these dogs. But to-night there was no fish, and they whined for it.

"Dog feed all gone!"

"Yep," said the small man.

"Hell! I'll silence these brutes anyway."

He went to the door and laid onto them so that they slunk away into the shadows.

But they did not hurry themselves in the snow and sleep. They continued to prowl round the tent, hunger-mad and desperate.

"We've only got enough grub left for ourselves now," said the big man; "and none too much at that. I guess I'll put you on half-rations."

He laughed as if it was the hugest joke. Then rolling himself in a robe, he lay down and slept.

The little man did not sleep. He was still turning over the thought that had come to him. Outside in the atrocious cold the whining malamutes crept nearer and nearer. Savage were they, Indian raised and sired by a wolf. And now, in the agonies of hunger, they cried for fish, and there was none for them, only kicks and curses. Oh, it was a world of ghastly cruelty! They howled their woes to the weary moon.

"Short rations, indeed," mumbled the little man. He crawled into his sleeping bag, but he did not close his eyes. He was watching.

About dawn he rose. An evil dawn it was, sallow, sinister and askew.

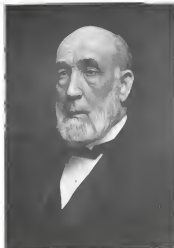
The little man selected the heavy-handed whip for the job. Carefully he felt its lust, then he struck. It was a shrewd blow and a neatly delivered, for the little man had been in the business before. It fell on the big man's head, and he crumpled up. Then the little man took some rawhide thongs and trussed up his victim. There lay the big man, bound and helpless, with a clotted blood-hole in his black hair.

Then the little man gathered up the rest of the provisions. He looked around carefully, as if fearful of leaving anything behind. He made a pack of the food and lashed it on his back. Now he was ready to start. He knew that within fifty miles, traveling to the south, he would strike a settlement. He was safe.

He turned to where lay the unconscious body of his partner. Again and again he kicked it; he cursed it; he spit on it. Then, after a final look of gloating hate, he went off and left the big man to his fate.

At last, at long last, the Worm had turned.

(To be Continued.)



SENATOR GEORGE A. COX

The dominant figure in the G.T.P. group of financiers

## The Line-Up of the Financiers

### A Three-Fold Grouping of Important Canadian Interests

By Arthur Conrad

IF the Hon. George A. Cox, Senator of the Dominion of Canada, were fifty-one years of age instead of being seventy-one and in consequence were more inclined to be pugnacious, there is every likelihood that the public would be treated in the near future to an interesting exhibition of financial battles, the object of which would be to decide who should have control of the Canadian Bank of Commerce. Even yet it is not entirely

beyond the bounds of possibility, despite assurances to the contrary vouchsafed the daily press, that the venerable senator will gaily up his lousie, gather his seconds around him and enter the arena, there to do battle for his old interests. It is common knowledge that he did not relish resigning the presidency of an institution, in the building up of which he had played so prominent a part, and that he should still have a preference for it, is entirely



G. B. OSLER, M.P.  
President of the Dominion Bank.



CHARLES E. ROSSIER  
Director of the Bank of Montreal.

TWO PROMINENT FIGURES IN THE C.P.R. GROUP

natural. But whatever is to occur in this connection is entirely concealed in the obscurity that interposes a thick veil between the present and the future, and the Senator, as everybody knows, keeps his own counsel.

The disintegration of what had come to be known as the Bank of Commerce group of financiers, has been one of the most notable events in the history of Canadian finance. A few years ago the Commerce directors with George A. Cox at their head, presented almost as strong and united a front as the group of heavy men who guided the destinies of the Bank of Montreal. There was every prospect that they would continue to hold a position of great strength in the financial life of the Dominion and might equal, if they did not ultimately eclipse, the achievements of the Montreal group. But for some occult reason, which will probably never be known until the memoirs of one or other of the principals in the event come to light, there was a cleavage in the ranks of the Commerce directorate. George A. Cox resigned the presidency and was suc-

ceeded by the General Manager of the Bank, Sir Edmund Walker. Plausible explanations were given out to dispose of any suspicions that the old sovereign had been dethroned or that there was anything unpleasant beneath the placid surface of the dividing waters, but a change there was and one which no amount of explaining could quite clear up. Outwardly there was nothing to indicate that a disagreement had taken place; the ex-president still remained a director and apparently gave strong support to his successor. Nevertheless, the popular mind refused to be satisfied and rumors of all sorts were rife.

For a time it could not be said that the resignation of Mr. Cox from the president's chair had any great significance or that his absence from that position made any particular difference in the administration of the Bank. Quite recently, however, new light has been shed on the situation, which has served to revive the old suspicions and to give them added force. The changes announced in the directorate of the Canada Life Company appear to



SIR EDMUND WALKER  
President of the Bank of Commerce and an active leader in the C.N.B. group

have a direct bearing on the relations existing between Senator Cox and his associates on the one hand, and Sir Edmund Walker and his colleagues on the other. There can be no gainsaying the fact that the removal of Sir Edmund Walker, Mr. Z. A. Lash and Mr. H. B. Walker from the Canada Life Board looks very much like an act of retaliation on the part of Senator Cox, which may be but the preliminary skirmish in a battle of more serious proportions. When one remembers that the Canada Life has been all along the Senator's favorite corporation, that he is concerned heart and soul in its welfare, one can readily understand his desire to surround himself on its board with men closely associated with his own interests.

But it is not of this aspect of the case that this article intends to deal, however entertaining speculations about the con-

come of the anticipated struggle may be. What it will seek to make clear is that by the disintegration of the old Commerce group and its separation into two parties, together with the influence of other interests, the financial leaders of Canada have divided themselves into three great parties, sharply and vividly outlined, and that all the large undertakings at present before the country are controlled by one or other of the three groups. Like the brilliant fragments of colored glass turning inside a kaleidoscope and forming themselves ever and anon into new and beautiful combinations, the financiers of the Dominion have been brought into a striking situation, where, in place of a large number of groups, the pieces have been munged in three sets of unusual brilliance.

In the centre, unchanged to any material extent by the passing movements



SIR E. S. CLOUSTON, Bart.

As President of the Bank of Montreal, an important figure in C.F.R. circles.

of time and circumstances, there still acclimates the clever company of gentlemen who control the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. Originating with Lord Mountstephen, Lord Strathcona, the late Duncan McIntyre and Mr. R. B. Angus, the group now includes Sir William Van Horne, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, E. R. Oaker, W. D. Matthews, Hon. Robert Mackay, C. R. Hosmer and their associates. In a sense Lord Mountstephen has dropped out, and Lord Strathcona is no longer active, but both men have played an important part in the great undertaking with which their names will always be connected. Very closely allied is the Bank of Montreal, the destinies of which were for many years wrapped up with those of the railway company, while the Dominion Bank, of which E. R. Oaker is president and W. D. Matthews vice-president, may be considered as a sort of secondary financial institution. There is also the powerful Royal Trust Company in close alliance with both the C. F. R. and the Bank of Montreal. The gentlemen who occupy seats on the directorates of these important corporations may not inappropriately be termed the C. F. R. group of financiers.

And now it is extremely interesting to observe the other two groups into which

the slowly moving kaleidoscope of time has brought the leaders of Canadian finance. The first distinct figure to be evolved ranges itself around the second transcontinental railway, the C. N. R. It forms a group of growing importance and of wide influence. Its active leaders are naturally Sir William Mackenzie and Sir Donald Mann, and the Canadian Bank of Commerce is the financial institution most closely associated with its activities. Ever since Mackenzie and Mann started on their meteoric career, they have depended to a large extent on the Commerce to finance their undertakings, and while latterly the bulk of their support has come from England, there is still a close bond between the railway and the bank. The direct connecting link, if one were to be sought, would be Mr. Z. A. Lash, K.C., who is the legal adviser of both concerns and holds a seat on the directorate of each. The prominent members of the C. N. R. group, besides Mackenzie, Mann and Lash, are Sir Edmund Walker, Alexander Laird, Frederic Nicholls, D. R. Hanna, F. H. Philpotts and Sir Henry Pellatt, who is in fairly close touch with



SIR HENRY M. PELLATT

Allied with the Canadian Northern Bank of Commerce group.

this particular combination. The number of undertakings in which these gentlemen are interested is probably larger than the number of ventures upon which the C. F. R. group have entered, but on the other hand, their companies are by no means so large or so heavily capitalized. For instance, it was computed about a year ago that Sir William Van Horne, who may be considered as the leader of the C. F. R. group, was interested in companies having a total capitalization of \$480,700,000, while Sir William Mackenzie's companies were capitalized at \$214,900,000, or not quite half as much. As brilliant and successful financiers, however, the C. N. R. group falls little short of the older group.

The third and latest group to be formed is, as might be anticipated, associated with the Grand Trunk Pacific undertakings, and to a certain extent with the Grand Trunk Pacific itself. The building of the third transcontinental gave an opening for some aggressive work, and Senator Cox, being left out in the cold as it were by the C. N. R. people, saw his opportunity. He interested himself in the railway and assumed the leadership of the group of men who had gathered to its support. As yet the G. T. P. financiers are hardly so closely united as are the men who control the other railways, but the tendency will be for them to draw together in much the same way. Their organization, if such it may be termed, is by no means complete, for no great bank has as yet been sprung into line. It may be that the Senator still has hopes of recovering the Commerce, of which he remains a director. It may be, as many are inclined to believe, that a new bank will be launched to care for the Cox interests. Or it is by no means improbable that he purposes to work with two or three of the smaller banks. His confrere and oldest friend, Senator Jeffrey, who is in very close touch with him, is vice-president of the Imperial Bank, a growing institution, while Duncan Colquhoun, president and general manager of the Bank of Toronto, has just been added to the directorate of the Canadian Life, an indication that the latter bank is being brought into touch with the Cox interests. Robert Bickerdike, M.P., another newcomer on the Canada Life



CHAR. M. HAYS

President of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway.

Board, is one of the promoters of the new International Bank of Canada.

The lines of demarcation between the C. N. R. and the G. T. P. groups is not altogether clear, nor is this to be wondered at when it is remembered that the latter is really an offshoot of the former. Members of the G. T. P. group still retain a connection with interests in the C. N. R. group. Senator Cox himself, as has been pointed out, continues a director of the Bank of Commerce, and takes care to have it known that he attends the board meetings. Likewise J. W. Flavelle, who is president of the National Trust Company, a Cox-controlled corporation, retains a directorship in the Commerce. E. R. Wood, whom many believe is George A. Cox's logical successor as dictator of many companies, is still a Commerce director. In fact, the G. T. P. group, while out of control of the bank, are still a strong element on its board. Whether Sir Edmund Walker will play its for it with the Senator, and do so as he was apparently done by in the case of the Canada Life, remains to be seen. There are those who say that they would not be at all surprised to see Messrs. Cox, Flavelle and Wood superseded by the C. N. R. interests at the next annual meeting, though such a course of procedure would undoubtedly precipitate a serious and abiding conflict.





DUNCAN COULSON  
President of the Bank of Toronto.



D. R. WILKIE  
President of the Imperial Bank.

**TWO BANKERS ALLIED WITH THE G.T.P. FORCES**

A writer of much painstaking industry about a year ago figured out that the big financial interests of Canada were in the hands of twenty-three men. As three of these gentlemen have passed away in the interval, and as it would be impossible without a good deal of trouble to name their successors, it may be assumed without much fear of contradiction that there are twenty capitalist-directors now in control of the situation. The list is as follows, in the order determined by the number of corporations in which each is interested: Senator Cox, W. D. Matthews, F. Nicholls, Senator Mackay, Sir H. M. Pellatt, Sir W. Mackenzie, Sir W. Van Horne, E. B. Osler, Z. A. Lash, R. B. Angus, C. R. Hosmer, Lord Strathcona, H. M. Melson, R. Forget, D. B. Hanna, E. B. Greenfields, Sir D. D. Mann, Sir T. Shaughnessy, W. Wainwright and H. A. Allan. Of the twenty, W. D. Matthews, Senator Mackay, Sir William Van Horne, E. B. Osler, Z. A. Lash, R. B. Angus, C. R. Hosmer, Lord Strathcona, E. B. Greenfields, Sir T. Shaughnessy are clearly members of the C. P. R. group; F. Nicholls, Sir H. M. Pellatt, Sir W. Mackenzie,

Z. A. Lash, D. B. Hanna, Sir D. D. Mann, belong to the C. N. R. group; leaving Senator Cox and William Wainwright as members of the third or G. T. P. group. In point of numbers, the C. P. R. group has ten, the C. N. R. group six, and the G. T. P. group two, which is about in proportion to the length of existence of the three groups.

It is, of course, absurd to say that the groups are or ever will be absolutely distinct. There will be reciprocal dealings between the various elements, while few men of the stamp of the present leaders of Canadian finance would stand for a foolish conflict of interests based on personal likes or dislikes. At the same time there can be no doubt that there is a growing tendency to work together on the part of quite a number of Canadian financiers, who see in the success which has attended the undertakings of the C. P. R. combination a very good reason for holding together and linking up their companies. The evolution of the C. N. R. and the G. T. P. groups has been a natural outcome of this estimate of the situation, for in these new transcontinentals are to

be found the opportunities of repeating in the years to come some of the history which has been so advantageous for the C. P. R. financiers.

It is consequently interesting to trace out the ramifications of the various branches of the tree of finance, and to find a branch drawing its sustenance from one limb twining its leaves with those of some branch attached to quite another limb. Take for instance the banking interests. It has already been shown that the C. P. R. and the Bank of Montreal are associated, but at the same time, it is well known that the Grand Trunk banks extensively with the same institution. Likewise the C. P. R. is closely linked with the Royal Trust Company, but, despite the fact that the National Trust Company is working for the G. T. P., the president of the latter road, Charles M. Hays, holds a seat on the board of the former company. Sir William Whitt,

vice-president of the C. P. R., is a director of the Imperial Bank, which, through Robert Jaffray, is allied with the G. T. P. group. In fact, there is such an interweaving of interests as to make it oftentimes difficult to follow out the lines of separation, and so be able to say what group controls any given institution. The great railways themselves afford the best clue to the problem, for there is a clear-cut distinction between the controlling forces in each case, without any overlapping.

The radius of influence does not stop here, however, but it will be found on investigation that the financial combination controls industries and utilities of far-reaching importance, and that even the press comes under the sway of one or other of the groups to a great extent. It will be interesting to watch the course of events in the future and to see how the various combinations work out their plans.



ALEXANDER LAIRD  
General Manager of the Bank of Commerce.



D. B. HANNA  
Vice-President of the Canadian Northern.

**TWO MEN ACTIVELY ASSOCIATED WITH C.N.R.-COMMERCE INTERESTS**



## Why the Jew is healthier than the Christian

By

H. M. Mortimer

LAST summer a very busy Canadian when in Europe called on a leading London physician. He told the physician that he did not think there was anything radically wrong with him, but that there were times when he felt that he was not doing such good work as he should. He asked the physician to look him over and see whether there was any physical ailment. The physician made an appointment, and a few days later spent over an hour making a thorough examination, but more particularly in getting the man's history, his mode of life, and the history of his ancestors. When he had finished he put his instruments away, closed his bag, and made an appointment for two days later. He began by informing the Canadian that he was in good general condition, every organ being in perfect order—"But," said the physician, "you are not a Jew, and you must not overlook the fact that your ancestors for generations back have lived a healthy, open-air life. Most of them have been farmers or soldiers. A man cannot change in one generation from the outdoor life of a sporting English gentleman to the indoor life of a modern business man, without feeling the results. Ten hours a day in an office chair, listening perhaps to the rumble of machinery, worrying over finances, labor problems, salesman's problems, competition, the many other worries a modern manufacturer or merchant is subjected to, is a life

that requires altogether different constitutional faculties from those possessed by you and your ancestors. The Jew can do this because he is descended from a race who have for generations past sat fourteen to eighteen hours a day in a badly ventilated office, with little or no real physical exercise."

That it takes two generations to make a gentleman is an oft-quoted axiom, but how many generations has it taken to make the Jew of the present day? When one comes to consider him—the little, dried-up man who drives his single, shuffling horse and loose-wheeled cart through our thoroughfares, offering to buy our cast-off clothing at a price utterly ruinous to himself, pretending to be very foolish, though he is really very wise, one naturally asks the question—How does the poor beggar live? Of course there are Jews and Jews, but a few minutes spent among them one morning or evening will fully gratify one's first curiosity. In the Jewish quarters of the town there stands house after house, overstocked, unclean and dilapidated—children crumpling the doorway, the inner porch, the naked, low-ceilinged rooms beyond—unkempt, poorly-dressed children, yet, for all that, happy and bright in their sordid surroundings of empty boxes and cast-off clothing. Somehow there seems to be no real misery about the place—not even among the mothers of these immense families. The low, sad voice of poverty, that speaks in querulous whispers throughout the great Christian slums of our home cities is somehow not

to be heard among the Jews. Amid the squalor and filth one hears always the sound of merry voices, and one searches in vain for the sallow, cadaverous face that, in Gentile quarters greets the visitor on every threshold and at every corner.

The atmosphere of the Jewish ward in Toronto, or Montreal, or Halifax, or Winnipeg or Vancouver, is essentially youthful. On one side of the road, beneath the green oasis of a straggling chestnut, picture the hawk's harrow of mixed, untempting goods. By it, squatted on the dusty pavement, apparently owned by no one and hopelessly lost amid the throng of children, is a long-haired infant of three, watching the scene with wide-eyed understanding. It is not a Jewish child—it may well be a grimy one—but it looks strong and healthy under the accumulated coating of earth. Slowly the crowds gather: the gay young Jewess with the painted cheeks and the immaculate dress bob-nobs with her incongruous neighbors, for in this part of the city, at any rate, there is no ungentle class distinction. All are brothers and sisters—from the tiniest mite in the gutter to the dark-eyed hawkler himself, and from the bearded curio dealer to the cross-eyed fishwife, who blinks all day from her seat under the awning at the corner shop.

In these days, when so much is said and written on the subject of city health environment, the modes and customs of such people contradict almost all our theories of health and hygiene. The Jewish nation has, for over three thousand years, witnessed the rise and the decay of the great empires; they have sustained blows and injuries, and can scarcely be denied the crown of martyrdom; and today, in squalor and poverty, thousands of Jews thrive and multiply where the Gentiles of the same conditions of life are ravaged by disease and degeneracy.

During the last epoch the Jews, though a people to themselves, have dragged along with the rush of constantly changing conditions. The way has not been easy for them, by any means. They have been restricted in their trades, handicapped by special taxation, confined to the dampest, foulest, and most wretched quarters of our cities, and yet the record shows us that the death rate among them at the present day is lower than among Christians! In the

next decade, while the poor live on in happy anticipation of old age pensions, and the rich are afraid to die on account of the heavy death duties, we may perhaps hope for a brighter outlook, but for the time being we are forced to regard the downtrodden Jew as our superior in health and longevity.

In the city of Manchester, according to statistics taken six years ago, the death rate among Christian children under five years of age was fourteen per cent; among Jewish children, ten per cent. It has been stated, and I believe with accuracy, that the average Jew lives eight years longer than the average Christian. According to data taken in Berlin, among Roman Catholics and Protestants 18 per cent. of the Gentile children die during their first year, and 14 per cent. among the Jews, while of the destitute and un-cared-for children under one year, 35 per cent. among the Christians and 33 per cent. among the Jews—showing that even the Jewish infant is better able to survive privation than the Christian infant.

Certainly it seems that the promise of good health and long life as given by Moses has followed his people through their many wanderings. The security of disease among the Jews—their apparent safety in the midst of devastating epidemics, has often been a subject of comment. Towards certain diseases they are almost immune. The only explanation seems to be that some racial peculiarity exists in the Jew that gives him a greater power to resist disease than is possessed by the Gentile.

The Jews have at all times been an exclusive people; pride of race and contempt of the Gentiles around them has distinguished them since the days when they warred with the Amalekites. But what power is it that has kept the Jewish people together—that has enabled them to remain an exclusive people in spite of the many changes to which they have been subjected? It cannot be that the root of their nationality is in their kingdom, which they left so long ago, and therefore it must be in their religion—in the Mosaic Law, which they have carried with them throughout all their wanderings. It is this code of laws that makes the distinction between Jew and Christian, and therefore it is in the relation

of this law to health that one must look for enlightenment.

Moses was evidently well acquainted with the rules of health and hygiene. When he drew up his code of divine instructions, he wisely embodied the health directions, so that the conscientious Jew carries out his obligations to God and himself with equal sanctity. He considers it a religious offence to eat fresh meat containing blood, for the Law said that "of the blood thereof which is life thereof shall ye not eat."

In a Jewish slaughter-house every animal is killed in such a way that the veins and arteries are completely drained, this being carried out with extreme care and skillfulness, and by men who are practically examined before being allowed to undertake the task. The meat is then subjected to a minute examination under the Shechite Board, and if the least suspicion of disease be found it is condemned. Out of twelve beasts killed in Toronto as many as six have been laid aside as unfit for consumption, and this condemned meat, it is noteworthy to add, ultimately found its way to the Gentile market.

Disease germs, as everybody knows, may be introduced into the body by various means. They may be inhaled into the lungs; they may find their way directly into the blood by means of a wound or an abrasion in the skin, such as a burn or scratch; or they may be taken into the stomach with the food. The blood may contain disease germs long before any internal or external signs of disease become visible, and these germs may multiply in the blood without any immediate injury to the health. Disease microbes have a wonderful power of survival. They may be cooked—some of them—they may be dried up or saturated, and yet retain their vital properties.

It goes without saying that the Jew is just as susceptible to the attack of these germs as the Gentile. He is just as likely to inhale them into his lungs, or to introduce them into his blood by contact with an unclean body, and with exactly the same results. But he is not so likely to introduce them into his stomach with the food that he eats, for the total prohibition of the use of blood obviously reduces the danger. Therefore the Jew who conforms to the Mosaic Law stands a bet-

ter chance of escaping blood diseases than those who do not bind themselves by such restrictions.

It has been proved beyond the possibility of doubt that diseases of this sort may be contracted in man by eating the flesh of infected animals. Several varieties of anthrax, and especially tuberculosis, can be transmitted from the beast to the stomach of a man almost as readily as from beast to beast. Some years ago the number of cases of tuberculosis in the south of England went up with leaps and bounds, due, it was said later, to eating the flesh and drinking the milk of tuberculous cattle. That the milk supply should become contaminated was, it can be imagined, a very sad business for the many hundreds of little children that were solely reliant on the milk supply for nourishment. Yet milk is a great bearer of disease, and in spite of the care and precaution exercised by our up-to-date dairies, a certain amount of risk from this source is inevitable.

Here again we find the Jew greatly exempt from danger. Every Jewish child, for a considerable time after its birth, is fed on its natural food. Not only does this practice tend toward better health among infants, but it also renders the infant population immune from such diseases as may be picked up from food containing latent diseases, or food that may have become contaminated through contact with the air. This explains then, the scarcity of blood diseases among the Jews, and as these diseases carry off something like 10 per cent. of the Christian population, the Jewish death rate is reduced almost proportionately.

The Jews are certainly a prolific people. At one time, in Austria, no Jew was allowed to marry except by Imperial consent. Only the eldest son of a family was permitted to found a family of his own, but in spite of this restraint they managed to increase, and the Ghetts of that country were veritable hives. Nearly every Jew we meet is a member of a large family. His father and mother and grandfather were also members of large families. Neither did his fathers endeavor in any way to prevent this increase. Neither will he. This also may be a reason for the exceptional good health of these people, for it is believed by many

medical authorities that any impediment placed upon the increase of population has an ill effect upon the generations that come later.

Canada to-day contains 70,000 Jews; Montreal, Toronto and Winnipeg alone accounting for 51,000. True it is that the wards of these cities bring home to us the ancient truth that a people who have no history are the happiest people. Yet these Jews are the same Jews at heart as those who, long ago, journeyed to the land of Canaan. They have not broken caste; from a national standpoint it is their mission to work out their self-discipline, and to overcome or restrain their selfish desires.

Their characteristic precaution with regard to matters of health is shown by their abstinence from the use of alcohol. The Jews love wine and drink it freely, but never does one hear the sad family story of downfall, misery, and ultimate ruin through intemperance that one hears among the Gentiles. Even in the lowest wards and Ghetts we may search in vain for the sodden, drunk-warped face of the habitual inebriate. As a result, not only are there fewer deaths from inflammation of the lungs, and other diseases occurring as a direct result of dipsomania, but the deep-seated diseases that occur among the children of inebriate parents are proportionately scarce. It is possibly also on account of their temperance that venereal diseases are less common among Jews than among the Gentile races. But this, more likely, is due to their channishness, which protects them from the many varieties of disease that could only be communicated from some foreign source.

It is not generally known that the Jew never drinks milk or eats butter at the same meal as he eats meat. At breakfast, for instance, either he leaves meat entirely alone, or else he drinks his coffee black and uses dripping instead of butter, so as not to mix the meat and the milk. Moreover, a dish that is used for greasy foods is used for that purpose exclusively, and likewise a meat dish is used for meats exclusively, and never allowed to come in contact with such items of diet as milk, cheese and butter. This is one of the laws laid down by Moses, though what reason Moses had in mind when he made it is quite obscure. We can see no possible

reason why meat and milk should not be taken together, but evidently Moses was under the impression that such a "mixture" was harmful.

That cleanliness is next to godliness is a condition that no respectable Christian child is given an opportunity of forgetting, and nowadays a substantial fortune is ever awaiting the man who can bring out some new cleansing material that possesses a distinctive feature. Our bill-boards are covered with advertisements setting forth the virtues of various soaps, bath purifiers, and nursery requisites, and yet, in the midst of all this, a London physician has recently written a book on the perils of too much washing. Why soap is bad for the baby he clearly sets forth in his volume, and possibly the Jewish mother is aware of this danger, and directly dismisses the sinister wash-tub from her list of household necessities.

To return to statistics—other data, showing the difference in the number of deaths from various causes, brings the facts before us that out of two hundred and fifty suicides through domestic infidelity, only twenty-five were Jews. From the drug habit and other nervous afflictions, out of fifty-three deaths among Christians and Jews, only five belonged to the latter. The habit of temperance among the Jews, amid abundant intemperance, is also the reason why typhus and other infectious fevers are not permanent among them as among their Gentile neighbors. Even during terrific epidemics of Black Plague, that sometimes swept like consuming fires through parts of Europe, the Jew showed a slightly lower death rate than the people of other nationalities.

So much for diseases, but we have yet one other great reason why this wonderful race of people still manage to hold their own in all quarters of the world. The feeling of brotherhood between Jew and Jew—the ancient tendency to cling together and face a common foe, is such that no old and decrepit member of their race is allowed to sink to the level of starvation. When the Jew grows old, and his days of active service are ended, he is cared for by his people, if unable to support himself. In the same way a Jewish mother, if unable to supply the means wherewith to provide the necessary medical atten-

dance, is cared for by her relatives, or if she has none, by her neighbors or some charitable brotherhood. This is the duty of Jew to Jew, performed by each in the knowledge that perhaps he or she will some day stand in need of succor.

Without doubt the Christian poor help each other in the same way. There is greater and wider charity in the slums, all the world over, than the casual observer is led to think. Yet only too often the Christian poor, emerging from a severe illness and still in a state of convalescence, take exposures and contract new illnesses, or sink into a pitiable condition of permanent ill-health. Whereas the Jew is nursed back to complete strength by those who have made themselves responsible.

Thus, in summing up, we have four great reasons which may account for the better health among Jews than among Christians. Firstly, the flesh they eat is carefully selected and they abstain from the use of blood, and thus greatly reduce the risk of contracting blood diseases. Secondly they abstain from the intemperate use of alcohol, and consequently are stronger constitutionally, are less subject-

to the various infectious fevers that may be caused or enhanced by intemperance. Thirdly the Jewish children are reared on their natural food, and thus escape the danger that must accompany the practice of artificial feeding. Lastly, the Jew is charitable to his neighbor.

Our Gentile hygienic arrangements are as near perfect as possible. But it must be remembered, that this state of affairs did not exist a hundred years ago. We, as a people, are only beginning to reap the benefit of our improved systems, whereas the Law of Moses, as followed to-day, has been observed by the Jewish people since the time of the Old Testament. Generation after generation the Jews although perhaps neglecting "the outside of the plates" have nursed their health, built up their constitutions, and kept themselves clean from the diseases that have blighted and undermined the strength of other nationalities. Hence the Jew of the present day, blindly following the Mosaic Law of his forefathers in the squalid, overcrowded ward, is safer from sickness than the wealthy Christian or aristocratic ancestor to whom the very thoughts of such an environment suggest disease.



A WOMAN'S glance, like a lighthouse, often illumines a dangerous course.

WORLDLY success is the degree by which we can discount the rest of humanity.

## "Fun"

By

W. Carey Wonderly

BRUCE, immaculately groomed, a cigarette between his lips, came off the pier and started up the Boardwalk toward his hotel. It was a deliciously cool, starlit night, with salt air blowing straight from the ocean. He hummed the chorus of a song the band had played, and walked without haste, enjoying the scene to its utmost.

A dozen paces on, a girl in white looked in his eyes and smiled. Off came Bruce's hat, and he hurried to her side, only to stop, nonplussed, when he saw her face plainly in the glare of an arc-light. She was young, very pretty, and simply yet tastefully dressed, but Bruce was sure he had never seen her before.

"I beg your pardon—I'm afraid I've made a mistake," he apologized.

"I'm afraid I've made a mistake," answered the girl, with a ghost of a smile.

"I thought you were—somebody else."

"Oh, then, you did speak?" cried Bruce.

"I thought perhaps I dreamed it."

"I—half-nodded, smiled," she said.

"Are you expecting some one? May I be of any service?" Bruce asked.

She hesitated, gave him a little glance out of the tail of her eye, then flushed scarlet.

"I—I'm all right," she said. "Don't mind me. Yes, I'm expecting—a friend. I don't know why she doesn't come. What time is it, please?"

"It's five minutes to eleven," Bruce said, showing her his watch.

She nodded her thanks prettily, and pushed several stray locks of hair into place with a quaint, foreign gesture of her fingerless hand. The posture seemed familiar to Bruce. He glanced at her again. No, he had never seen the girl before.

"It was unwise of your friend to leave you here alone like this," he ventured presently.

She moved uneasily.

"Oh, I'm all right," she said again, and he noticed that she spoke with a slight accent. "Rose had a headache, so she went across to the drug-store. I didn't go with her, because I love it here—the ocean and the air and the sky."

"It is jolly," he responded, with a wholesome smile. "Do you know, often I've sat up until daybreak, in one of those pavilions, just watching the sea. I can't get enough of it, somehow."

She shaded her eyes with one hand and looked out across the water. Then, with a sigh and a slight raising of her shoulders, she turned and faced him.

"May I ask you the time again? Rose is fearfully long."

It was five minutes past the hour, and the girl bit her lips as she leaned slightly forward to see the watch in his hand.

"I wonder," she smiled presently, "if her head has become worse and she has gone home. That would be unlike Rose, but she was suffering terribly."

"Would you like to walk over to the drug-store and ask if they've seen her?" questioned Bruce.

"No-o. I'd better not leave here, I think," she answered. "If she should come back and find me gone—"

She bent her hands together softly with a sort of unconsciousness, and began anxiously to watch the passers-by. All that was best within Bruce—and he was a clean boy withal—rose up in protection of this girl, and he glared savagely at the men who looked her way and smiled.

Ten minutes passed in silence. "Rose" did not return. Bruce noticed that his

companion's hair was simply done, and that her white frock was girlish and pretty. Altogether, she was charming and wholesome-looking. There was likewise a piquant charm about her voice: she accented certain words in a quaint, pretty way, and her gestures were foreign—yet familiar.

"What time is it now?" she asked suddenly, after a long silence.

"It is twenty minutes past eleven," he answered.

She moved away from the railing, a tiny fold between her brows.

"I must go," she announced. "It is quite late. Kees must have gone home."

"Please."

If Bruce had noticed, she had dropped her accent and had grown very pale. She clasped her hands, but her gesture was home-grown.

"I think myself she must have," Bruce said in turn.

The girl nodded and gave him a little smile.

"Yes. Then I will go myself. Thanks and—good-night."

"Stop—you must let me get you a chair!" he cried, detaining her.

She made a grimace.

"Never! I detest rolling-chairs."

"Then you must let me walk with you." She drew herself up and frowned.

"I do not know you," she said. Then, with a smile and quite graciously: "You are kind, but it is not necessary. I have only a short distance to go—my hotel is just down that avenue. But I thank you. Good-night again."

But Bruce was determined.

"You can't go home alone!" he cried.

"Why, it is getting very late—you don't understand. I take it you are a foreigner forgive me, but your voice, your gestures. If not a European, you are certainly Europe-bred; and, frankly, it is not safe for you to go about alone here after dark."

"I am not afraid," she said scornfully, and the accent was most marked.

"Still, I must insist—"

"No!"

"You don't understand—"

"I'd rather you wouldn't."

"But I insist. I shouldn't feel right letting you go off this way by yourself. Oh, don't misunderstand my motive, please. I—I am thinking of you. It is because

your friend doesn't understand that she has gone home without you. I simply can't let you go by yourself."

"Please! You are good, but—I must go alone," she repeated.

Bruce took her arm and piloted her across the Boardwalk to the avenue she had indicated.

"I will go with you to the steps of your hotel. I shouldn't feel right if I didn't. It's perfectly all right. This is the American way, you know."

She went first white, then red. One moment her head was on fire; the next, she was shivering. She hung heavily on Bruce's arm.

"What is the name of your hotel?" he asked, so they left the Boardwalk and turned down the avenue.

She moistened her lips with her tongue.

"The Avons," she said, almost in a whisper.

"Oh? I beg your pardon—what name did you say?" he asked quickly.

And she repeated, this time distinctly and with a sort of helplessness: "Avons."

He nodded, and they walked briskly down between the two rows of hotels and cottages. The girl breathed more freely, and she repeated the gesture of smoothing back her hair with her hand.

The Avons was at the end of the avenue. It was a moderately large house, with verandas, and a bright electric light above the door. Several girls hung over the porch-rail; others talked with young men along the sidewalk.

Bruce pulled his hat a little over his face when the girl stopped at the steps.

"It's rather nice here, and convenient—near the beach," she said apologetically.

"I've been here three months."

"You're fortunate," he said.

"Yes, am I not?" she smiled.

A little awkward silence followed. Two girls passed up the steps, and one nodded and said, "Hello, Nora." On the porch a girl was humming a song about a gentleman called "Cutey" and a lady who was anxious to learn who tied his cravat. Bruce's companion listened and frowned.

Suddenly she turned as if to go in. The girls on the sidewalk had parted with their friends and run up the steps to the porch with grins, nods, and "Hello's." The girl had returned none of them, however. She looked angry and sullen.

"I must go in," she said, at last. "Good-night, and thank you. But it wasn't necessary. I wish—you hadn't!"

"I feel better now that I know you have reached home safely," he told her.

"Still—I didn't want you to," she said.

She was silent a moment, then, with a quick glance at him, she drew back into the shadow. But Bruce had seen her face. It was hot and red and miserable.

"Listen," she said hurriedly. "I'm not what you thought—that's why I didn't want you to come home with me. You thought I was different; at first, didn't you?—a gentlewoman. But I'm not. This is the Avons Cottage. There are two hundred and seventy-five girls who live here, and they all work at the Queensbury-Ramelagh. I'm a waitress."

She stopped, and there was a sob in her voice. Quickly Bruce realized that a world rested on his next words. He said very quietly:

"Well, what has that to do with you and me?"

"I thought—I didn't know," she gasped. Then, fiercely: "It's no disgrace I'm not ashamed of it. I'm earning an honest living, isn't it? I'm a hello girl in Philly in the winter, but I've always wanted to come here—for a long time, I meant—and there was no other way. I get five dollars a week and my board—everything's fine, too. And tips, of course. They are never less than a dollar a day—often more. It's no disgrace being a waitress. Of course my people didn't want me to come here, but— And I've lots of pretty clothes. This dress is just like one I saw Billie Burke have on the other night. Not imported, and the material is not so fine maybe, but it's good and in splendid taste—I know that much. I'm all the time studying the people in the dining-room. Why, even you spoke of my accent and my gestures! Foreign, Europe-bred! I've never been a hundred miles from home in my life. But I've watched people. I've got a black dress—black and clinging, with a train—and when I put it on and sit down, I look like a very tall, very slim woman—and I'm not at all. You know who I mean—that Russian actress—that's it! Well, I've waited on her, and listened and watched all the time. That gesture is hers, and the accent. When she found out my name is Nora,

she was, oh, so sweet to me! She likes the name, she says. I never did—until I learned she was crazy about it. All her friends talk to her about her name. . . . Of course it's not as graceful as being in an office, but the pay's good, and they treat you grand. It's no disgrace—it's no disgrace!"

"No, it's no disgrace," answered Bruce gravely. "That is not where you made a mistake."

"Where, then?" she flashed.

"When you smiled at me on the Boardwalk," he told her. "You did, didn't you?"

"Yes—"

"Why?"

She turned upon him fiercely, and again the sob rose passionately in her voice.

"It was only fun—a girl's got to have some fun, hasn't she? I didn't mean any harm. And I can take care of myself—well, yes. . . . Here I am; I've got nice clothes, and I know how to act, how to behave myself. My manners are better than many persons' I wait on at the Queensbury-Ramelagh. I want to go out, to have a little fun, with—nice men—that's it. Nice men. . . . I know plenty of waiters and chauffeurs and clerks. I don't like them. don't want them. They all have red hands, comb their hair wrong, and wear impossible neckties. I—I like you," she confided with a sudden burst of childlike naivete. "You're not so good-looking as Joe, maybe, but your clothes—the way you wear them, the way you talk, walk, act—! I don't like the other sort, although Joe is kind and thoughtful. He's a book-keeper. That's better than a waiter, isn't it?"

"If he's a good bookkeeper, yes," said Bruce.

"H'm, Joe's ever so clever," she returned.

"Well, if he's kind and thoughtful and clever— Look here, what do you want?" asked he, almost roughly.

"He wears red ties and purple socks," she said slowly. "Of course he's nice, but—why doesn't he dress like you do? I want to go around with nice men. I see them in the dining-room, notice what they wear just as I do what the women wear, and they've spoiled me for Joe's

kind. . . I mean no wrong. And honestly, before to-night, I never smiled at a man I didn't know. But I looked so nice, and I thought, all of a sudden, how lovely it would be to go rolling up the Boardwalk, in a chair, with a man like you—your sort, you know. So—so I smiled. I meant no harm. I wouldn't even have got out of the chair.

And I hadn't meant for you to bring me home here, because then you'd know just what I am. Some people look down on a waitress. But it's no disgrace?"

Bruce pulled out his watch. It was a quarter to twelve.

"We'll both be fined," he said, showing her the time. "Look here, you've been honest with me, so here goes: I work, I am a waiter, at the Ashbourne."

"No!"

"Yes."

"But you are—different," she gasped. "I work in the dining-room, and I watch people the same as you do," Bruce explained airily. "Why don't you take Joe in hand, now?—show him how to get himself together decently. You know."

"Yes, I know," she said slowly. "And Joe's a clever fellow, too."

"Do it," he urged.

"Maybe I could." Then, in wonderment: "You a waiter! I'd never have guessed it. And I've known dozens of them. You look like Donald Brian."

"I beg your pardon?" frowned Bruce.

"The sister—he's grand," she explained.

Bruce turned to go; the girl started up the steps.

"Fifteen minutes late," she said, with a sigh. "How much do they fine you at the Ashbourne for coming in late?"

He started, changed color, and coughed behind his hand.

"A whole lot—they're robbers up there. Well, good-night. Try your hand on Joe, won't you?"

"Yes, I guess I will." She nodded her head and smiled at him. "Good-night."

She was gone, and the man turned again up the avenue towards the cottage station.

"Poor little thing," he said. He took off his hat and let the cool salt air soothe his aching head. "I hope I've turned the trick—I hope so. God!—fun!"



## Millions!

By

William Banks, Jr.

Illustrated by C. W. Jeffreys

"A MILLION population for Toronto in 1918!" This was the slogan adopted by enthusiastic gentlemen at a meeting held in Toronto not long ago for the purpose of organizing a Publicity Bureau. On the day following the published reports of the meeting, the newspapers reported a revolting fatal stabbing affray among Toronto Italians; the sentence of death on young Edward Jardine at Goderich, for a particularly brutal crime; and a life sentence on a man in the same town for beating his son to death. A few days later the health department of Toronto started on a crusade for the cleaning up of the city's slums. At the same time discussions were in progress in the press and on the platform over the admission of negroes from the United States into the Canadian west, and in regard to allegations of immorality in the schools of Ontario.

Millions! Yes. Canada has need of and room for millions of people, and still more millions after that again. But what of the quality of the millions?

Is it sufficient to enact stringent laws and make brave efforts to enforce them

with a view to keeping out undesirable—and a difficult, if not impossible, task it is to bar out all that should be refused admission? Is it sufficient to have periodical cleanings-up of the dark and dirty sections of our cities and towns, and raids on the "foreign section," and the disarmament of the occupants? Is not every problem of civic government added to by the increase of the population, and especially of the foreign population? Is it not the truth that for every thousand people added to a community new conditions and situations arise that require the most careful handling and planning on the part of those in authority? Is it not also the truth that the general tendency of the average citizen, as of the average civic official, is to muddle along in an apathetic "to-morrow-will-do" sort of a style, until some particularly violent outrage shocks them into a spurt of well-doing, bravely maintained for a while and then dropped until another shock produces another spurt, or a newspaper campaign rushes them into a display of activity for the "public weal"?



## ACROSS THE YEARS.

Across the years I love to look and dream  
That in some distant country all our own,  
Your hand will find its warm way into mine,  
For one long moment, as we stand alone!

That your deep eyes will say the years were long,  
The while your life is trembling silently,  
And my glad heart will sing like misting birds,  
A half-forgotten, sweet old melody!

And then, together, hand in hand, we'll bow  
With reverent heads, beside the faded flowers  
Of other days, and search the dear remains  
For lingering life, in vows of vanished hours!

—Avey E. Campbell



The City of Toronto will have a million people soon enough. There is no need for a systematic campaign to get them. They will come. The same applies to other cities and towns of Canada. Nothing short of a calamity beyond the power of the human will to control can prevent the continuance of the prosperity, the growth, the development of Canada. "Millions" will come, their advance guards arriving to people the once "silent places," and to crowd into the settled communities. We want them; but do we want them in the cities and towns, while rural Ontario is crying for help to sow and reap on the farms, while Nova Scotia and the other Maritime Provinces are complaining that they, too, need agriculturists, and while the West, buoyant and young, vigorous and impatient of the complaints of the East, is saying, "We have room for all who will settle on the land?"

Vancouver, too, talks of getting "a million." Why? Why plan for "millions" in the cities? The millions, let it be repeated, are bound to come. The attraction and lure of the cities for even the native-born has long passed the stage of being regarded as something to sorrow and worry over, and is accepted as an inevitable tendency in all countries. A campaign for a million people in Toronto or Vancouver is misplaced and unnecessary. The all-important question; the vital thing is the welfare of the city population as it stands now. To plan a campaign for a "million" is to advertise to the world that a million people are wanted and wanted quickly; that there is work and good wages for all. It is a standing invitation for many who otherwise would go on the land that there are golden opportunities in the city. It is like screaming from the

housetops, "Come one, come all, prosperity and wealth are here."

Millions! And the annual report of the House of Industry in Toronto, presented at a meeting held during April, showed that out of six hundred and three Toronto people given shelter at the Wayfarers' Lodge—a department of the house—one-third were 30 years of age and under. What a commentary on the slogan "A million people for Toronto."

The vital thing, the great essential, is that the city dweller shall be assured of conditions that admit of decency in the home, in the workshop and the factory; playgrounds and good schools for the children; protection from outbreaks of disease, whether due to civic apathy and official neglect, or to causes for which none are to blame. Of course, in many cases it is true that with everything provided in the shape of model homes, factories and workshops, playgrounds and parks, there would still be an altogether large part of the population shiftless, worthless, criminal, undesirable from every point of view. But the problem of dealing with such, of setting about the work of reformation, will in a few years be a hundredfold what it would be if proper conditions were brought to existence now.

It is not a million population that Toronto or any other Canadian city needs. Although the real estate gambler may tell you otherwise. Municipal courage is the first need. The courage to admit that there is squalor and misery, crime and vice, and that there is congestion of population in certain sections; courage to admit that there are houses that are houses in name only, and not fit for human habitation; and to admit it without fear of how much of this is the blame for municipal

degradation and human suffering. What is wanted is the municipal courage that dares to regard the municipality as one family and dares to recognize and face its duty to every man, woman and child in it.

Away off in New Zealand they are grappling with such questions as the mental as well as the physical fitness of the immigrants from whatever land they come. Every immigrant must be fit in body and mind before he can enter that country. The result is slow, very slow growth in population. There have not been the same fortunes made out of real estate. But they are getting the best. And this also is to be said of New Zealand—and many men there are who will grieve over it—that the extension of the franchise to women has been a great aid in the passing of laws and the enactment of them, making for the up-building of a real democracy. Perhaps—just perhaps—Canadian men are not able to grapple with the problems of civic life, which, after all, means national life, or perhaps they are overlooking them because they do not apparently offer a wide enough field for their energies. Can it be that there is not "kinds" enough in just being a plain, everyday man, who would prefer to do something to help keep his city clean—using the word in its widest possible sense—even if his help consists only in a willingness to pay higher taxes, rather than see civic services starved? The fallacy of a low tax rate more often than not means civic neglect and not civic efficiency.

A million people in 1918! Wouldn't it be better if Toronto could say, "No, we are not planning for a million people in 1918, nor at any other time; all our

energies, all our efforts are bent upon making Toronto a clean city, a city noted for its comparative freedom from disease, the comfort of its people, the number of its playgrounds and breathing places, its small percentage of criminals. We want our growth to be normal and natural, we want to be able to absorb the additions that must come without effort on our part, other than that which is inevitably bound up with the development of the country and the multiplication of its industrial enterprises. We would sooner be noted as a city where everyone has a chance to live with reasonable comfort, than the city with the greatest population on this continent or in the world."

And what applies to Toronto applies to every other Canadian city and town. The press of the country contains an almost daily record of crime from them all, and all too often the particulars include mention of "notorious sections," or "sections in which foreigners are herded." Not that the foreign element is responsible for all the crime in Canada. Heaven forbid that such an assumption should be even tolerated as having a basis in fact. The native born furnish their quota. The discussion on the immorality in the schools has shown that in Ontario at any rate there are men and women courageous enough to admit the existence of a grave situation and to advance suggestions for amelioration. No man or woman with a grain of common sense but knows that on every side the Canadian-born boy and girl alike need care and watchfulness, and offer to the parental mind the most perplexing problem of the day. To keep the lad away from the pernicious influence of the pool-rooms and the gambling resort, to



train the girl so that as a woman she shall be pure and sweet and altogether lovable, these are things that tax the mind and heart of those who are heads of families and who have a thought for more than to-day. Their problems and hardships will not be made any the easier by campaigns for "millions" of population and nothing else.

And, after all, who are benefited when a city of say three hundred thousand grows to a population of a million? Is life better in that city? No. It is usually worse. Is air cleaner, or food cheaper, life easier, children easier taken care of and better educated? No. But real estate values soar. That is the point, land values go up and the pioneers of the city may turn

over their holdings at a profit—although it is more than rather likely that the real estate speculators benefit most. And these real estate profits are all very well, if only in their eagerness for money people did not forget that with increased population and increased wealth comes greater civic and personal responsibility.

Millions. Certainly. They will come. They are coming. But it is for us to say now whether they are to come to a real land of promise, to a chance for real life and liberty, to an opportunity for real progress, mental and material, or whether they are to be added to the dwellers in the slums, who are already disgracing a country so young, so gigantic; a country with such tremendous potentialities.



## Tea From Japan

By

Edwin L. Sabin

NOW, that was a very nice thing for the Smiths to do—do remember the Johnsons' choice and to send back from Japan a package of the really genuine superfine ten. It arrived by Pacific express, all carefully done up in brown paper, and sealed, and bearing strange, romantic hieroglyphics slashed upon it, evidently with a camel-hair brush.

Johnson himself did not particularly fancy tea, but Mrs. Johnson did. Tea was her drink. His was coffee. However, for some time he had been deciding to quit coffee—at least to quit having more than one cup a day; and now the receipt of this package was a spur to his resolution.

When he got home that evening Mrs. Johnson already had the package opened, and had sniffed at the interior. Inside the several thicknesses of brown wrapping-paper (Oriental in their texture) was more paper, crinkly and very Oriental, embossed with red and gilt and tied about with cord; and inside this second layer was a square wooden box, quite large, with paper pasted tightly upon it—paper bearing mystical figures in black; and inside this was a lining of heavy felt or tea-lead; and inside this was the Tea!

No letter had accompanied the tea; but evidently it must be very good tea, to be thus well-protected. Of course it was very good tea, or else the Smiths would not have sent it. And that it certainly was very good tea Mrs. Johnson's nose told her, as she sniffed.

"Um-m-m um-m-m!" she murmured luxuriously. "Perfectly delicious! Henry, do smell this lovely aroma."

Mr. Johnson smelt, nuzzling a few leaves in the palm of his hand, as was correct.

"Y'yes," he pronounced. "Very fine. We must have Roberts over to sample this."

"We must show it to Joe," declared his wife. "What do you suppose he will say?"

Roberts—Mr. Roberts, that is—was a friend, and a connoisseur in matters Oriental, having collected much in Africa and having been "over there," to Japan and China, three times. He had a wonderful collection—so wonderful and valuable that it was kept in a vault under lock and key, and nobody was permitted so much as to dust it.

Joe was not a connoisseur; he was the imported article itself, being the Johnsons' house-boy. "House-boy" sounded imposing. The actual status of Joe's position in the household was, that he perform as much of the domestic drudgery as was compatible with earnest attendance at the grammar-school. He usually studied rhetoric while doing the dishes—his book propped beside his pan, and cooking was accomplished to the sing-song of a reading lesson.

Mrs. Johnson carried the package, with all its wrappings, out to Joe, in the kitchen. Mr. Johnson listened curiously at the door.

Joe was paring potatoes. He politely laid aside his knife.

"Oh, Joe!" proffered Mrs. Johnson benevolently. "See here! Tea from Japan! Look! Can you read it?"

She spread the wrappings upon the table. Joe surveyed them. He grinned, showing white teeth and red gums. He bowed.

"Yes, fanks. It say—I cannot tell in English. It say from Tokio; name of



sellers of tea. How you get it, if you please?"

"Some friends of ours who in Japan sent it, Joe," explained Mrs. Johnson kindly. "It is straight from your country. We will have some to-night. We will not drink coffee any more. You must drink it, too. It is very fine tea, I understand."

"Ver' fine tea," bowed Joe.

"I suppose you know how to prepare it, Joe," pursued Mrs. Johnson. "Loss of it needs to be used than of common tea. That is what I have heard. The flavor is so delicate."

"Yes, Missus Ma'am," bowed Joe. "Thank you. Ver' fine tea. I shall do."

"We will keep it just as it is, in the pantry," Mrs. Johnson dipped in with her hand, and let some of the leaves run fondly through her fingers. She nibbled a leaf as she walked away. "Positively delicious," she again averred.

Behind her exit Joe respectfully hissed. With her out of the way, in the pantry he investigated the package.

"Coffee, Henry," paraphrased Mrs. Johnson, at dinner, scrutinizing the contents of her tea-cup, "is only coffee, but a cup of real tea is tea. Did you ever, ever smell or taste anything so superbly delicate! And you wanted to put cream into it! The idea!"

"Er—tastes like—Toucan," sampled Mr. Johnson sagely.

He had in mind Oolong, or Gunpowder, or something else; but Toucan evolved from his subconsciousness, and, although now that it was out it sounded reminiscent of a bird, he let it stay.

"It is special chop, of course," commented Mrs. Johnson. "I do wish that the Smiths had written, telling us all about it."

"Chop, say," supplemented her husband. He knew at once that in this he was wrong; and he was prepared to pass it as a joke. But his wife deliberated a moment, tasting critically.

"Well," she said, "maybe. I did not dream that you knew so much about tea, Henry. You've always been such a coffee-drinker."

"Oh, I have drunk tea," avowed Mr. Johnson. "And I was in the commission business once, you remember. I got to be quite a taster."

"Do have another cup. It can't hurt you, as coffee would," urged his wife generously. "They say you can drink this high-grade tea all day, and never feel any effect except a mild exhilaration."

"I will, thank you," assented her husband. "You'll make quite a tea-drinker of me, my dear, if you can furnish me a brand like this. Usually, tea is like medicine. But this is bully."

"Did you like the tea, Joe?" inquired Mrs. Johnson anxiously, after dinner.

Joe bowed.

"Ver' fine tea," he decreed. "Thank you. I drink many cups."

Mrs. Johnson winced. But, after all, there seemed a great plenty.

Mr. Roberts was out of the city. The Johnsons arranged to give a "Japanese tea" after his return, at which he and other congenial and appreciative spirits should be present. For it was quite essential that this tea from Japan should have his appraisal, and doubtless it would delight his very soul.

Meantime, Mrs. Johnson entertained various other friends, at casual afternoons; and one and all they pronounced the tea divine.

However, of course the formal presentation of the tea to the local world was to be the dinner—the Roberts dinner, as the Johnsons began to term it. There were fourteen covers laid; this appealing to Mrs. Johnson as a combination of seven, which was the Buddhist sacred number and therefore Japanese, also. Everything she was to be Japanese. She even had bought a new set of egg-shell cups and saucers, in Japanese ware, and for table decorations she ordered chrysanthemums.

The twelve guests were Mr. and Mrs. Roberts; the Reverend Mr. Doggett, who had been a missionary to Japan, and Mrs. Doggett, who had been a teacher in China; Mr. Jamison, city librarian and an authority on the Arabian Nights, and Mrs. Jamison; Miss Matthews, whose ancestors included a naval officer with Perry, opener of Japan; Professor Howard, of the Baptist college, instructor in Sanskrit; and four fillers, to whom the Johnsons were especially indebted.

Joe served, in Japanese costume. About this there had been a little difficulty.

"Joe, at the dinner-to-morrow night I want you to serve in Japanese costume," had said Mrs. Johnson.

Joe flushed, and howed.

"I have not understand," he answered.

"In native costume—in your own dress."

"What is natif coo-tem? Why not my own dress? What for ever other person's dress?"

"I mean, I want you to wear Japanese dress—all Japanese."

"Dress," repeated Joe. "Dress. What for dress? Women wear dress, in America. Men wear pants."

"Well, clothes, then," corrected Mrs. Johnson. "I want you to put on—wear, you understand—Japanese clothes. This is to be a Japanese dinner; you must be Japanese, too."

"I am 'Merican," said Joe proudly. "No, not Japanese. 'Merican. Wear 'Merican clothes."

"But for this dinner I want you to wear Japanese clothes," insisted Mrs. Johnson patiently. "Haven't you any? You can borrow some, can't you?"

"Japanese clothes an' 'Merican clothes ver' much alike, Missus Ma'am," asserted Joe. "Thank you. I wear one fresh white coat, if Missus Ma'am buy. Ver' bad, but I have no fresh white coat unwashed."

This compromise Mrs. Johnson did not accept. Her idea of Japanese costume pictured a belted kimono and dressing-gown effect in combination.

As the dinner was to be mainly a tea celebration, it began with tea and ended with tea. The wonderful beverage was brought on amidst an attentive silence, in a huge samovar (courteously loaned for the occasion by Mr. Roberts from his Russian cabinet), by Joe, much shamed in the gay kimono dressing-gown with which Mrs. Johnson had willy-nilly invested him. It really was a flowered bath-robe of hers, tied about at the waist with a red portiere cord. The ensemble was most expressive.

Mrs. Johnson poured. Joe circulated the egg-shell cups. All watched Mr. Roberts. He passed his cup gracefully under his nostrils.

"Ah!" he sighed.

Professor Howard and the Reverend Mr. Doggett and Mrs. Doggett passed their cups under their nostrils, and sighed:

"Ah!"

Mr. Johnson hastened to catch up. "Straw color," remarked Mr. Roberts, as if commingling with himself. "The sacred color of tea."

He sipped—one sip; and rolled it and considered it. Everybody sipped.

"I should say," he delivered, "a mandarin chop, of the interior table-lands, five months old."

"A chop—what was it you pronounced it, my dear?" demanded Mrs. Johnson, of her spouse. "Chop, say? You know," she addressed to the company, "my husband was in the tea business for some years."

"Yes; but I was wrong. That is Chinese, dear," apologized Mr. Johnson.

"A Fang-Wo chop, in some respects," ventured the Reverend Mr. Doggett. "Don't you think so, Martha?"

"Perhaps; or Ginseng. We drank a great deal of both in China where I was," responded his wife.

"Sen-sen, maybe. There is such a thing, isn't there?" invited one of the fillers modestly.

"Or Toucan," put in Mr. Johnson. "That was what occurred to me at first." "Let me fill your cups again. Such tea cannot harm, you know," urged Mrs. Johnson.

She rang for Joe. Joe appeared, and served, and retired.

"There's the boy who appreciates good tea," declared Mr. Johnson. "He's a Jap."

"Yes, he says that this tea is very fine," informed Mrs. Johnson, with due pride.

"Did he tell you the name of it?" queried Mr. Roberts.

"No; and we haven't heard from the Smiths, either. But he translated the writing on the package. It denotes a Tokio firm of tea merchants. Can't you read Japanese, Mr. Roberts? You might be able to make out the brand."

"No, I never learned, unfortunately," confessed Mr. Roberts. "It is quite a study, and I've always been too busy collecting. But of course we over here never ordinarily get the best tea; we only get it by favor of such friends as yours. What we buy at the stores is only second or third grade, or worse. The best tea is kept for private use, where it is grown."

"Like Kentucky whisky," volunteered Mr. Johnson.

"Henry!" rebuked his wife.

Mr. Roberts sipped, while the company waited for more gems.

"Why, tea such as this, in this country, is priceless. Probably it cannot be bought, and an imitation would be retailed at five or ten dollars the pound. Of course I am only guessing. Notice the tint—pale straw. And the aroma, like violets. And the lasting flavor. I don't suppose that any of us here can fully appreciate the bouquet of so fine a tea; only the educated palate of an Oriental can. You know that to the Japanese and Chinese alike there is poetry in tea and tea-drinking. A-a-ah!" and he meditatively sipped again. "This certainly is a treat."

So, all in all, the dinner (despite Joe's sullenness over his garment) was a great success. The samovar was emptied, and every guest went home saturated with tea and carrying a little package of the precious leaves as a souvenir and after-taste.

It was three days later when Mrs. Johnson received the letter which must have been delayed:

We are sending you a little Imperial tea (wrote Mrs. Smith). We know that it is the genuine, because it was got for us by a friend who can speak the language and has lived here many years. We do hope that you will like it; but you must watch your Japanese boy or he will drink it all up! (Etc., etc.)

And still she did not mention the name of it, by chop or otherwise, and Mrs.

Johnson read on hopefully, and came to the postscript:

Of course you won't mistake and drink the packing! That is a cheap commercial leaf, put around to preserve the other.

Mrs. Johnson gasped. She rushed for the kitchen, and for the pantry. Joe was not there; evidently he had not yet returned from school. The package of tea was upon the shelf. The contents were naturally (and considerably) reduced in bulk, and when she plunged her fingers inside and groped Mrs. Johnson had no difficulty in finding the kernel. In amidst the loose tea (and well covered) was a tiny cube box—the Imperial tea. And the box was empty.

Oh, that Joe! That deceitful Joe! He was not in his room, but he had left a note, neatly pinned upon his bed-spread.

HONORABLE MISSUS MA'AM:

Tanks for very fine tea. Tanks for wearing of very fine bath gown dress, lady style. Cousin my very sick, and now I go nt him to attend. Never forget Missus Ma'am so kind.

With Respects,

Jo.

"We must never, never tell; never, never," besought Mrs. Johnson, in tears, of her spouse, that evening. "And we all thought that the tea was so delicious, and it was only the packing! We might have known that the Smiths couldn't have sent any such quantity. Oh, Henry!"

"Well," said Henry, "I always did like coffee best, anyhow."



ABRAM SHORTT  
Chairman of the Civil Service  
Commission, Ottawa.



C. C. JAMES  
Deputy Minister of Agriculture  
of Ontario.



R. A. FALCONNER  
President of the University  
of Toronto.

THREE TALENTED CANADIANS, HONORED WITH THE RANK OF C.M.G.

## The Making of Titled Canadians

By

C. W. Anderson

IN spite of the protests of a few extreme radicals, there need be no apprehension that the conveyance of the household goods and other effects of the thousands of Canada-bound settlers aboard the Atlantic liners, will be delayed or even momentarily impeded by the importation of the ribbons, stars, collars, crosses and other decorations of newly-created knights. At best, the ranks of titled Canadians show no signs of being seriously overcrowded and there is plenty of room yet for the creation of some scores of K.C.M.G.'s and Knights Bachelor, without making the position of these worthy gentlemen at all uncomfortable, either from their own or from the hydra-headed public's point of view.

Were there to be a parade of Canadian noblemen and knights on Parliament Hill on the occasion of the arrival of His Royal Highness, the Duke of Cornwall—a suggestion, which, if carried out with all due pomp and ceremony, would doubtless prove extremely popular—spectators

of the pageant might be surprised to find that there were not so many of their fellow-countrymen with handles to their names as they imagined. Including those honored at the Coronation, the list of titled aristocrats to-day embraces five peers, seven baronets and fifty-two knights of one order or another, a total of sixty-four all told. But of these, several might just as well be omitted for the reason that they have become permanent residents of Great Britain and are no longer Canadians. Of the peers only one, Lord Aylmer, resides permanently in Canada, and while one hesitates to count on Lord Strathcona and his noble cousin, Lord Mount-Stephen, yet to all intents and purposes they are Britishers now. Baroness Macdonald, of Earncliffe, spends most of her time abroad, as does the only purely Canadian Peer, the Baron de Longueuil, whose title dates from before the British conquest.

Of the seven baronets only two reside permanently in Canada. Sir Edward Clow-



ton, general manager of the Bank of Montreal, and Sir Edward Gordon Johnson, who is in the employ of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. Sir Charles Tupper practically spends all his time in England. The others, including Sir John Beverley Robinson, who is reported to be desirous of relinquishing the title, live entirely abroad. With the exception of the Tupper title, which will descend in due course to Mr. J. Stewart Tupper, of Win-

At one time there were one or two knights of the Order of the Bath in Canada, but there are none now.

Those who can recall the details of the recent honor list, will remember that the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, was created a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. This honor raises him from the second class of this Order, to which he was appointed in 1907, and



SIR CHARLES FITZPATRICK, G.C.M.G.  
Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Canada.

nipeg, the next generation will see very few titles passed on from father to son in Canada, unless there should be an unexpected epidemic of hereditary title conferring in the next few years.

While in Great Britain there are nine different classes of knights, in Canada only three classes are represented. Canadian knights belong either to the Order of St. Michael and St. George or to the Royal Victorian Order, or else they are Knights Bachelor, unattached to any of the orders.

places him in the first class with Lord Strathcona, Sir Charles Tupper, Bert, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and Sir Richard Cartwright, the only living Canadians similarly honored.

The Order of St. Michael and St. George, to which a considerable proportion of the Canadian knights belong, was established in 1818 to commemorate the placing of the Ionian Islands under the protection of Great Britain. It was limited at first to natives of these islands and

of Malta and "to such other subjects of His Majesty as may hold high and confidential stations in the Mediterranean." Some years later its scope was enlarged to take in the colonies and it is now assignable to any person who has rendered valuable services in either colonial or foreign affairs. There are three classes in the Order, Knights Grand Cross, who attach the letters G.C.M.G. to their names; Knights Commanders, who are K.C.M.G.'s; and Companions, who are C.M.G.'s. It was in this third class of the Order that President Falconer, of the University of Toronto, Professor Adam Shortt, Mr. C. C. James and Mr. A. F. Sladen, have just been appointed.

The Order now comprises the Sovereign, the Grand Master or Principal Knight Grand Cross, a number of Royal Princes, with honorary foreign members of distinction, and the knights and companions. Its officers are the Prelate, Chancellor, Secretary, King of Arms and Registrar. The Colonial Office in London is its Chancery and it has a chapel in St. Paul's Cathedral. Its decorations comprise a badge, star, collar, ribbon, mantle and chaplain.

The badge is white enamel, resembling a Maltese Cross, but with seven arms instead of four. On one side appears the Archangel Michael encountering Satan and on the other St. George and the Dragon. Around each is engraved the motto, "Auspiciis melioris aevi" (the token of a better age). Above the whole badge is a crown attaching it to the collar.

The star of a Knight Grand Cross consists of seven rays of silver spreading like the badge and with a narrow one of gold between, whilst in the centre is the figure of St. George with the motto and the extremities of the four arms of a cross protruding from beneath to halfway across the rays. The star of a Knight Commander is smaller and of only four rays. The collar is made up of crowned lions (the two in front having wings). Maltese crosses and ciphers of the letters S.M. and S.G. with a crown in the first centre; all gold except the crosses, which are of white enamel. The ribbon is of Saxon blue with a scarlet stripe. It is worn over the right shoulder by Grand Crosses and round the neck by Knights Commanders, who use it in place of the collar for sus-

pension of the badge. Companions have neither collar nor star and suspend the badge from the buttonhole. The mantle and chaplain are of blue satin, lined with scarlet silk, the latter surmounted with white and black ostrich feathers. It is interesting also to note that the Order is limited to one hundred Grand Crosses, three hundred Knights Commanders and six hundred Companions.

The Royal Victorian Order of which Lord Strathcona is a Knight Grand Cross and Sir Thomas Shalmsbury is a Knight Commander, was founded in 1896, and was designated as a recognition of personal service to Queen Victoria, but since her death, it has been enormously increased in numbers. It contains five classes, Knights Grand Cross, Knights Commanders and two classes of Members.

Knights Bachelor, of whom there are now thirty in Canada and to which rank the Hon. L. Melvin-Jones, Judge Routhier and William Whyte have just been raised, do not constitute an "Order." They wear no decoration and have no officers, notwithstanding the fact that Sir Henry Pellatt, who belongs to this class, has been instrumental in forming a Society of Knights Bachelor, the object of which is to elevate the position of this knighthood. There is no limit to the number of these knights.

Considerable misapprehension exists throughout the country as to how knights are created. It is generally assumed that the Government of the day is responsible. On the contrary, the recommending of these honors is the prerogative of the Governor-General, and, while he may and does take advice and suggestions from the Prime Minister, it is not incumbent on him to do so. It is tolerably well known that Lord Minto conferred knighthood on one of the officers of the C.P.R., for whom he personally had a high esteem, contrary to the wishes of the Government. The recommendations are sent from Rideau Hall to the Colonial Secretary, not from the office of the Canadian Secretary of State, as some might expect. If the Colonial Secretary approves of the recommendations of the Governor-General, he submits them to the King for his approval and advises that they be approved by His Majesty. While the King is supposed to act under the advice of his ministers in



SIR FREDERICK BORDEN  
Appointed Hon. Surgeon-General to  
the King.



SIR MAX AITKEN, M.P.  
Knighthood through the influence of the  
Colonial Party in England.

this matter, yet he is considered to have more personal say in it than he would have in a matter more purely one of policy.

When the list has been approved, the Colonial Secretary notifies the Governor-General and he in turn, through his private secretary, informs the recipients of the honors that have been conferred on them. If the recipient chooses to go to England for the purpose, he may be formally invested by the King. This, however, is not essential and the conferring of the honor carries the title without formal investiture. A central chancery for all the orders of knighthood was established in 1904 and it was ordained that the issue of insignia and the registration of warrants should be carried out by the Lord Chamberlain's Department at St. James' Palace.

Up to 1904, a Knight Bachelor had to pay a fee of fifty pounds on the letters patent and ten pounds on the warrant for the same, but now these fees have been abolished and it costs nothing to become such a Knight. Members of orders of knighthood, however, have to pay very heavy fees to the officials of the orders.

An anomalous situation is created in Canada by the fact that no recognition whatever is accorded to titles in the official Table of Precedence for the Dominion. A Canadian might be created a Duke for that matter and yet officially he would have no more rights than a commoner. Of course, in private life a titled personage takes rank according to British precedence and even on state occasions he is given the same standing by courtesy, but that is as far as recognition goes.

The official table of precedence for Canada was authorized by an Imperial despatch dated 1868, and revised in 1873 and 1893. It gives the following order.

1. The Governor-General or officer administering the Government.
2. Senior officer commanding his Majesty's troops within the Dominion, if of the rank of a general and officer commanding his Majesty's naval forces on the British North America station if of the rank of an admiral.
3. The Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario.
4. The Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec.
5. The Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia.

7. The Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba.
8. The Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia.
9. The Lieutenant-Governor of Prince Edward Island.
10. The Lieutenant-Governor of N.W.T.
11. Archbishops and bishops, according to seniority.
12. Members of the Cabinet, according to seniority.
13. Speaker of the Senate.
14. Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.
15. Chief judges of courts of law and equity, according to seniority.
16. Members of the Privy Council, not of the Cabinet.
17. The Solicitor-General.
18. General officers of his Majesty's army serving in the Dominion, and officers of the rank of admiral in the royal navy serving on the B.N.A. station, not being in the chief command.
19. The officer commanding his Majesty's troops in the Dominion, if of the rank of colonel or inferior rank and the officers commanding his Majesty's naval forces on the B.N.A. station.
20. Members of the Senate.

6. The Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick.
  21. Speaker of the House of Commons.
  22. Puisne judges of the Supreme Court, according to seniority.
  23. Judge of the Exchequer Court of Canada.
  24. Puisne judges of the courts of law and equity, according to seniority.
  25. Members of the House of Commons.
  26. Members of the Executive Council (Provincial) within their province.
  27. Speaker of the Legislative Council within his province.
  28. Members of the Legislative Council within their province.
  29. Speaker of the Legislative Assembly within his province.
  30. Members of the Legislative Assembly within their province.
  31. Retired judges of whatever courts to take precedence next after the present judges of their respective courts.
- A baronetcy such as that conferred on Dr. Osler, places him in a rank intermediate between the peerage and knighthood. He would rank below a Privy Councillor or a Knight of the Garter, in which case



SIR LUMAN JONES  
President of the Massey-Harris Co.



SIR WILLIAM WHITE  
Vice-President of the Canadian Pacific Railway

his social status would be below that of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who, though only a G.C.M.G., is also a P.C. A fee of five pounds is paid by everyone who succeeds or is created a baronet and he must register his pedigree and receive a certificate from one of the Colleges of Arms. A baronet has no coronet or robes and in the English and Irish divisions, no badge whatever beyond the device of "the bloody hand of Ulster," to be charged upon his coat of arms. While formerly there used to be a heavy money payment for a haecore, now all fees save that of registration have been abolished.

The career of Dr. Osler is too well known in his native land to need repetition here. His distinguished public services as physician, lecturer and professor have won him world-wide fame, and would long before this have received recognition from the crown, had it not been for an alleged prejudice against him entertained by the late King Edward, who was displeased by his famous "chloroform" doctrine. Whenever the Doctor's name was placed before him, King Edward would, it is said, score his name from the list. That the present King has a more generous opinion of him is evident from the exceptional honour he has conferred upon him.

The advancement of Sir Charles Fitzpatrick is in keeping with the long established custom of honoring the Chief Justices of the higher courts of the land. As occupant of the highest judicial position in Canada, it is fitting that he should rank above his contemporaries in the provincial high courts. For similar reasons the knighting of Judge Routhier, of Montreal, may be taken as a matter of course.

The honor conferred on Senator Melvin Jones gives recognition to the increasingly important business interests of the Dominion. As head of one of the largest industries in Canada, his elevation to knighthood may be taken as a compliment to that class of people who, starting in a humble sphere of action, have surmounted many obstacles and at-

tained to a success that has not only been to their own advantage but has also tended to the general welfare of the country as well. Associated with the West as a young man and a member for some time of the Manitoba Government, Sir Lyman has a wide knowledge of Canada, which has been increased since he assumed control of the Massey-Harris Company in 1891, and became a senator in 1901. It was by the personal request of Sir Wilfrid Laurier that Sir Lyman received this honor.

The knighting of Sir William Whyte, of the C.P.R. and of Sir Max Aitken, M.P., which completes the Coronation list of knighthoods, does honor to two men who, in different ways have done much for Canada. Sir William is past the prime of life, while Sir Max is just entering upon his best years. The former's sphere of activity has been the great West, which in his capacity of head of the C.P.R.'s western lines, he has done so much to build up; the latter's work has lain so far in consolidating industrial interests in the East, work for which he has been peculiarly well adapted. Sir William owes his knighthood to the high personal esteem in which he is held by Earl Grey; while Sir Max was advanced at the request of the Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour, the unionist leader in the British House of Commons.

And so the work of making Canadian knights goes forward and year by year sees new ones selected to take the places of those that drop out. The conferring of these titles should be a good thing for Canada, if only the motives are kept pure and the means above suspicion. There should be as much inspiration for a Canadian boy in the thought that some day he may become a knight as for the American boy in dreaming that he may yet be president, or the French boy, that he may become a member of the Legion of Honor, and the chances are largely in favor of the Canadian boy. Viewed in this light, as a recognition of real service to the country, there should be everything in the system of knighthoods to commend them to the people.

## How Curious Cole

By George T. Batty

I AM prepared to be contradicted by men who had the misfortune to be educated in other Schools. But nothing anyone can say will change my fixed conviction that the school wherein I picked up such knowledge as has, since those days, been my chief asset, was—the very finest school in the world. Smoking, and reflecting, last night, I remembered my old school friend, "Old Q." I fancy he must have been nicknamed "Old Q" chiefly because he was so distressingly young. He was one of the quaintest boys I have known. His family name was Cole, and there was a sort of floating tradition in the dormitories that he had once been christened "Bill." The ordinary schoolboy resents these arbitrary namings, and with all the impatience of youth, at once proceeds to improve on the baptismal nomenclature.

Bill had a habit of confining his comment on all things to the simple remark, "How curious!" When the math. master explained laboriously, and, as Bill thought, with unnecessary detail, that the angles at the base of some ridiculous triangle were equal, and expounded that they were equally equal below the base if the sides were elongated, Bill remarked placidly, "How curious!" Again, when he struck a match to see if the gas coming off from a mixture of chalk and sulphuric acid would give a good light, and we all were stuck up with small bits of broken glass when the old pickle-bottle exploded, everyone yelled, "How curious!" at him so that they shouldn't have to listen to him drawing it out. But he said it, too—after we had finished yelling.

# LITTLE TALES FOR SUMMER WEATHER

## "The Green Hour"

By Deshler Welsh

Therefore, the boys decided, unanimously—their without formal consultation—that, obviously, Bill should have been christened "Q," and, like the old Marquis of Queensberry, "Q" he became, and remained so for keeps.

When I left school I lost him for a time, until happening to go to that bit of the Far East, "The Golden Chersonese," just between Burmah and China, I met another "old boy" scraping tin out of the bed of a river, at a spot no one had thought it worth while to name, in the middle of the desolation of the Malay Peninsula. He told me that "Q" had gone to Japan. Some years later I happened to call in at Nagasaki, and a man there told me "Q" was at Moji, on the other side of the island, grubbing coal out of the earth. Also he told me this. "Q's" father had died at home while these two were together in Nagasaki, and "Q's" sister had written to this old boy friend, telling him about it, and asking him to pass the sad news to "Q" as gently as might be. In that direct, considerate way which white men exiled in the East usually select, his pal said:

"Look here, "Q," old chap, your poor ole Governor's dead."

"Q" said, quite quietly, "How curious!"—and went to his room.

He didn't appear again till next morning, and neither of them mentioned the matter again, but his pal told me that "Q's" eyes were a little salmon-tinted at breakfast, which, for a chap like "Q" was, perhaps, a little strange.

I don't know how I came to dream in the baccy-smoke about old "Q." One can hardly analyze memories.

I WAS on my way from Lausanne to Paris. I had been on a quiet hunt for over a year, looking for a man by the name of Darville, a Frenchman who had visited my American town and departed suddenly after — but this is neither here nor there.

I could hardly have struck a more unpleasant day, although the sun was shining, and it was in the first of the autumn months. The concierge of the Richemont had said to me:

"Monsieur, it is the first day of the Fohn!"

"The what?"

"It is a warm wind, Monsieur, that blows in Switzerland for two weeks—and then we shall have rain. You will find your journey very hot and very dusty, I fear."

"Ah, but that will be no matter," I said, putting a five-franc piece in his hand—"I'll be in Paris then."

I found myself on a slow train that hardly crept ahead of the warm and enervating wind from the south. Strange, it had a peculiar smell of the sands in it, and brought me back to a great waste in Africa—the day my tent boy, Boomboola, disappeared. But then, that is neither here nor there.

When we finally reached the border, it was at a station called Valcorbe, I think, the guards shouted out various things in unintelligible French, which I saw by the gesticulating movements of my fellow

travelers meant "change cars." There was a long line of "carriages" formed on an opposite track, resembling a row of little tin coaches with side doors, each one swung wide open and showing a stuffy compartment into which I managed to find a corner seat. There was no aisle in this curious vehicle, and I saw that we were to be shut in for an all-day ride, with not even room enough to stand, elbow to elbow—a most unpleasant human contact.

The eight seats were occupied alternately by a fat and thin man—each looking askance at the other, with most apparent disapprobation. They were of various degrees of nationality—French, Russian, Swiss—and most decidedly an Englishman who sat in the corner diagonally opposite. Do you remember Wilkie Collins' novel, "Man and Wife"? Here was Geoffrey Delamayne in the life, as I had soon him played on the stage. Six feet in height, at least; a big beard sprouting from a browned face of health, a pair of handsome grey-blue eyes, with a mole over one of them. After the toy train had pulled out and begun bobbing along, this modern Greek god was the first to speak. He began by addressing his *vis a vis*, and soon he was engaged in a rambling vocal contest that ran from one tone to another as he addressed the Swiss or the Frenchman. When he talked to the Italian who sat next to me, he became involved in a clatter, and I saw that his

eyes were amusingly diverted to my own. Unexpectedly, all of these men excepting Geoffrey Delamayne climbed out at the first stop. Then as he drew the door to with a bang, he turned to me at once.

"Those fellows took me for a bunco steerer."

"Why?"

"Englishmen are noted on the continent as being impudently reserved. But I am a cosmopolitan. I learned to be one the day I saw the column Vendôme fall in Paris and became a virtual prisoner in a boulevard café—and compelled to eat rats for a living."

Late in the afternoon, as we neared Dijon—we had been talking about the Czar, King Edward, King William and Roosevelt, with innumerable cigarettes—my fellow traveler said to me suddenly:

"What do you say to stopping here over night? The table d'hôte at the Hotel Cloche is one of the best in Europe. We can go on to Paris early in the morning and then you won't miss anything. There isn't a better place in which to spend the green hour than Dijon."

"I have never heard of its green hour," I replied, "but I have seen the name on mustard pots."

And so we got off, and after registering at the famous old hotel, snuntered out along the rue de la Liberté, saw some of the strangest fancies in Europe, and inspected the former palaces of the Duke of Burgundy. At near six o'clock, with the sun in long slants of gold, the workmen and women began to fill the narrow streets. A procession of them came filing toward us from the open square, marching with floating banners and the roll of drums. They were proclaiming a strike, and the women, with fierce faces and red shawls, seemed to be walking out of one of J. Millington's pictures of the French Revolution.

We seated ourselves at a little table in front of a café with roocco decorations.

"Now for an enjoyable green hour," said my monocled friend.

"And now," said I, "you see before you a calm and collected man who wouldn't hurt a fly. You have talked about a green hour, and I haven't dared to show my hand. What is it? A gold brick? Or is it a flim-flam game? We got off at Dijon to have it, and I have been too

much afraid that I'd make an ass of myself if I asked any questions, but please tell me at once, Geoffrey Delamayne, what is it, or what is it not?"

"My son," said he, "be quiet, learn of us Britishers the secret of phlegmatism and complacency. Prepare yourself, for this green hour is now at hand—behold Antoine comes!"

The little waiter, who had been hopping around like a jack in the box, placed before us a bottle of Dijon absinthe, an iced canafe, and goblets. We tasted and sipped.

"This is the green hour," he said. "Watch it mellow with the autumnal sun! Let me tell you a story. A true story—a tragic story of the green hour. I knew the girl. She was from Dijon!"

"Go ahead," I said, as Antoine brought more ice.

"Mademoiselle de Lorme," he began, "was a very charming girl, with a number of accomplishments unusually well pursued. She could sew well, play the piano well, and could write well. She had a wonderfully keen appreciation for wit and humor, and was, if anything, as good a literary and dramatic critic as I ever met, although that was not, indeed, her vocation. She was an orphan and had no one bothering her about anything—except a married and divorced sister, and she was a pretty sort of a chaperone, as might be expected. Mademoiselle de Lorme, was of age, and possessed some 500,000 francs, to do with as she chose.

"Among her numerous admirers and attendants were two men of radically different turn of mind and physical appearance. One lived in a manufacturing town hard by, and was doing very well in his linen business. He was tall and angular, but was rather well put together, and could say great things to a girl without giving offence. She met him one day on the beach at Trouville. Subsequently, she met the other man. He was wholly of a classical temperament—a reader, a writer, a thinker, somewhat intense, striking in feature, and ardent as a Romeo. He fell distractingly in love with the girl. She seemed to meet all his fancied requirements exactly. She sympathized most magnetically with all his struggles and ambitions, and he could not imagine that his future life would be worth the

living without her as his wife. But he was a young journalist, with such a limited income that he did not see how he could support Mademoiselle de Lorme in the manner she would expect. As to her own fortune, strange to say, Frenchman that he was, he took no account, and had a very vague idea concerning it. In fact, I think, if I am not mistaken, that he presumed she was dependent on her sister. However, as that may be, he was overwhelmingly in love with her, and finally told her so. He was irresistible to her and she accepted his feverish declarations with tears in her eyes—and many embraces. She laughed at his fears regarding the adequacy of his earnings, and declared it would be her love and privilege to meet all their future expense at least halfway, and perhaps more than that. Then he worked like a Trojan. Wrote a book and many essays for the papers and became much talked about. Two months prior to the day set forth for their marriage, Mademoiselle de Lorme went with her sister for a fortnight at Trouville. She wrote him the second day of her arrival with all the fervor of a Juliet acted by a Bernhardt. Then came nothing further

for a week and he telegraphed her. But the reply was as cold and bloodless as ten words could cover. When she returned to Paris she evaded him, and finally on an interview told him she did not love him any more. Two weeks after that she married the linen spinner. With him she led a cat and dog life. Accused him of having only a commercial brain, and began to realize that she had murdered her own heart. Then they separated. But he did not go on spinning. The other day I saw both these men drunk with absinthe, dishevelled, and with frozen kind of eyes, sitting at the same table in the Boulevard des Italiens. They were peering the green hour together."

Antoine began dripping water from the canafe again into the goblets. In front of us the passers-by seemed to get gayer and gayer, while the sun was setting in an opalesque sea.

I had been singularly interested in Delamayne's story.

"What was the name of the young Frenchman, the journalist?" I asked.

"Darville," he replied.

## The Lonesomeness

By Francis Dickie

ONLY the sighing of the autumn wind through the pines and the occasional hoot of a horned owl broke the stillness; a half moon rode in the sky and under its light the trees on the near ridges stood out vague, indistinct, distorted.

Pearson sat in the little, square, log shanty watching the play of the fire-light on the farther, tarpapered wall. The little room was in darkness and the leaping flames through the half-open stove door threw wierd, grotesque lights out into the gloom.

The grip of the cities was on him; the lonesomeness. He was at that stage when a man wavers between love and hatred of the silences. To-night all the dreary emptiness of it struck him fully. The memo-

ories of the years lived beside the roar of the city were flitting before him. He felt a fierce longing to be back, to be himself again. His young old, clean-shaven, handsome face was drawn and grey, fighting an old fight. He rose and, crossing the room took down from a shelf a long, red bottle and for several minutes stood holding the liquor between himself and the flames. It gurgled and gleamed a dozen colors in the firelight and to the man standing there it seemed like some evil thing, mysterious. With a gesture he dropped back into his seat, set the bottle on the table.

"Because of you has this always to be," he asked aloud, his voice heavy and lifeless, "Living from day to day with noth-

ing but gnawing pain. God! Forgive me. Let me forget it all for to-night," his voice trailed off into a dreary murmur. For a long time he sat thus his mind busy.

\* \* \*

It was almost five years now and in all that time he had never been back, never been in a city. The wilderness had been good to him and sometimes he almost forgot the past and at other times he was near winning the fight; then again would come the longing for the lights, the life and that woman.

Five years ago life had seemed so bright, his law practice good, himself handsome, popular; then the night at the Governor's ball when drunk, he had humiliated her before them all. How vividly the scene came back to him to-night. Her delicately-cut face and the wide blue eyes with their mingled expression of grief and hurt pain. He had seen her but once again on the afternoon of the day he left. It had been a brief parting, neither showing the bitterness. He remembered standing before her and his words came back to him: "I'm going away to-night, Hazel, perhaps for good. I don't seek anything of you because I don't deserve it, but some day I want to come back a man and if you are here—"

And she had given him her hand with a slow, pained smile upon her lips and then he had gone out into the gathering darkness of the spring night.

He had come West and become one of the many men helping to build the great transcontinental line. Shrewd, level-headed, resourceful and a born leader, Pearson had prospered as a contractor.

Five years ago! What an age it seemed to him as he sat there. Gradually the fire died out and a faint chill crept into the room. Slowly he rose from his chair and without one glance at the bottle on the table he undressed and rolled into his bunk. That battle was over.

The last echo of the foreman's voice announcing quitting time, died away and slowly the men filed out of the cut. Pearson, standing on a jutting ledge at the farther end, with his elbow resting on his half bent knee, his chin sunk in the up-turned palm, and wide, soft brimmed hat pulled well down, watched with contem-

plative eye the departing gangs. A cold west wind, speeded with the melancholy odors of the dying year, blew in his face and the western sky was dull, sombre red.

He watched the last man pass from sight behind the rocks and his heart was filled with a vague pity for the toilers. How empty, monotonous were their lives. The long days and months and years of toil for which they got so little. A week's debauch in some little town and then—back to work. And yet they seemed happy. He wondered if he would drop to such a life.

Heavy steps awoke him from his reverie and looking up he met the big blue eyes of the foreman fixed on him quizzically.

"I think we better be goin' to supper, Mister Pearson."

"All right Olaf," and together they slowly descended the cut.

"I'm going to town to-morrow, Olaf," the contractor interjected.

"Benora?" questioned the Swede.

"No," smiled Pearson, amused at the man's apparent concern. The saloons, gambling joints and the sporting houses of the railroad town held no attraction for him.

The big foreman halted and turned half around on the narrow path and stood looking at his employer for a long moment, trouble clouding his big, blue eyes. They understood each other, these two men. Between them was a comradeship, a perfect understanding. Many were the things Pearson did and said that were incomprehensible to his big foreman, and his going away at the worst season stirred his curiosity. He groped in his mind for the wherefore of it and Pearson seeing the changing expression felt the perfectness of his friendship. At least the wilderness had brought him a friend, a true friend.

"I think you better not go just now, Mister Pearson; I don't be able to make it go alone; you don't need anything anyhow?"

It was the most Olaf had ever said at once and Pearson, noting the lie, for Olaf was perfectly able to handle everything single handed, wondered why the foreman was so anxious for him to stay.

"I'm not going on any spree Olaf. I'll promise to be good."

"No?" returned the foreman with such naive doubt that Pearson was forced to laugh. The resounding call of the triangle cut short the discussion and they resumed their walk.

Noon the following day found Pearson boarding the Overland at the little way station forty-five miles from camp. He still wore his high, side-lacing top-boots, his felt hat, soft blue shirt and cartridge belt. Entering the chair-car he sank into a seat and stared out the window at the fast flitting landscape of rocks, water and trees. Slowly the darkness came on and the trees and rocks became a vague, swiftly passing blur. Strangely enough, even to himself he could give no reason for the journey. Something, a subconscious influence, had taken hold of him and here he was drawing swiftly nearer the city so full of old memories.

It was almost twenty-one o'clock when the Overland drew into the long train shed. He alighted and passed through the huge doors into the street. Though unaware of his bizarre appearance and that he was attracting attention he took a cab and was soon rattling up town. He registered mechanically and followed the boy into the elevator. In the bar a three piece orchestra was playing Tchaikowsky and everywhere was noise and light.

Alone in his room he lighted a cigar and strolled down to the rotunda. It was impossible to get over the strangeness he felt. Unknown to himself the five years had changed him. The city no longer was "home"; he felt "alien." He still felt it the following day. He lunched late to be alone. Since his arrival he had spoken to no one. In the afternoon he went to the theatre and walking to the hotel when the dusk had fallen he found himself wishing himself back in camp; sitting chaffing the cook in the long shack, or exchanging monosyllables with Olaf in the office. Twice during the day he had walked to the bar to order a drink, but with strange new strength, his resolve came back to him and he lamely asked for white rock. The bartender, struck by his appearance and looking approval, sniffed audibly at the request but Pearson was unaware of it. He was too busy trying to analyze his feelings.

Evening again found him at the theatre up in the first gallery. He wanted to be

high up so as to see the people below, in the boxes and around him. The orchestra commenced. He closed his eyes when the lights went out and leaning back took in the old familiar waves of sound.

Presently, lazily opening them again he found his gaze fixed on the occupants of the upper left-hand box. Slowly recognition dawned upon him. Yes, it was she. No one in all the world could look like her. Even at the distance he could mark the contour of her face and her glorious hair. He leaned forward, lips parted, eyes bright. The music, the crowded house, the empty five years were forgotten. He knew only that it was she and that he craved speech with her and to see again—her eyes.

The moment the curtain fell Pearson was out of his seat and heading for the lower entrance. Hastily scribbling a note he tipped the usher lavishly and waited, breathless.

He had not written like a returned penitent. He forgot that, and addressed her with the old frankness: "Will you have supper in the same little place?—D. P."

The boy returned, a folded slip in his hand. The railroader tore the paper from the boy's hand.

"Yes. Meet me at the entrance."

Never had time seemed so to drag to Pearson. Up and down the smoking room he paced chewing a cold cigar. He was confused between two impulses. He felt a longing to be away from all the things around him; to be back in the silence. It was a new lonesomeness, the grip of the Wilderness. And yet—that hair and face and the eyes that he could only remember in the shadow of the box—!

She came to him alone, smiling her little, old sweet smile. And she noted the broad shoulders, the clear eyes, the easy stride and carriage of the woodsman, and in her heart she was strangely proud.

They drove in silence to the little café and when their orders had been taken and they were once more alone—there was silence, a silence in which the years rehearsed themselves until, the two unwelcoming memories, reached the present moment.

The man spoke, his voice low but steady.



"Hazel, I don't know what brought me here to-night. Fate I think. But two nights ago, back there in the hush," he waved his hand over toward the West, "I found myself, and them—well I came here. I've lived a century in five years. I said I would come back a man and I have, and—I want you. I have found a new life; a bigger life than the narrow confined one I used to live. And Hazel, even as I sit here with all my world at stake I feel the grip of the wilderness. I can't give it up and I—I can't give you up. It's—I guess the grip of the wilder-

ness. Say you'll forget the past, it's hopeless unless—"

He was leaning far over the table, his hands gripping the edge, his eyes blazing, hungry, his whole form pleading and yet, to the girl, almost commanding.

She sat breathless for a moment and then, when he stopped, caught his great fist in her slender white hands and loosed the grip of the fingers on the woodwork.

"—I'll go with you, man dear—anywhere," she said. There were immeasurable depths in the blue eyes, and Pearson passed the streets till dawn to work off the new intoxication of happiness.

## Music Hath Charms

By Helen M. Drummond

OLD man Smallweed turned himself irritably in bed, and thumped his pillow with a rheumatic, but still vigorous, fist.

"Blame me, if I ain't sick of it all; fust they comes and sings 'Recked in the Cradle of the Deep.' Lovely song that. Don't aise me though! Then they comes an' tries 'Ome Sweet Ome,' for a change like, and expects us chaps to enjoy it."

"But, Mr. Smallweed," exclaimed the nurse, in a horrified tone of voice, "You ought to be grateful to the dear kind ladies who sing for all you old gentlemen."

"I ain't," said the patient, with a grunt of pain, as he cautiously endeavored to move his leg to a warmer spot. "I ain't. I'm sick of their old songs," and then in answer to the nurse's astonished gaze, he broke out:

"If you'd a bin in a 'Ome for two mortal years, and was going to stay there till the Lord knows when, an' your two legs was as stiff as pokers with the rheumatix, an' you 'adn't no friends or place to go to, you wouldn't want to 'ear nothing but 'Ome Sweet Ome,' not even with a violin obligato." The tone of cutting sarcasm with which he brought out the last two words was too much, even for nurse Ann's gravity, and she turned to hide a smile.

"You're tired now," she said soothingly, "I'll ask the ladies if they havn't something a little more cheerful to sing, when they come this afternoon."

The old face mollified a little.

"I take that to be real kind of you, nurse," he said, and then with a sigh of relief, he noted the passage of his becom triend, Uncle Ebenezer, down the ward. Uncle Ebenezer was a little crinkled specimen who looked as if life had dealt hardly with him, but his was a cheerful soul, and one that took interest in everything, from the way his turnips were cooked at dinner, to the supposed love affairs between the little house-maid and the elevator boy.

"Visitin' day, Smallweed! You ain't got your new tie on!" he remarked, as he propelled his wheel chair to a convenient spot by the bedside.

Now this was exceedingly tactful of Uncle Ebenezer, for ties were the one vanity of life that old man Smallweed still clung to; and as to whether, with his annual Christmas present, he would invest in a blue tie with yellow dots or a red one with purple sky-rockets, was a subject as inexhaustible as it was futile.

"I don't take much stock in visitin' day now," returned the rheumatic, with a depressed air, "I ain't musical."

"Lord bless ye, neither am I," chirped Uncle Ebenezer, rubbing his nose reflectively, "least ways, I don't think I am. How does a fellow know whether he is or not?"

Grandpa Smallweed glared out accusingly from under the bed-clothes. "If you like 'Ome Sweet Ome,'" he snarled, "you're musical; if you don't, you ain't; that's 'ow I works it."

"Well, ain't that clever of you!" returned Uncle Ebenezer, admiringly, "I like some of the pieces they sing. I think they're real cleavey," and he scratched his head ruminatively, "but they ain't as you'd call very lively like, they're sort of soothin' an' sweet." Old man Smallweed only grunted in a depressed way, and composed himself for his afternoon forty winks.

The Musical Committee of St. John's Church met on Thursday at the Rectory, and as the business was neither long nor complicated the ladies were refreshing themselves with tea and conversation.

"I do think the old men at the Home are the most ungrateful things," began Mrs. McLeod. "Now, yesterday was my day, and I got young Burns to sing. You know how hard he is to get hold of! I told him to bring some of those sweet old-fashioned songs, and he sang the 'Lost Chord' so exquisitely, and then the 'Land of the Leal.' Really, I nearly cried, and do you know," Mrs. McLeod's bonnet shook impressively, "some of the old men just grunted! Granted, my dears! And wouldn't even be pleasant. I was so mortified!"

"Was that all the programme?" enquired the rector's wife.

"No. My daughter played for them too."

"What did she play?" again enquired the Rector's wife, blandly.

"I really don't know; one of Beethoven's sonatas, I think," returned Mrs. McLeod. "I know I enjoyed it."

"I'm sure," murmured all the ladies politely.

The Rector's wife poured herself another cup of tea before answering; then she said: "I believe it's my day next week, isn't it?"

The secretary nodded: "Yes, Mrs. Andrews."

"Well," said the Rector's wife, emphatically, "I am going to have a programme that those old souls will enjoy, and I want you all to come and hear it too."

Mrs. McLeod rose majestically. "Nothing could have been more enjoyable to me than the exquisite music provided yesterday, Mrs. Andrews. I never heard my daughter play so well."

"No, indeed," murmured the ladies soothingly. "Dear girl, she has such soul."

The next morning the Rector's wife rose early, wrote several notes and staged so long at the telephone that the Rector, usually the mildest of men, made a meek but decided objection.

"My dear, are you giving a church social or getting the character of a new maid? I really must get this sermon done."

"You poor soul," sympathized his wife, "when you see the results of my morning's work at the Church Home on Wednesday, you won't ever grumble again. Good bye! I'm gone for the afternoon now," and she went laughing.

"Visitin' day" at the Home was clear and bright, but Grandpa Smallweed was dimly low in his mind, and even Uncle Ebenezer's cheerful spirits sank a little as he watched the Committee—there seemed to be dozens of them—step briskly up the street and into the Home.

"Here comes Mrs. Thompson, her that sings the hymns—and Mrs. McLeod and her daughter, that's the one that stayed so long at the piano—an' the Rector," enumerated Uncle Ebenezer from his post at the window. "And here's a man with a fiddle—two men!—and more wives." Grandpa Smallweed turned painfully in bed. "I knew it," he grunted, "It's 'Ome Sweet Ome,' with a violin obligato. We 'avn't 'ad it for two mortal weeks. Oh, my bones!"

Then the concert began with—the Merry Widow waltz. Mrs. McLeod frowned. "You can at least educate them up to something better than this," she whispered irritably to her daughter. But that young lady was too interested to pay attention. Then a young man recited a seriously funny piece of poetry, and the quadrille played again, this time a medley of

two-legs, out of which even the fullest could discern the strains of that fascinating, if unclassical, tune, known as "Turkey in the Straw." And the old men were applauding, clapping feebly and delightedly, rapping their sticks on the floor, shuffling their old feet in time to the insipid rag-time.

"Sit up and listen, Grandpa," adjured Uncle Ebenezer, energetically poking the bed-clothes. "It's real lively."

"I am list'n," growled a subterranean voice from under the quilt.

"Well, set up an' look as if you was," returned Uncle Ebenezer, composing himself placidly for the next event, and then suddenly grabbing him, he cried:

"Sit up, you old fool. It's a Punch an' Judy!"

"Ridiculous!" sniffed Mrs. McLeod, trying her best to keep from smiling as the agile Punch demolished the lovely Judy at one fell swoop. But no one heard her. Slowly the quilt on the corner bed heaved, as ear appeared, then a head and gradually old man Smallwood emerged from the depths of gloom and blankets in which he had shrouded himself, and with an embarrassed grin at Uncle Ebenezer, composed himself to listen. Gradually the thrill of youthful enthusiasm gripped him, and as, with shrill squeals of rage, the combatants grappled for the last time, Grandpa's excitement burst forth.

"Biff 'im in the eye!" he shouted hoarsely, waving his red bandana. "Don't let 'im down ye, Judy!"

Uncle Ebenezer patted his shoulder. "You're real chirpy, ain't ye?" he commented admiringly, as the audience turn-

ed to look sympathizingly at the old partisan of Women's Rights.

But hardly had the applause for Punch died away, when, as the doctor's wife said, "a real lady from a real theatre" appeared, nodded a laughing smile to the quartette from under her big hat, and swung into "Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?"

Never had she sung to such an enthusiastic audience. The old faces were quivering with delight, and the withered hands ached from such clapping.

"I always wanted to hear that, Ma'am," said old Wickson who had been tied down to his chair for seven years. "It's a lovely song."

"An' you sing it real swell!" aided Uncle Ebenezer kindly, fearing lest in the praise of the song, the singer might be forgotten.

"It was just lovely—everything!" sighed ancient Mr. Smithers from his bed. "I never had such an elegant afternoon. Never!"

The performers having gone, peace settled once more on Ward 2.

"I liked the Punch an' Judy the best," observed Uncle Ebenezer critically. "It was such a change like."

Grandpa Smallwood moved his leg to its accustomed spot before he answered. "I didn't," he granted at last. "I liked the one about Kelly. I ain't heard as good a chance since I was young. It's none of your soothin' melodies to teach the 'eart. It's a real chance, that." He whistled a bit of it under his breath, and then chuckled wickedly. "I don't think as 'ow we'll 'ave any more 'Ome Sweet 'Ome,' not even with a violin obligato, eh, Ebenezer?"

## Was It Murder?

By R. Parker Dawson

GORD said it was a will-o-the-wisp. I thought it was someone lighting matches. We argued the "master pro and con" but could not agree. The light coming and going on the opposite shore of Mud Bay, near the water's edge.

"Jove!" exclaimed Gord at last. "If it is caused by human agency it must be those two men whom we saw in that boat this afternoon."

"Yes," I returned. "They seemed to have a camping outfit with them. You can sure bet your shooter that's who it is!"

We dropped the subject.

"Come on, Harvey! Some that bonfire and get to roost," called Gord, from the tent a few minutes later.

"Don't need any sousing; it's sprinkling rain now. That'll soon put it out," said I, tying the tent flaps after me and preparing for bed.

\* \* \*

Gord was snoring and I was just drifting off when a shout came wavering on the rising wind from the lake. Heavy drops of rain were thumping on the tent roof as we rushed down to the water's edge, in scanty night attire. A boat was seeking a landing.

"Row harder! D—n you! You ninny! Row! I tell you! That rain will get me yet!" screamed an old man's voice. "You aren't worth the dirt on my boots. Curse you!"

"Hey! Hey! You people there, can you give me shelter from the rain?" he called to us.

"Sure!" we yelled in chorus. "Come right up to the tent."

They entered the tent presently, and we saw by the light of the flickering candle, a crippled old man supported by a thin young man of about nineteen.

"Dad has just got over a bad spell of inflammatory rheumatism and he is scared of getting wet," explained the young man with a sickly grin, trying to make himself heard above the noise of the downpour on the canvas roof.

"Well," Gord exclaimed. "What are you camping out with him for then?"

"It's the doctor's orders. He has lung trouble, and our tent didn't come, so when we saw the storm comin' we hustled across to your bonfire lookin' for shelter. It's bad out, ain't it?" referring to the storm and spreading out some bedding. "We just got here in time."

He seemed to think he had talked too much and offended the old man, toward whose face he glanced uneasily.

"Yer tent doesn't leak, does it?" asked the rheumatic one, peevishly, peering up at the tent roof.

We said no.

With drowsy attention I watched the young chap prepare their bed in the uneven ground. The spot he selected had a

rather abrupt slope towards the tent walls. He prepared the old man for bed by tying him up in numerous shawls, and blankets. The old chair muttered curses and foul-mouthed epithets at the grandson as he did so, accusing him of being awkward and slow.

"Yes, yawn! Ninny! All you think of is your own sleep. Little you care if I am in misery all the time!" he snarled, striking feebly at the boy with his cane. Then followed a space of quietness during which I listened to the storm and watched the flicker of the candle-light on the young man's lank white limbs as he stripped for bed.

\* \* \*

We were restless, for despite our intense drowsiness we were continually annoyed by the old man screaming abuse and striking the grandson for rolling in his sleep, down on him as he lay crushed up against the firmly pegged walls. However, he began to snore peacefully. I, too, was drowsing off when a sharp peal of thunder waked me again and I saw by the lightning flash the young fellow adjusting the pegs which held down the wall-curains. I was too sleepy to investigate and dropped off next moment.

When I awoke the sun was shining warmly on the tent and only myself and the boy were under its roof. He sprawled out in abandon. There was something curious about the expression on his face.

"Harvey!" called Gord. "For God's sake! Come here!"

Scrambling up, I ducked through the flaps. Gord was bending over a sodden bundle of clothes at the side of the tent under the ropes. As I looked he turned it over, exposing to view the white face of the old man, dead. By his side were several uprooted tent pegs.

\* \* \*

"Why did you do it?" we asked, gazing down in horror at the unconcerned face of the youth.

"He kept yappin' away at me all night, and I couldn't sleep. Anyway, I just pulled the pegs so he could roll over farther. 'Tain't my fault if I rolled him out into the rain when I was a-sleepin'!" he said.

## A Run of Luck

By William Hugo Pabke

"A N' now he's an iditor," said Donohue, gazing at us for approval and nodding his head with emphasis. "Yis, gintlemen, an' iditor, an' I done it fer him." He picked up a stack of blue chips and ran them through his fingers.

"Tell us the story of it," I begged. It was an old story to me but the fascination increased with each telling and, moreover, it was true. In the old days when we were cub reporters we had tried to help out our meager salaries with an occasional flier on the wheel, but the years had brought wisdom and now it was merely for a chat that we came.

I had been the first of the newspaper bunch to discover Donohue's, then had come Johnnie Holt—he who was now an "iditor," and then Billy Mayhew and Pinky Rogers, who were with me this night. There is something wickedly attractive about a gambling joint to men who like to see all sides of life. We three possessed the proper mental attitude to enjoy it to the full. We had been through it, had graduated, and were now content to be the amused spectators at the game. And then Donohue was such an anomaly. Somewhere back of the cold glitter of his huge diamond beat the kindest heart in the world and yet there never was a man who was out for the coin with more whole-souled eagerness than he—and he got it, too.

Billy Mayhew was getting restless and swung his legs with increasing violence. He was the only privileged character allowed to sit on the precious red and black table that represented a mint to the proprietor.

"Tell us about Johnnie Holt," he said, raising himself on his hands.

"I will hav' to put this story together as best I can," began Donohue. "It's part what I seen, part what I hear outside, an' the rest of it what Johnnie tells me himself."

"He was 'Johnnie' to me in them days an' he always will be, even so be he is an iditor. Johnnie, when he was reportin' on

the 'Star' used to come here reg'lar—an' a more cheerful loser I never seen. What's more, he always lost—except wance, which is what I'm now tellin' about. He was the onluckiest an' the smilest-est youngster ever I ran across. Wan night—now here's what I hear outside—wan night Johnnie had wint over to Upton to see his gurl. Him an' her had been goin' together for a good long while an' Johnnie was gittin' nervous like beca'se there didn't seem no show of their bein' able to marry. This night he wint an' threw the whole thing up—tills the gurl he sin' got the face to keep her waitin' any longer fer him, that he's a no-good, can't save a pinny, an' all that.

"Says she to him—so I hear—'John,' says she, 'if you will only git a little bit ahead—just a little for a rainy day—I'll risk it.' He tells her what a fat chance he has of ever gittin' ahead wan cint and it w'd be bitter he all off.

"Thin out he runs through that bloom-in' sub-urban town fer the tin-tin train. He just makes it. When he digs to pay his fare he finds jist thirty cints—I don't mane twenty-nine cints nor even thirty-wan cints, but jist what I said.

"Gintlemen, the fare from Upton is a quarter, but when you pay on the train 'tis thirty cints, an' you git a rebate chik."

We all nodded our comprehension of his narrative to this point, and Donohue proceeded.

"Now, you will understand that when Johnnie got off the train he was busted, down and out busted, with the exception of that scrap of grane an' white paper waz wan nickel. There was no money anywhare—not in th' bank, not at home, not wan cint in his jeans.

"The b'y was lonely, of course—lonely as the devil. It was atty in the evenin' for a newspaperman, so he comes down here to see me an' to watch what's goin' on."

"Now here is what I gits from him afterwards. When he comes in here he has no idea of participatin' in the fe-

ivities. Johnnie was never wan to be-er. Stone broke hav' I known him to be time and time again—but never did I know him to owe a man a cint.

"He stands 'round dejected like fer awhile, right where he can watch the play on the wheel. I was doin' the trick meself that night, seein' as how I'd fired Shorty Burke fer hittin' the boons the night before.

"Saddintly Johnnie comes over to the table. 'Donohue,' says he, laughin' like, 'will you lit me play this for what it's worth?' An' he holds out the rebate chik.

"Sure," says I, laughin' back at him, thinkin' the kid was foolin'.

"He puts his foolish bit of paper on the rid an' I spins the ball. She stops on a rid number, an' I shaps down a white chip on top of Johnnie's long grane.

"He laves it on an' I spins again. He wins that time an' I hand out two more white b'ys. There's a kind of a twinkle in the kid's eyes as he plays the rid for the third time, an' he busts out laughin' when he wins again.

"Three times is enough," says he, 'I'll try black,' an' he pushes his forty cints across the table. She sure stops on black that time an' he doubles his pal.

"Just wance more fer luck," he says, wid a bit of a catch in his 'eez. 'Black she is agin,' says I after the whirr.

"Johnnie reaches over an' picks up his chips—wan dollar an' fifty-five cints, not includin' his claim on the railroad. He stands there undecided for a minute an' then dumps twenty nickels on Single O.

"The next minute I busts out laughin' at the joke on meself. 'Single O,' I sings out, an' a roar wint up all 'round the table.

"Cash," says the kid, me at the same time countin' out his thirty-five plunks.

"Johnnie walks away from the lay-out an' I see him doin' some hard thinkin' out of the tail of me eye. Pretty soon back he comes, an', 'Donohue,' says he, 'will you take a twenty-dollar bit on Single O to repeat?' The ball hadn't shup since his last win an' was still cuddin' down next to Single Willie.

"Done," says I, feelin' by this time that I wanted some of me money back, seein' as how the customers was all givin' me the laugh an' me feelin' foolish.

"Out comes Johnnie wid four of me good V's an' spots them on the single grane. Well, gintlemen, I baw' soon excitement in this point before. There was the time I took Sport Lomarr's offer of a three-hundred-dollar bit on number eleven, an' glad I was when the ball shipped on eleven, seein' as I shood to lose tin thousand five hundred on wan turn of the wheel. As I say, excitement hav' I seen, but niver to equal the bunch that night as they hung over the table.

"I looked at the four fives on the grane background, thin across at Johnnie. He laughs an' touches his hat in a mill-larry salute. 'Fire,' says he, sort of gay like. I picks the ball out of the bucket an' lays it close to the rail. Thin she wint wid all the force of me hand.

"Round an' round, an' round she buzzed—seemed as if she woud niver strike the brasses. When she did, she behaved somethin' awful—from wan side of the wheel to the other she jumped like a thing wid the life in it. I looks at Johnnie an' there is a faraway look in his eyes as though he was lookin' through the walls an' seein' somethin' berant. White he was, gintlemen, white as this nickel chip, but the smile was playin' about the game b'y's mouth like it always did.

"The ball gives me more long jump quarterin' right across the wheel an' thin she fill. I gave wan look, an', belave me or not, I yelled as happy as anny of the rist of the b'ys who sang out 'Single O. by ———'

"There's not much more to tell. I clained out the cash drawer, an' dang down in me jeans an' handed the kid seven hundred of me hard-earned ones.

"Donohue," says the kid, 'I'm sorry I can't give you your revenge, but it woud n't be right to my wife.'

"Wan thing more—it was me who kised Misses Edith Johnnie Holt fast on her wedding day about six months after what occurred the night I'm tellin' you about."

As the first of the evening's customers began to struggle in, we shook hands with Donohue, and made for the stairs.

"That man," began Billy Mayhew, in a voice that trembled slightly, "that man is a—corker!"

"More than that!" said Pinky: and I agreed.

## Sally's Soul

By Myra Webb McCord

I NEVER saw them before, and I've never seen them since, that evening in the little German restaurant. Her eyes were the bluest—and serious to their great depths. They surely had never laughed. Her face was white; and the years—probably not thirty—had drawn her red lips into a thin line, with corners curved downward. He lounged in a chair opposite her, his great bulk crowned with a full, red face, eyes prominent and reddened.

"What will you have?" he asked, scanning the card.

"Fried smelts, tomato salad, and coffee," she answered, very distinctly, unfolding the evening paper and spreading it on the table.

"Fried smelts? Why, they're not good at this season. We never got 'em out Boston Harbor way before November or December." The girl did not answer. The waiter approached, tapping his order-book absent-mindedly.

"Fried smelts, tomato salad, and coffee," the girl repeated quietly. The man fumbled the menu card a moment, unseeing.

"Bring me a seidel of—beer—fillet steak—mushrooms—" The man's voice trailed off into indistinctness. I was looking at the girl. "But bring the seidel of beer right away," I heard him add at last, in a tone that jarred.

The waiter turned to the girl, and repeated her order. The man broke in:

"And bring the seidel of beer first, will you?"

The stolid face of the man behind the chair flushed. "I got the beer order the first time you gave it," he said quietly.

Sarcasmically the big man burst forth: "Of course! Take your time! But I guess you're earning your living here?"

The girl bent lower over her paper. "Give me the markets, Jean," he said gruffly, as the waiter hurried down the room. The girl handed him the section of the paper she was not reading.

"I guess they're in the part you've got," the man insisted.

The man laughed deprecatingly. "Oh, never mind; here they are—it's all right," came a minute after, so he glanced over the sheet.

"Ha, ha!" he chuckled presently. "Had a good day to-day."

"The girl went on reading.

"Say, Jean, what are you goin' to do after dinner?" went on the gruff voice.

"I am going home."

"Taxi?"

"No; the street car."

"Let's take a taxi."

"The street cars are good enough for me."

The lines deepened in his face. The years between them were few, yet the difference in the way each had lived them was written plain and sharp on the two countenances.

"Jean, what are you goin' to do about that money?"

"I will discuss that with you when we get home." There was a finality most disconcerting in the low voice.

The little German restaurant had been crowded. The shabby waiter had seated these two people at the table with Jim and myself. Jim seemed amused at the little hy-play. I shivered slightly, for I suddenly discovered that he was the exact counterpart of what the man next him must have been ten years ago. The big diamond on Jim's finger irritated me for the first time.

"Why, Kiddie, you look awful happy."

Jim's big face lighted up with such a radiance that, ashamed, I turned away. "Don't tell me it isn't what I hope it is," he whispered across the table.

Jim's voice was gruff and awkward, too. And now the man next him was sipping his beer and attempting to renew the talk with the girl he called Jean, about "that money." How thankful I was that my answer had not been given the night before, when Jim's eyes had been so wonderfully kind, and I felt that I had liked—yes, loved—him well enough! How calm and strong the girl near me was—and she looked so frail!

Jim and I both seemed to want to get away. We finished our coffee a little hurriedly, and left the restaurant, left the big man free to discuss the mysterious money question with the girl he called Jean.

It had always been said of me that I was strong, and would never flinch at a decision, nor evade an issue. And here I had met the one issue of my life like a weakling. Just because Jim was kind, and had lots of money—no, because he had lots of money, and was kind. But there would be no more seeking the line of least resistance for me. I had seen a light. Jim—and I had almost thought of him as "my Jim!"—Jim would keep on growing coarse, just as this man had grown coarse, until he would some day say to a waiter in a restaurant, "You're here to earn your living, ain't you?" Jim was exactly the same type as this other man; and he, too, was interested in the market!

I had been quite sure I loved him well enough—quite sure I liked him very, very much more than any other man I knew. And the sudden revelation that came over me left me cold. Yes, of course, he would grow coarse, while I, with my glorious ideals—I should go on growing in the grace of a carefully constructed soul. I must have nothing to drag me down. Nothing—for in the divine scheme of creation I felt that my part was not meant to be a small one. Now a great light had been vouchsafed me. I must away from this big, burly fellow, who is a money-mad, really unkept bulk.

"What are you thinking about, Sally? You looked at me so queer!"

"—ly," I added irritably.

He laughed deprecatingly, and lamely murmured, "Queer-ly." Then he looked down, ashamed and awkward. I felt a sudden sweep of shame, myself. I too had it in me to be a boor. "I beg your pardon, Jim."

He was humble. "No, Sally, that's right. I want you to do it. Do it in everything. I'm always leaving off the ly's in things. But if you'll just say yes, Sally, and help me, maybe some time I'll be different."

"It must be so—Jim—I'm sorry." In the great pride and strength of self, I spoke gently. I had met the

issue. How proud Aunt Margaret would be of me!

Jim's face was no longer red, and the smile and the self-complaisance had gone. He looked old, tired.

"There's some one else!"

"No. I like you, Jim, but I —"

"That's right, little girl, I'm not worth it. It's right for you to be on the square. I love you all the more for it."

His shoulders drooped, and he seemed gone to pieces.

\* \* \*

Aunt Margaret always had been my ideal woman. Her judgments were faultless and firm. To me, she was an oracle—infallible as she was sweetly gracious. Just her light laugh, or little brow-lines, often had averted disaster for me. When I sat at her side and finished telling her the tale of the way I had come to put Jim Millington out of my life-work, Aunt Margaret's dark eyes were hard, and she pushed my hand from her knee.

"Sally, I never was so disappointed in my life. I had counted on you absolutely. I would have staked my life on your worth. This is a terrible shock."

I was astounded, utterly. Finally I whispered: "Did you wish me to marry Jim Millington?"

"You are a weak, silly, vain girl, Sally. I wish you would go away and leave me till I get used to the thought that you are only—till I get over this!"

"But, Aunt Margaret! Whatever—"

"Sally! Is it possible you don't see? Why, child! You should have married James Millington, since you cared the way you do, and brought out the man in him. Loved him into anything—if you were really strong! You are miserably weak, to be afraid of the responsibility of a clean, big-hearted fellow. But it is the best thing that could have happened to him, since you have proven yourself only a stiff convention, with a mission in life!" Without a word, I left Aunt Margaret. I went to the telephone and called up Jim Millington's hotel. The wire sang miserably in my ear.

"Mr. Millington has just left town," was the response I got.

"The address, please?"

"He left none."

## The Girl at Three Mile Fork

By H. M. Egbert

WHEN the Canadian Transcontinental put a girl in charge at Three Mile Fork, the newest survey camp for the line that was to run north to tap the wheat territories, the settlers shook their heads dubiously.

"Women's all right for home stations," they admitted. "But here—"

Sergeant Ralph Hay, of the Mounted Police, completed the sentence for them.

"Margaret Royce has as good a head on her shoulders as any man in the Provinces," he said. "She'll make good at the job."

She did. The "job," indeed, was not a difficult one. It consisted for the most part in making out freight bills on the typewriter and transmitting telegraphic messages along the branch line that was being strung out north-west of Edmonton. Meanwhile the surveyors packed up and moved on to Friar's Hole, seven miles nearer the expected terminal, paying out its telephone line as it went. Margaret had charge of the telephone local also, and after their newest camp was pitched the engineers would call her up and have an after-supper chat over the wire.

That was, until Sergeant Hay was detailed by the government to accompany the expedition along its route. Thenceforward all others who called up Margaret must needs have urgent business with her. For the Sergeant and Margaret had known each other back in Toronto, years ago, and after winter had gone they were to take up a grant together in the Northwest. Margaret wore a ring.

"It's hard to feel each evening takes me further from Three Mill," he called to Margaret, when they left Friar's Hole and started off along the survey route. "I'll try to ride over Sunday." But when Sunday arrived the engineers were carrying their theodolites through swamp lands ten miles further to the west, and the visit was postponed.

Nor did it come for months afterward. For on the following Wednesday Zere Buck held up the freight train as she came puffing up to the water reservoir at

Hatmetack, twenty miles southward, on the main line, and Hay was sent post-haste to bring him in. Zere Buck gave Hay a good run for his money, forcing his beast southward over the boundary line and into the Bad Lands. There he went into hibernation for the winter and the Sergeant let up perfect until the following spring. He knew that when the suns warmed the prairie country the badger would come out of his hole again and cross the border, and he preferred to await him rather than move for extradition. The Plains Police never let up for long. Sooner or later every fish comes into their nets. The arm of the Canadian Government is one of the longest in the world, and its fingers have the sinews of a Padewski. Finally Sergeant Hay hoped to take in Margaret on his return northward, but even then an imperative call brought him hurrying back to Friar's Hole. The Transcontinental had established a new base depot there, and the theodolites were working fifty miles north-westward. He called up Margaret.

"How are things going?" he asked.

"Fine," she answered with a queer little laugh. Hay hung his end up with an oath. He knew that laugh: his girl was loose, some, so was he. "If this wasn't my last year I'd leave the depot to the coyotes and go," he swore. But he was the only Policeman within a radius of fifty miles, and messages came piling up, both telegraph and 'phone, each hour of the day. Perhaps he would not see Margaret until spring. And yet Three Mile Fork was but seven miles distant as the surveyor sights!

He grew vastly uneasy when he heard that the monthly pay train was stalled at Three Mile station. The permanent line ended there, and the light rails, temporarily laid down to connect with the new Friar's Hole base had buckled under, a heavy freight. That meant a stall of several days before the men could be up on the scene, and there was seven thousand dollars and a trifle more lying upon the platform. The French fireman and

engineer went off and fuddled themselves with whiskey. Margaret was in sole charge of everything.

She caught the men as they came staggering out of a dive and forced them to carry the boxes of ballion into her room. Then, while they ambled off to complete their libations, she cleaned and polished the Service revolver which Sergeant Hay had left with her for any emergency. For three nights she slept in her clothes behind two bolted doors.

On the morning of the fourth day Zere Buck and another came riding into Three Mile. They were tired: even the spare horse Buck led was tired, for he had ridden forty-eight hours direct for Three Mile after the news reached him as he came creeping out of his winter quarters. A late Chinook had cleaned up the snow-bound prairies and the March sun had thawed out every ice-bound swamp, which made traveling difficult. But Zere had sized up the situation with ample vision. The farms were strung out over a wide area; from Three Mile station to the dive in which the engineer and fireman were now nursing their beads, was a full quarter-mile; nothing but a girl stood in his way, though Hay had been frantically wiring from Friar's Hole for leave to go. But Government business takes precedence of all else, and they were Government stores he guarded, the company owning nothing except the line, the rolling stock, and the pay-money. Discipline held him at his post, but he never left the zone of the telephone's call.

Zere Buck had picked up a fellow, Pitman by name, along his route and the two made Three Mile on this fourth morning, riding in under a damp fog. They broke down the outer door easily. It was Margaret herself who opened the inner door to them. Zere saw her stand confronting him, pistol in hand, across a twelve-foot room.

"One step and I fire," she said. There was no tremble in her voice, but Zere saw how the heavy pistol wavered in her fingers. He took the step and Margaret fired—and missed, fired and missed, fired and missed again; flung the weapon into Zere's face and missed. Next moment Zere had her arms pinioned.

"I ain't a-goin' to hurt ya, Missy," he said with a laugh. "It ain't you I want, Missy, it's the coin. B'y'r leave."

He left her to his assistant and entered the inner room. One glance sufficed to show him the location of the pay-chests, under the couch. Zere lifted the seven of them in turn and took them out, leaving Pitman to keep guard over Margaret. He poured the money into the gunny bags that he had slung across the saddle pommel. When he came back he found Margaret standing before Pitman, scolding him while he was shuffling under her gaze unasily.

"That's the way, Missy," said Zere chuckling. "Take it easy; you won't come to no harm from us." He was good-natured over his success. "Write out a statement on your machine, Missy," he said, "and I'll put my fist to it. 'That'll save you from being suspected; I guess Surge Hay knows my signature.'"

Margaret went to her typewriter and sat down. There the queer thing happened; as Zere leaned over she moved the telephone and, unobserved, displaced the telephone receiver, so that the receiver propped itself upon the edge of the desk, and to the casual glance appeared to be in position. A wild scheme had flashed into Margaret's brain. She placed her fingers on the keys and waited.

"I got the money out of the young lady's room," dictated Zere. Tap-tap went the typewriter keys. "She kept it three for safety. Got that? For safety. She put up a game fight and fired three shots at me. I alone am the guilty party. Hoping to see you all when I'm at home. Now hand it here and I'll put my screw to it."

\* \* \*

Hay, seated at his table moping, heard the telephone "click." He was so lonely that he noticed it and wondered.

"That you, Margie?" he called.

"Click-click, click-click." It was the telegraph call. He shot a glance towards his telegraph instrument. The needle remained motionless. As he stared at it in bewilderment, he heard his name spelled out, faintly but clear, over the telephone. Then he recognized the sound of the typewriter keys.

"Co-m-e," the message ran. "B-e-u-k h-a-s p-a-y m-o-n-e-y." She repeated the word, "Come! come! come!"

\*

Zere Buck scrawled his uncouth signature to the typewritten declaration

which Margaret handed him. He left the room, returning shortly with a pair of nippers.

"I'll slit a piece out of them wires, Missey," he said, toasting wisely, and then, to his companion, "come on, Pit. Say good-bye. We got to make the dry lands before the Sarge gets too curious."

• • •

Sergeant Hay rode out before his feet were fixed in both stirrups. He buttoned his tunic as he rode, and adjusted the carbine in the saddle bucket as the horse settled into its steady lope. He went directly to Three Mile. The station was deserted. There was no Margaret, but ample evidence of the robbery. Of Margaret he dare not think, but mounted again and rode off, due south across the marsh country. He knew what would be Zere Buck's place of refuge, and he knew the route. He hoped to head off his man before he could reach the dry lands with his booty, and perhaps Margaret!

Three hours later he perceived a solitary horseman ahead of him. The figure stood out indefinitely, perhaps a thousand yards ahead of him. The horse and rider seemed to be going through strange movements. The rider directed the animal now this way, now that way, and seemed at times to crouch low in the saddle, as though following some one. Suddenly the figure disappeared completely. Peering ahead to watch for his reappearance, Hay neglected his horse, and it came to a standstill in a patch of the marsh land which had been thawed by the March sun. He urged the horse, but the ground was impossible. He dismounted, and leaving the animal, went ahead on foot, choosing the hillocks of solid ground.

The thousand yards which had appeared to separate him from the figure before it disappeared, seemed to grow into a terrible distance. He floundered in the mire. His feet became clogged. He began to wish that he had not left his horse, when suddenly, as he reached the foot of a small rise in the ground, and where the footing was dry, he saw a small figure lying prostrate at the top of the rise, peering down into the depression which lay beyond.

"Margaret!" he cried, drawing closer. "Hush!" she replied, repressing the relief and gladness she felt. "I followed them. Look!"

There, in a deep swamp lying behind this hill he beheld three horses and two struggling objects which might have been men.

"It is Zere Buck," she said, "and Pit. The third horse carried the pay. They rode too quickly up the hill and over it, and they were into the muskug before they knew it. Their guns must be gone. They—do you think we can get them out?"

Hays went down closer, revolver drawn. "You've got us, Sarge," said Zere Buck. "Only git us out quick, or we'll sink for good."

"All right, Buck," drawled the Sergeant. "Just toss a fellow your guns, so's you won't have the extra weight . . . What? . . . Lost! Or you'd have plinked us? Oh, no, Buck. You knew you'd rather get out of the hole first, anyway."

Two hours later, as the prairie sunset faded out of the sky, a strange little procession ambled into Three Mile. First came two horses with two bound figures swaying to the motion of the animals as they sat in the saddles. Beside them, but a little in the rear, was a red-tinted mounted policeman, and a girl, mud-be-dragged, white and haggard. Behind them, led by a tether case a third weary horse, stumbling under the weight of the company's pay.

An hour later they sat on the station platform.

"So you followed them?" muttered the Sergeant.

"Yes. And they thought it was you, and took a hurried short cut from the trail. They rode over the little hill too quickly, and were into the mud before they could stop. The horses fell before they knew it."

"And it was you I saw following them, Margaret?"

"Of course, silly."

"Hmph!" snorted Hays, apparently brooding over some very weighty matter. "Hmph! What kind of a weddin' shall we have? Church or — or here at the station?"



THE VERANDA IN THIS MANNER FORMS AN INTEGRAL PART OF THE BUILDING

## The Place of Verandahs and Porticos in Modern House Architecture

By

Hamilton Adams

ATTACHED to houses in the first instance as a convenience in hot weather, the verandah has become an essential part of American house architecture and has added materially to the attractiveness of the house. It has, in fact, contributed a distinctive element to architecture on this side the Atlantic, rendering the cottages and villas of both the United States and Canada quite different from similar abodes in England and on the continent.

In referring to popular books on house building, it is surprising that so little attention is paid to this feature. Indeed, many treatises ignore it altogether and pay attention solely to the interior arrangement of the dwelling. Where the

verandah plays so important a part in the lives of the people of this continent during the summer months, it is surely deserving of more detailed attention, if not of a complete volume to itself.

The real use of a verandah should be as an outdoor living room. It should be so contrived as to enable people to spend as much of their time in the fresh air as possible. Where it is built on the front of a house and that house is close to the street, as in so many cities, this purpose can hardly be achieved, because there is a lack of privacy that prevents people from enjoying it to the full. What should be aimed at is a verandah to one side or even at the back where the family can be secured of quietness and seclusion. Of

course, there are some people who enjoy the sights and sounds of the street and have no objection to be the objects of impertinent scrutiny, but it will be found



EXAMPLES OF CLOSED-IN VERANDAH

that most families prefer a greater degree of privacy than that afforded by a front verandah, however well protected by screens and vines. In building a house,



AN EARLY TYPE OF COLONIAL VERANDAH

therefore, while provision should be made for a verandah in front, if only for the sake of the added attractiveness it imparts to the house, there should also be



A LATER TYPE, SHOWING EFFECT OF THE GREEK REVIVAL

some thought bestowed on a more useful verandah to the rear, overlooking the garden and away from the street. This requirement may seem obvious enough and some readers may think it superfluous to introduce it, but it is so often found that even the simplest things are omitted in house-building that the writer has no hesitation in advising it.

According to definition, a verandah is an open gallery or portico, covered by a roof, supported by pillars and attached to the exterior of a building. It is often extended across one or more fronts of the building or entirely around it and is occasionally enlarged or otherwise so planned as to form an outside room, more or less protected by screens of vine or lattice. It is in a sense peculiar to the American continent where it has had its greatest development. Particularly in the southern states it has been constructed after so many fashions as to become quite an object of study and the styles are numerous and suggestive.

It will be found advisable to build the verandah, which is to be used more or less as a living room, in a recess of the house wall so that it may be protected from wind storms or rain as much as possible. Where it is exposed, a change in the weather may drive everyone into the house, a circumstance which might easily be obviated by a little foresight in arranging for its construction. It might well be built sufficiently strong to support heavy flower boxes, which ranged along its coping add a note of beauty to the scene. With the addition of vines, the owner of such a sheltered verandah has at his disposal a charming retreat, where he can enjoy a book or a smoke or a quiet chat.

The furniture of the verandah should be in keeping with its purpose and might well be permanently placed there. To carry chairs and tables in and out of the house is not only a laborious operation but is hard on the finer house furniture. Plain and substantial furniture, able to stand the weather, is what is needed. With Indian rugs, Japanese split bamboo screens, light but strong willow chairs and a hammock or two, the place will be well supplied. Some people have even gone so far as to turn the verandah into a dining room and enjoy their meals out there in the season. For such a purpose



AN ODD AND ATTRACTIVE FRONT PORCH

a folding table would be found more serviceable than an ordinary table, which takes up considerable room.

A verandah or porch at the main entrance is a feature that will add appreciably to the appearance of any house. There is a tendency to add these front verandahs to many of the older houses which were built before the days when verandahs were considered an essential and it is surprising to note the improvement they make. They often change the whole appearance of a house, transforming it from an ugly and uninviting place into quite a pleasing residence. It might not come amiss for owners of houses without front verandahs to consider the advisability of adding one, in order to re-

move the bare appearance from the entrance and the whole front of the dwelling. If further decorated with hanging flower baskets and boxes it will be surprising the change for the better that will be wrought.

Imitating Grecian architecture a good many wealthy people have been attaching porticos to their houses. The portico is nothing but a porch or vestibule roofed and partly open on, at least, one side. Its roof is usually supported by columns and these extending up one, two or three stories lend an appearance of great strength to the building. They are painted white and look very imposing. Of course such a feature must be in harmony with the rest of the house, or nothing



WIDE, DEEP AND ROOMY VERANDAHS OF A BYGONE DAY

looks more ludicrous than a small house overbalanced by a huge white portico.

The porch itself is simply a covered place of entrance and exit attached to a building and projecting from its main mass. Usually one storey in height it may be extended to two or more storeys, the rooms above thus provided being termed porch rooms. The verandah of the modern American house where it serves to give entrance to the house by the principal doorway is a true porch.

The illustrations give some idea of the verandahs and porches on a number of old colonial houses from which suggestions may be obtained for modern treatment. There is a charm about these old verandahs which have witnessed so much of the life of a departed generation and any person who contemplates building might with advantage imitate some of their features. For country residences or summer cottages they are especially attractive.



AN IMPRESSIVE EFFECT IN AN OLD CAROLINA HOUSE



SUGGESTIVE OF BREATH AND COOLNESS

The item of cost is by no means a serious one, for after all a serviceable verandah can be constructed for comparatively little. It does not require much material for one thing, and it does not take long to erect. Obviously it is cheaper to build at the same time that the house itself is being constructed, but on older buildings, which were erected before the days when verandahs were regarded as essential, it is possible to place these additions without any serious outlay. When one considers the pleasure and benefit to be derived from them, it is apparent that the cost is more

than offset by the resultant advantages. So, let those who live in old verandahless houses take counsel with an architect and see if they cannot improve and beautify their surroundings, and add to their health by placing verandahs on their residences.

Materials vary, but a uniformity between the house itself and the addition must be maintained. Either stone, brick or cement foundations are desirable, closed in with lattice work, over which vines can climb. Wooden pillars and roof are customary. The whole should be painted to harmonize with the house.





"Suddenly the pony leaped up, and dashed into the river."

## The Story He Told That Night

By

Charles Shirley

THERE are nights in the Mount Royal Club in Montreal, when one, or two, or three of the old railroad pioneers of Canada drop into favorite lounging places and talk. And if only the newspapermen of Canada might hear all that they say, all the old stories they recall and the jokes they tell on one another—to say nothing of the "tips" that they drop concerning the plans and ambitions of the Canadian Pacific and its younger competitors—they would no longer complain of the dearth of material and the scarcity of inspiration for Canadian fiction.

Sometimes a newspaperman does find himself in the lounge corner with one or another of the older C. P. R. pioneers, or sometimes, with a whole group. At such times the talk, although it is as free as ever, is understood to be sacred and only the minor bits of gossip, fragments of yarns and old jokes, can be made into copy for the press.

This night the crowd had reassembled. One of them had just come back from England, where he was preparing the way for the launch of a great bond issue—nothing to do with the C.P.R. at all. Another was just in from Cuba, another from New York, and a fourth from a piece of fruit land he has an interest in, in British Columbia. It is not always that they meet; not always that their take the time to sit in a circle, with the tobacco convenient, and mention the old days of the C. P. R. For somehow or another, the old days when the Rocky Mountains lay across Alberta like a challenging barrier, to keep men out of British Columbia, and when the Canadian Pacific sent out all the

heroes it could find to assail the ancient hills and drill a path through them—these days are almost sacred, and not to be spoken of lightly, and before strangers. The history of the days and the nights when engineers, contractors and even the humble navvies, sweated and strained to smuggle the steel through to the Pacific, under the very noses of the mountains, has never been really written, and probably it never will be. For the men who have the material, who endured and experienced and accomplished are a solid sort of fellows, suspicious of publicity and awkward in the handling of words about themselves.

"That was a H—— of a horse you used to ride," said the Cuban, looking across and nodding at H.D.

"Eh?" returned H.D., recalling his vint, which had apparently been wool-gathering, "which do you mean? The lumber I bought the other day? Oh, it's——"

"No. The yellow cayuse."

"What yellow cayuse?"

"The one you tried to kill. You ——"

"Phew! That one," H.D. dropped off into another reverie. "That one! What made you think of that?"

"I saw one in San Diego the other day just like it. I thought maybe it was the same horse. It looked worn enough."

H.D. knocked the ashes from his cigar.

"Humph!" he muttered.

The rest of the circle, being discreet, said nothing.

"T isn't fair to recall that, old yarn," he said with a laugh. "I've learned to shoot since then, and I bet I could kill it in one shot at a hundred now."



"I don't know if any of you fellows ever fell over a cliff, but —"

But I liked that horse after all. Poor little devil."

Nothing but smoke from the circle.

Cuban said nothing. Everybody tried to look bored, so as to encourage the story. A sign of interest from any one eye would have put a string around H.D.'s tongue, and tied it down.

"I bought that little horse from an Indian," began the great man, recalling the day when he was an assistant engineer on the construction of the C.P.R. through the Rockies, "and it cost me nothing but a salmon rod, which I was fool enough to have brought along in my kit. The Indian said the horse came from Mexico. Said he was a 'luck' horse, and had been swapped and traded all the way from Arizona up and over the forty-ninth. I needed the horse and didn't need the rod. The Indian coveted the rod and we swapped. I had a lot of fun out of that horse."

More smoke ascended, uninterrupted, from the circle of cigars.

"That horse," went on the former employee of the Canadian Pacific, "was the luckiest brute you ever saw."

"Hmph!" sniffed the Cuban, skeptically.

"But it was, I tell you," H.D. went on. "You mayn't have thought much of it, because it was yellow, and because all you ever saw it do was standing outside the draughting charity waiting for me, but it was a good little horse. Better than the string you used to ride and kill in those days."

"Hmph!" repeated the other, with still greater indifference.

"Why I had that pony in a little corral with a lot of other horses one time, and there was a big chunk of mud slid down one night and wiped out the whole corral. Killed every horse in the place—but one! I was down helping dig out Tommy Burns—remember Tommy, that used to run an engine on old number One, with the ballast? Well, as we were fishing around in the mud for Tommy, there was the yellow nag, sniffing at the fresh mud and trying to make a meal off a bit of moss that had remained on the top of the slide. He was mad from the boots up and from the end of his tail forward. It was sticking in his eyelashes and it weighed down his ears. But there he was.

"A week after that I lent him to a fellow. He and another man were riding along a path. Thirteen tons of rock slid over a ledge and killed the man who was riding my horse, the man who was on the other horse, and his horse, too—and left the yellow one."

"There were dozens of stories like that."

"Yes, but tell the real one. Tell the end of it."

"Oh—oh, about the shooting—oh—well," he hesitated. "Well it was this way. I was riding along with him one day on a pretty narrow ledge, when the ledge gave way. This was after I'd had him two years, I guess. It was a bit exciting. I don't know if any of you fellows ever fell over a cliff, but —"

"I did once," muttered a white bearded man, with a strangely seamed and lined face. "Fell into the Kicking Horse."

"Oh, then, you know what it's like, only this time that I took my tumble I lit in a tree."

"Tree is a good thing to light in," remarked a man who is now with another road. "I remember a case once —"

"Oh, no," interrupted another, "a tree is as like as not to kill you. You never know how it'll catch you. Best thing to do if you're working in that kind of country, I used to find, was to keep your knees up, your head down, shut your eyes and mouth and let yourself go. I knew a fellow that was getting out timber for the snow sheds, and he —"

"Wait!" commanded H.D. "Who's talking? You fellows started this story, and I'm going to finish, so 'cut out your noise,' as Dan would say."

They laughed and became silent again.

"I tell you I lit in a tree. The tree was above a ledge of rock which was about fifteen feet further down, beside the creek which ran along the bottom of the gulch. For about four minutes the tree held me up. I could hear it creaking and feel it bending, but I could have stayed there long enough to get down only that the wind was blowing a bit, and it put an extra pressure on the thing, and the branches gave way and dumped me on the ledge."

"For quite awhile the air was full of bits of rock and dirt, but there was nothing serious, so I began to look around

for the pony. He was lying in a heap on a ledge, not far from me. His eyes were closed and he was groaning.

"Well—I took one shot. I missed. Then I took another and cut a bit out of his ear. I guess I must have been a bit shaky, for I tried a third, and just grazed his nose. The first two shots didn't bother him, but he seemed to resent the one passing his nose. All of a sudden he clambored up, shook himself and jumped into the water!"

"Drowned?" suggested one of the circle.

"Not a bit. Three days afterward, after I had sent back to head office for duplicates of the plans that I was carrying in the saddle-bags, I came across the beggar. He was browsing on the trail about a mile from where I had left him, only *up-stream*. I found the plans as dry as they were before, and the d—horse was sound as ever."

"What'd you do with him?"

"Sold him."

"Hmph!"

That was the end of the story. There was no comment. Somebody bought.

There were two lime squashes, three cigars and a white rock in the order, which showed the kind of a crowd it was.

One of the men, who is deeply interested in coal and steel, started to talk about the laymen's missionary movement as a business proposition, and the economic effect of foreign missionaries. He had long since ceased to be a C.P.R. man, though it was C.P.R. that made him.

Two others started discussing William Mackenzie.

One remarked that he had bought a new painting, and was going home to see how he'd hang it. It was I am.

Somebody told him to stay while he recalled a story of old Senator Wully Gibson, when he was re-building the Victoria Tube bridge. Then from that the conversation drifted to the question of a bridge from the British Columbia mainland to the Island of Vancouver. Which started a talk on steel bridges, in the middle of which the newspaperman left, being diary with technicality.

But looking back at the depleted circle as he left the room, he cheered three wonderful men still sitting there, who had not only made the C.P.R. possible, who had not only given the Dominion some of its first heroes, who had not only made the secret beauties of the mountains accessible to the traveler—but who had made Confederation possible.



**F**RIENDSHIP unlocks the door to honest criticism. It should be as ready to condemn as to exalt. The reproof of a friend outweighs the praise of an acquaintance.

**T**ACT is not an attribute of any station or mode of life. It depends not on mind or observation, but is an instinct which is the most rare of all gifts. Tact compensates for the lack of many things.

**P**EOPLE generally have for us the same sentiments that we experience toward them. There is nothing so susceptible as mutual regard—therefore be kindly disposed.

## His Own People

By

Oliver Sandys

**T**HE ayah, brown, barefooted and toeringed, peered silently up and down the matting, crooning to the foster-child in her arms:

*"Humpty Dumpty churgear chut,*

*Humpty Dumpty girgeer phut;*

*Na Rajah ku pultan na Rajah ku gora*

*Humpty Dumpty ku kuddy na jora."*

After that came a Hindustani version of "Jack and Jill," and another of "Little Jack Horner," all chanted in the monotonous sing-song of the East.

Mootima loved the mem-sahib's child with an exceeding great love. It is beyond explanation, but the fact remains that though a mother of the East is in no way deficient in devotion to her own offspring, when the little hands of the white child she suckles grope their way to her heartstrings there is born within her a love for it beyond human understanding.

Just such another as Mootima is in my thoughts. Her arms, from wrist to shoulder, are marked with old scars—the pinches and scratches bestowed on her by a certain white child, for whom I verily believe she would have laid down her life. The brown baby in her own quarters was very dear to Mootima; but the white one, in her estimation, was beyond the price of rubies.

She knew, as the doctor and all the station knew, that the mem-sahib's *busti* was going out—that the end was very near. Mootima had been her ayah before she became foster-mother of her child, and she worshipped Mrs. Pat Macmahon with dog-like devotion. The black woman and the white had shared a common trouble. The chief diversion of Mootima's lately deceased husband had been to drag her across the compound by her hair, or to

beat her beautifully when the mem-sahib was out. It didn't matter about the sahib. He never inquired into the cause of shrieks and wails that came from the servants' quarters, having a sneaking appreciation of the methods of native wife-treatment.

Captain Macmahon did not beat his wife, but he drank deeply and swore terribly. So after three years of a life in the C.P., two seasons in the hills, and a final year in the sweetening heat of the plains, with the balance of her faith placed in her God, and none in man, it was perhaps just as well that the poor little woman should set sail for eternity. Her one regret was that she could not take her baby with her. She appreciated her husband's wayward nature well enough to know that although he would regard the child as a double-blank nuisance, he would not dream of letting her relations bring it up.

Her weak voice called to Mootima. The ayah laid the sleeping baby in the cradle, drew the mosquito net over it, and came noiselessly to her mistress's side. There she dropped cross-legged on the floor and began to fan her with a palm-leaf fan. The *punkah-wallah* was doing his best outside, too, but the room was stifling hot. The moonshod had not yet broken. A parched stillness lay over the waiting land.

"If the monsoon breaks, Mootima," whispered Mrs. Pat. "I might get better. *Baba jata hai?*"

Mootima assured her that the "baba" slept. Mrs. Pat's brows were drawn together as if she were worrying. She put her white hand over Mootima's brown one.

"Promise me something, Mootima."

"Mem-sahib, Mootima up ka nekhar nakak hai (Mootima is your faithful servant.)"

"Then promise me, Mootima, by all your gods, that if I die you will never leave my *chota baba*."

Mootima did not answer at once. She waited until her mind grasped all the difficulties the promise implied entail. Then very solemnly she vowed:

"Mem-sahib! Thy child shall be as my child. Never will I forsake him. In any trouble will I put him before the son of my own body, and spill for him my heart's blood. Him will I serve faithfully all the days of my life, and whereever the sahib goeth with him, thither will I go. Ap ka nekhar uede Figa hai (The word of thy servant is given.)"

So, Mrs. Pat, with her mind at ease, turned her face towards the open door and listened for the footfall of her husband. She wanted to say good-bye to him. But lulled into sleep by Mootima's gentle fanning, that last act of grace was denied her. Two hours later she awoke, conscious of the roar of many waters. Mrs. Pat died as the moonset broke.

And Captain Patrick Macmahon came home dripping wet and swearing.

Several ladies of the regiment offered to look after the baby boy, but Captain Macmahon had other plans.

"Take the kid and look after it yourself," he told Mootima. "You seem mighty fond of it. Stop enveniling now. You're making its face wet. I'll give you ten rupees more a month if you'll stop on and save me from all these badgering women."

Mootima intimated that she wanted no further increase in her wages, and went about her duties. They were numerous enough, for she had her own *buteka* to look after.

The year that followed gentle little Mrs. Pat's death was uneventful enough. The white baby and its brown-skinned foster-brother waxed and thrived under Mootima's care. Occasionally the Captain sahib drank too much and threw troopers at his servant's head, and curses at poor Mootima. Mootima kept out of his way as much as possible for the child's sake. The Captain seemed to have a distinct dislike for his offspring, whose best time, and certainly Mootima's, was when her

master sent her up to the hills with the child in the company of Mrs. Lowrie, the Major's wife, and her children. On the day before their return to the plains Mrs. Lowrie said to the ayah:

"You will find a new mem-sahib at the bungalow, Mootima. Captain Sahib did not wish it known until you were on your way back. A miss-sahib came out to him from England, and they were married in Bombay."

Mootima was not a very dark-skinned woman. She grew white under her brown.

It struck her that the new mem-sahib might possibly be meeting the train, so she dressed Derek sahib in his best muslin petticoats, and took pains with the appearance of her own child. He was bonny, and for a native fair-skinned. Mootima was a high-caste woman. She had excellent features and a fine physique, and she had transmitted these to her son. The foster-brothers were not so very unlike. Had Derek sahib's brown hair been one infinitesimal shade darker it would have matched little Yaseen's in blackness. Derek sahib's eyes were the same color as Yaseen's, but Derek-sahib had a skin of milk.

There was no one at the station, but the bullock cart had been sent to meet the train. Mootima, all feeling and intuition, sensed trouble.

The second Mrs. Macmahon, however, seemed quite charming. She and the Captain were awaiting them in the veranda. At sight of the lady, Mootima felt ill-at-ease. Mrs. Macmahon had hair that Mootima likened to gold that has been dipped in copper. It had been dipped in something else, as a matter of fact. She went into ecstasies over the baby, which abated somewhat when the Captain remarked that he hoped she'd rhapsodize over the little beggar in private, as he didn't care for kids very much himself.

Mootima felt more at ease, and for a little while things appeared to go smoothly. Sometimes she thought her new mistress regarded the child rather unamiably; certainly she began to take less interest in it. But one day, returning from her own quarters earlier than usual, she heard the sound of Derek sahib's voice raised in lamentation, and running in noiselessly discovered Mrs. Macmahon ad-

ministering chastisement to the child with the back of an ebony hair-brush.

Mrs. Macmahon was not aware of Mootima's presence until she had wrested the hair-brush from her hand.

"Mem-sahib!"

The baby's tender skin was violently red. He was choking with fright and pain. Mootima snatched him up in her arms.

"Kindly put that child down!"

"Mem-sahib, he is but a *buteka*. You would not beat one who has not yet numbered fourteen months!"

"Please understand, Mootima, I shall do exactly as I please with the child. He was disobedient. You are not his mother. Stop howling your little brat."

Mootima did not stop to listen to any more. Indignantly she went off with the child to the native butler, and bade him give it *water*—sugar-candy. Then she returned to the lady. Tears were running down her cheeks, and her lips were working.

"Mem-sahib, I am full of sorrow for words spoken in wrath; but the child is the child of my heart and of my vow—"

Mrs. Macmahon had an imperfect knowledge of Hindustani. She waved Mootima aside impatiently.

"I can't understand half you say. But it doesn't matter. Your wages will be paid you this evening, and you can go." Mootima stood there like one who had received a blow. Mrs. Macmahon reiterated the dismissal.

"Derek sahib?" faltered Mootima.

"Where will he go?"

Mrs. Macmahon laughed unamiably. "He will stay here and have his little paddy broken. For a baby of fourteen months he is a perfect little demon."

Mootima did not know what "paddy" meant. She knew what "to break" signified, and connected "paddy" with some vital part of the human frame. Horror-stricken, she knelt at Mrs. Macmahon's feet and raised her hands in supplication.

"Hearken unto me, mem-sahib. At the time of the going of the little one's mother to the white women's heaven she did make me vow unto her that I would never leave the child. And now thou art my mistress, and if thou biddest me to go I must go. Yet, is it not said that a promise

to one who is dead is sacred? Therefore, what must I do? Either by thy goodness let me stay, or if I must go let me take the child with me."

Hearing Mootima's voice raised in entreaty, Captain Macmahon strolled into the bedroom.

"What the deuce is all this play-acting about?" he demanded.

"I have told Mootima I don't want her any more," answered his wife. "Apparently she refuses to go."

"Go?" Of course she'll go, if you say so," frowned the Captain. He turned on Mootima. "*Samja, aurat?* (You understand, woman?)"

The well of Mootima's tears dried up. Full of dignity, she rose to her feet.

"*Ai, sahib, main jata hua* (I am going)," she said, in a low voice that had a ring of finality in it.

The butler noted and wondered at the set expression on her face as he handed the child over to her. Derek sahib was still softly crying, for his little body was very sore, and the sweetmeats had not taken away the smart of the hair-brush.

Soon after this incident the Captain and his lady, according to their usual custom, drove off to the club. Mootima knew that at least four hours would elapse before their return, and then darkness would have fallen.

The servants were still drowsy after their mid-day meal. Most of them slept; all of them were comatose. Not a soul saw Mootima cross the compound to her own quarters with Derek sahib in her arms.

"They shall not break thy 'paddy,' little one," she soothed. "Mootima is thy protector and thy servant." She caught her own toddler up, and hugged the pair of them.

But time was precious. With a bundle on her back, her money in the wallet at her waist where she kept the best nut, white paste and green leaves, and a baby on each hip, she sped towards the bazaar. Once there all trace of Mootima was swallowed up.

When the loss of his child, and the simultaneous disappearance of Mootima and her *buteka*, was discovered, as it was that evening, Captain Macmahon showed no anxiety to make inquiries.

"Let the woman get off," he said to Mrs. Macmahon. "She'll be happier with the kid by a long chalk than either you or I." Which was undoubtedly true.

But Mrs. Macmahon's conscience pricked her. She was thinking, too, of what people would say.

"We must do something, or it will look so bad," she debated; and Macmahon shrugged his shoulders indifferently.

Descriptions were forthwith printed and circulated, and a reward offered for any information as to the whereabouts of one Mootima, an ayah, and the two children, one white and the other black. But no response resulted. Inquiries were also made at the station, but the officials and porters were quite sure no one answering to Mootima's description had taken a ticket there. They were positive they had seen no native woman with a white child. A native woman with a brown child, yes. Many with black children.

So in this manner did Derek subside leave the home of his fathers, and thereonforth became lost to sight.

Now seven days after the disappearance of Mootima a weary woman with bleeding feet and sunken cheeks stumbled into a native village, seven days' march from the military station of Gurrupoor, whence she had fled. She had one child with her, brown, but hungry, and she beseeched the charity of the inhabitants, for her strength was spent. Charity they showed her, and when she was strong again and able to proceed, she went on her way to her own people in Bengal.

There she lived for sixteen years, the boy with her. For him she toiled more as a servant than a mother, fashioning for him his clothes, tunics fastening at the neck, long of sleeve and baggy of trouser, fitting tight at the ankles. The boy grew into a youth, strong and upstanding. He had no English, except what he picked up in the bazaar, and from the white he occasionally encountered. For Yaseen helped a relative of his mother's who was a dealer in horses, and that is even a queerer trade in the East than in the West.

There was nothing that young Yaseen could not do with horses, and of the ways of men he had little to learn. He dominated the one and exacted respect from the other. An indefinable something in

him distinguished him from the average native. His own people held him in esteem, and even the white men thought well of him, preferring to negotiate with him rather than with his uncle, the dealer in horses. Yaseen, in their language, was "cute but straight," while Guagra Das was "cute and very slim."

And Yaseen liked the white men. One evening he had taken a horse to one of the sahib's bungalows, and when he returned home squatted down moodily on the floor.

Mootima noted the gloomy expression on his face, but said nothing until she had set down a bowl of water, preparatory to washing his feet.

"What is it, my son?" she then asked.

"I am not of a great darkness, my mother," debated Yaseen. He unbentened his tunic as he spoke, and assuredly his chest though brown was not as dark as his face, arms and legs. "Think you that if I journey to where the snow falls and rub my body with it that my skin may become as the white man's?"

Mootima's voice shook as she answered:

"Oh, my son! do not labor in vain. Your body may, indeed, dissolve the snow, but your skin will not thereby become white."

Nevertheless, the question, and still more the despondent manner in which Yaseen asked it, troubled her. It revived memories which for many years she had striven to forget.

Shortly after this she was aroused one night by the sound of a great cry and, running to where he slept, found him awake and greatly excited.

"I did but dream," he replied, when she asked what ailed him; "and it has so disheartened me that I shall sleep no more. I dreamt that I sat at meat with English men and women at a long table covered with a white cloth and bowls of flowers and much silver. And I did eat with them as they ate, and I did speak with them in their tongue: yet in my dream it was my own tongue. Then of a sudden speech went from me, and a darkness fell on my soul. For I remembered that I was not of their race, and yet the blood-tie with my own people was severed, so that I was shamed and unfit to belong to one or the other. And I sped out into the night, crying aloud: 'I am a white

man with a dark skin. Woe is me! Woe! My mother, what does it mean?'

Mootima heard him out with a sinking heart. To her the dream was a sign from the gods, long dreaded, but inevitable. With a patient sigh she answered:

"My son, in the morning if the dream be not forgotten, I will interpret it for thee."

She crept back to her sleeping place, and crouching against the wall, faced the affliction that had fallen upon her. The sixteen years of her service and her sacrifice had at last brought her to the crossroads where she must leave the choice of ways to the boy. She had no doubt which she would take.

And the next day he came to her to interpret his dream as she had promised. His eyes, dark yet curiously unsteady, still looked heavy with dreams.

"Hearken to me," said Mootima, "and judge not until I have spoken. Dead with me gently, for I have loved thee much. Dear to me art thou as the son of my own body." Yaseen's head went up; his thin nostrils quivered. "For the son of my body thou art not. The son of my body is dead. Thy mother was a white woman, and thy father a sahib, who ill-used thy mother, and cared not for thee. With my own child did I feed thee, and when thy mother was dying I did promise her that I would never leave thee, and that if evil befell I would put thee before my own."

Very simply she went on to tell him of the step-mother, and the circumstances that had led to her flight. The boy did not open his lips. He stood like one turned to stone while Mootima went relentlessly on.

"So, carrying thee and thy foster-brother, I hastened to the bazaar, where among the many little beads was given to one. Yet I knew that because of thy foster-brother thou went in danger. Search would be made not only for thee but for a black woman with two children one of them her own and the other white. It was his woe or thine, and I knew not how to choose."

"In my despair I bethought me of a man of great wisdom who dwelt in the bazaar. Of life and death he held the secret. Death touches him not, for he

was old when my mother's mother was still a child. These things are true."

"To him I went, and holding thee in my arms, I laid my own babe at his feet. And I cried aloud to the spirit of thy mother: 'Mam-sahib, if it be possible for me to keep them both give unto me a sign.' And there was no sign. But the holy man had divined my trouble, for he said: 'To keep both will be to thine own undoing. Thou must choose.' So I chose, and I fought with my lips to speak the words. 'My own must die.' But lo! before speech came to me the holy man said: 'Thy babe is dead already.' And behold, it was even so. And I wept, beating my breasts, for never would another child be born of my body. . . . After awhile strength came back to me, and I stained thy body so that thy skin grew dark, and when night had fallen the holy man sped me on my way."

"So, with thee, light of my eyes, I wandered forth along the great road eastward, and after many weary days found my own people. I have said all. The rest thou knowest. To safeguard thee I let none know of my own child's death. I called thee by his name, and as Yaseen, the son of Mootima, thou hast been known. Thy way of life and the tongue thou speakest keep thy secret and mine, but some there be who, having noted the whiteness of thy skin where the sun hath not darkened it, point at me the finger of scorn, crying: 'There goeth Mootima who was a white man's plaything!'

"But now, my son, the time is at hand when, if it seems good unto thee, thou shalt claim kindred with the white men, and seek out thine own people. For thou art a man and strong. Think not of me. I am but thy servant, and what is right in thine eyes is right in mine. If I have loved thee as a son—with all the love I gave my own, yes, and an hundred-fold—think of it only as a woman's weakness which need not touch thy inclination. Of the Sahib-loy art thou, as it can be shown; and thy path is smooth for thee."

She ceased. Yaseen watched her huddled figure swaying to and fro in its grief.

"I am—a white man!" he marvelled, and went out into the sunlight.

All day he wandered, unbalanced by the news of his birthright. Once, when passing the European part of the village,

he had been prompted to run into the officers' mess and cry out the truth; but something, perhaps the stricken look he had seen in Mootima's eyes, or pride—the pride of the white man—had held him back.

That pride was strong in him, and it asked: Would a white man desert the woman who had sacrificed her own child for him? Would a white man and the son of a Captain-sahib sacrifice and shame such a woman for the sake of his own advancement? Was his white skin to weigh against her love and devotion?

In the long hours of that day the boy grew into a man, and by eventide he had mastered many things which, as a boy, had eluded him. Among others the true meaning of the words "human sacrifice" had been made known to him. Life was a sacrifice. For him Mootima had sacrificed herself and her *bacha*. He had only—himself.

Returning, he sought her, and knelt at her feet. All day she had been steeling herself to the inevitable.

"When goest thou, O my son?" she asked despairingly.

"Thinkest thou I would leave thee?" said he with a deep tenderness. "Thou

art my father and my mother. By thy goodness was my life preserved. As it has been so shall it always be. I have spoken."

Mootima folded him in her arms. And the peace of God—which is the same whether it be the peace of Allah, Christ or Buddha—enveloped her soul. For though the Lord had taken away, the Lord had given.

Once only was their joint secret in danger. It came to pass that Yaseen fell ill of a fever. So ill was he that Mootima was compelled to seek the aid of a European doctor. He cared the boy, but on his last visit he could not refrain from remarking on the fairness of his patient's skin.

"How is it," he asked, "that though thy mother is dark thou art so light in color that thou mightest pass as—?"

Yaseen started to his feet. His hands were clenched, and his eyes flashed.

"*Chaspra!* (Silence!)" he ejaculated with intense fierceness.

And the doctor of the white-people, thinking that the boy's intention was to vindicate his mother's honor, went his way.

## SEPTEMBER

Unstirred by wind, the leaves are still;  
Upon the lawn the crickets shrill;  
The lingering harvest moon glows red,  
From smoke of far fires, forest-fed;  
Upon the lawn, like fairy sprites,  
The glow-worms flash their signal lights;  
Nearly, a ripened apple falls;  
A bird awakened, softly calls;  
Somewhere among the wooded hills,  
An owl's impish laughter trills.

Across the mist-veiled meadow white,  
A cottage eavesment frames a light.  
Half-heard, half-dreamed, there comes from far,  
A voice entwined with a guitar—  
A sweet contralto floating by,  
Sings "When the swallows homeward fly."

*Dorsey Austin Cobb.*

# THE BEST FROM THE CURRENT MAGAZINES

## The Right Use of Leisure

A FEW months ago there appeared an article, "Wanted—Leisure," by

Temple Scott, which attracted considerable attention. Now the same writer has attacked the subject from a different angle, asking the question, "How shall we make the most of leisure?" His article appears in *The Forum*. There are two ways of making the most of leisure. First, by getting health and keeping it; and, second, by getting a mind and using it. "Give a man health and a course to steer," says Bernard Shaw, "and he'll never stop to trouble whether he's happy or not."

We all know what health means; and by getting a mind I mean making up one's mind to where one wants to go and finding the right way to go to it. To use the mind is "to get there."

There are many ways by which to get health; doctors are telling us of these ways every day; but the best way to get health is to keep healthy. And to keep the body healthy requires a healthy mind. One reason why we are in the distressed state of to-day is that there are so few healthy minds in the community, although our colleges are gymnasiums for athletics and the nurseries of spears. A healthy mind will compel the body to be free from sickness and disease; for half our sicknesses are due to our sick minds—minds that are unable to will, and powerless to command; minds made anxious and worried and distressed by the fear of poverty and the fear of disgraceful death. A healthy mind is a sane mind; an honest plumber and an honest sanitary inspector are more

desirable to it than a famous physician. It believes in the prevention of disease rather than in its pathology. It makes for courage and exalted willingness in momentous enterprises, especially in the great enterprise of bearing children. It will see that the body is healthy before it permits it the high adventure of founding a home; and it will act thus according to the dictates of its own high sense of nobility. It is the ignoble fathers and unwilling mothers who are responsible for the moral bacteria, the spawn of sensuality that water disease and death, and that complicate our problems to the point of pessimism. No, we need have little anxiety about the health of our bodies; if we first make certain that our minds are healthy.

How, then, are we to get healthy minds? Well, one sign of mental health and sanity was getting Leisure. In getting this we prepared, so to speak, the soil of the mind for the planting of fertile seeds. With Leisure the mind has the time in which to recuperate itself. But there is still another process, a refining process, through which this soil must pass, in order that the life-giving air of freedom may reach its every particle. This process I call emotionalizing the intellect and intellectualizing the emotions. We must think with emotion and feel with discretion, as Mr. Charles Ferguson would say. The mind functions as Intellect and Emotion. Pure emotion is passion let loose; it is an intuitive, a seeing, and not a constructive force. Pure intellect

is power let loose; it is a constructive force, but it is a blind force, for it sees with the outward eye only. When the emotions are rationalized, they are guided; when the intellect is emotionalized, it is saved. A pure enthusiasm and a pure power will thus have imparted to them the fine qualities of each other. In the individual the resultant force invents machines, paints masterpieces of art, writes inspiring poems, builds splendid cathedrals, converts people to new faiths and heartens them with new aspirations, and reveals new ideals and brings up strong-bodied, noble-minded citizens. In a people this resultant force is known as Civilization. A civilized people is thus in itself a creating force. It demonstrates this by realizing ideals; by making real the dreams of its poets; utilizing for communal purposes the machines of its inventors; embodying in its political and social life the systems of its statesmen and the organizations of its industrial leaders, translating the hopes of fathers and mothers into happy homes. Its church is the church of pragmatic truth, and its religion the worship of the practical ideal. It does all these things by subduing the natural self-seeking tendencies of its individual members for the purpose of social well-being, for the healthy organic growth of a community in which the individual serves it and it him.

Stated broadly, the right use of Leisure is to fit ourselves so that we always have the power to enjoy it. In other words, the right use of Leisure is to maintain our ability to use it. The ability to use anything is measured by the results of the use; if the results are useful, work well, they are desirable, and our right to the use of Leisure will be justified and may not be alienated from us. Leisure, therefore, is our opportunity to demonstrate our ability. No individual and no nation, in the history of man, ever yet maintained a right to anything without the power to use the right. Even a mechanic may not work at his trade unless he proves himself able; he will be discharged, deprived of his right, so to speak, if he is un-able. Leisure is given us in which to cultivate ability; to learn how to be able. Once we are able, questions of economic freedom, communal welfare and human happiness will meet

their answers, for our might will be right in the only sense that counts.

Now what do we find existing in this country to-day, among the so-called "idle rich" and "laboring poor"? The former have the right to Leisure, but they have lost the power to use it. Indeed, as the phrase goes, they have no use for it. The right means nothing to them, for they do not know what to do with it. They are able to live at all only by the power stored-up in their wealth, and even this power they are so abusing that it also is being threatened. What an opportunity for these men and women, did they but have the ability to use Leisure! What a mighty influence for good might not these become in the community! And they are unable to make a change because they, too, have lost heart, and are without hope. The "laboring poor" have the right to the vote, but not knowing how to use it they have lost the right. They sold it for a mess of pottage to capitalists and political "bosses." The result is they have no power in the community and no right to the right. Nay, they have no right even to complain of their condition. What is left of their right is the mere record of its acquisition: a witness to their shameful incapacity and futility.

Leisure is now given us as the time in which both "idle rich" and "laboring poor" alike may take thought. The former, that they may rise up from the "matron's grave" of their innu; the latter that they may cease complaining and open their eyes to what they have done to themselves, and to what they can do to redeem themselves.

What, after all, is the one thing in which every man fulfils himself and takes most delight in doing? It is realizing his success by placing there, outside of him, his own creation for all to enjoy; it is "making good." This is what I mean by realizing ideals—it is man's evolution, by means of creation. To plant gardens where before there were deserts; to build cities on lonely prairies; to make highways of bridges from peak to peak; to embody hope-giving visions in poems and paintings; to rear true-hearted sons and daughters; these are the incarnations of his soul that stand for him and point to him as the maker of worlds. Thus is he the Master of Change, the filler of space

with the stuff of Reality; thus he immortalizes himself, and thus he endures. He also can then look upon the work of his hands and say, "It is good." He can say it, because he has "made good." "Making good" is the free man's part—it is his happiness.

The "idle rich" are wretched, because they are not "making good." The "laboring poor" are unhappy, because they have not "made good." The "idle rich" are not "making good" because they do not use their time for creative ends. The "laboring poor" have not "made good" because they have not had the leisure in which to learn how to create. Yes, this "making good" is the only happiness, for it is consciousness of life itself. It is not experienced by the "idle rich" because they squander their life, and are, therefore, never conscious of life. It is not experienced by the "laboring poor" because they are not permitted to use their life; it is bought and sold for others' uses. They also are thus never conscious of what it is to live. This abuse of time is at the root of all human sorrow; life is then but a mere current of existence in which we are either drowned or made to serve as the planks of a raft on which others float.

If we ask now what we shall do with Leisure, I answer: Build hopes in it; grow ideas of beautiful things to be done by us in our hours of work; dream dreams of joyful homes for us to establish in our waking days of freedom; plan living methods for schoolmasters and educators of the young; plant playgrounds in the centres of our cities and play there with the children and only with children, so that we may keep young; wander by rip-

pling brooks and under blue skies over "grassy vested greens," that we may learn to love nature and feel her response. We cannot hope and work at the same time, so we must have leisure which shall be the breeding-time of hope. If we are looking for immediate subject-masters for hope, I point to the condition of the poor, the condition of the laborer, the condition of women in our social life. But, more definitely, I point to the education of the children. It is too late now to hope much from those who have become moulded in the forms of custom, habit and cramping dogmas. All that we can do with them is to rouse them out of their dogmatic slumbers, and, if possible, move them by an appeal to their instinct of love for their children. It may be they will respond, if but out of fear for the future welfare of those of their own who are to live after them. With the young, however, it is otherwise. Here we have the very material for hope to work with. How to love them, how to grow them; how to inspire them with new hopes, and how to endow them with the gift of creative power; these are questions which Leisure will help us to answer. And all the Leisure of a generation to come will not be too long in which to find the right answers. We shall have done much if we but find the line of direction, the tendency of the right method. But let us first see to it that we are ourselves free to look for it; that we are not manacled by established convention, nor chained to the rock of condemn-ing habit. When we are thus free our faith will rise up in us, our hope will impel us, and both faith and hope will ride buoyant on the life current of love.

## How To See The Signs of Greatness

COMMENTING on a recent book entitled "Great Men," by Professor Wilhelm Ostwald, of Leipzig University, Sir William Ramsay has some interesting things to say in the *Poll-Magazine* about how greatness may be discerned in youth.

Professor Ostwald became convinced that the students who had passed through

his hands and who had subsequently made a mark in the scientific world—they are pretty numerous—were those who were difficult to induce to follow definite courses of instruction. I agree with him in this. But, after all, such an opinion is not based on much more than a mental impression; hence Professor Ostwald made a study of the subject, and by analysing

the life-history of six men, whom he and the scientific world would call "great," he has tried to find out what are the common characteristics of these men, and how they can be recognized.

But, first of all, what class of men is to be called great? Are we to take a Caesar, a Shakespeare, a Newton, and a Beethoven? Names like these will undoubtedly occur to us. From the point of view of selecting men who shall be useful to the State, they could hardly be surpassed. Caesar gave Roman civilization and law to barbarian races; Shakespeare's work covered all aspects of life, and has given infinite pleasure to generations of men; Newton did much to lay the foundations of modern physics; and Beethoven, again, has ministered in an incomparable manner to the æsthetic side of men's nature.

We are apt to think, however—though we may be wrong—that future Caesars, Shakespeares, Newtons, and Beethovens must be left to chance; that what is in them "will out," but it may be that we do not give a chance to boys of genius who might develop, if rightly nurtured. Genius, like some hot-house plants, is of a tender growth; it is apt to wither, unless tended under favorable conditions.

As the question before us is a practical one—namely, how can boys likely to be useful to the State be recognized and placed under favorable conditions for development, and as "useful to the State" is taken to mean inventive, capable of improving facilities for endeavor, it will be assumed that it is desired to choose persons who will increase the material prosperity of the State.

Now, everything done involves effort. We are, individually considered, machines; we take in fuel, and we convert it into heat, and into energy, principally of the kind that results in moving objects from one place to another. Think of it—all the great buildings, canals, railways, engines, as well as all our agricultural work, are the result of moving things in a sensible way, that involves thought; and, in practice, thought is the outcome of a sound brain. This brain, too, has been kept in action by food. We call this conversion of the power of work contained in food or fuel into heat and work, the conversion of one kind of energy into another. Now

it is a law of Nature that, although it is possible to convert quantitatively one kind of energy into another, such a conversion is never accomplished without the "degradation" of some of the energy—that is, its conversion into a form not available for a useful purpose.

Take as an instance an ordinary steam engine—there is friction in the cranks, in the cylinder, on the valves; this friction results in heat. And just in as much as heat is developed, so effective work is lost.

Again, the fuel may be said to constitute a store of energy. By burning it below the boiler, steam is raised; much of the heat, however, goes up the chimney as hot air and gases of combustion and serves no useful purpose in raising steam. Again, not all the heat in the steam is convertible into work in the engine; in fact, an engine is considered as excellent if it converts 15 per cent. of the energy in the coal into work.

Put into mathematical symbols, if A is the energy which it is proposed to convert, B the form of useful energy into which it is to be converted, and C the useless energy produced at the same time, then

$$A=B+C,$$

and the object of the inventor is to make C as small as possible.

Now, a man may be regarded as a machine; an apparatus for transforming energy. Some will be usefully transformed, some converted into a secondary form, and that man is most servicable whose useless output of energy is least. Perhaps the word "useless" should not be employed; it is impossible to avoid the degradation of energy; and in order that an animal may work, it must be kept warm; but the heat lost in this way is hardly "useless"; yet a man would be, from the point of view of a machine, a more perfect one if none of the energy of his food were expended in keeping him warm.

It is possible to regard the power of producing—the originality—of a man from the same standpoint. During his life he has to dispose of a certain quantity of energy, which enters his system as food. Only a fraction—a very small fraction—may be so utilized that he improves

the condition of the world; the rest is expended unavoidably in other directions.

The ratio of the B to the C of our equation may be called the economic coefficient. If that is high, then the man's life is effective; if low, then he is less worthy of help from the State. Again, he may dispose of that useful energy slowly or quickly. It may be spread over a long life or it may be concentrated into a few weeks or months.

In this connection Professor Poincaré, the brilliant French mathematician, has given a most interesting description of how his discoveries have been made. Power of mathematical thought is, though not very rare, confined to very few men in its highest and most intricate branches. Let us suppose that a certain problem presents itself as interesting; it is required to find a solution. M. Poincaré tells us that a great deal of spade work has to be done; he tries and tries one plan after another for months, meeting apparently with no success. Then, in an instant, while his mind is dealing with quite other things—he may be talking casually to a friend; in the act of stepping into an omnibus; drilling his men, while performing his duty as lieutenant of the reserve—the solution flashes upon him.

It is not necessary to attend to it at the time; he merely notes mentally that the line of thought is in such and such a direction, and at his leisure he applies his discovery. This has happened to him not once, but many times.

I can corroborate his experiences, and I have asked literary and artistic friends, and they all agree that their best work has been done in somewhat the same fashion. Such mental flashes of inspiration do not come unless much effort has previously been expended in attuning the mind to the character of thought required; it is necessary to plough and sow before the harvest. But the actual discovery is instantaneous; it is as if a barrier had been broken down between two light compartments; the connection is made, and success is achieved.

There is such a thing as unconscious cerebration—thinking without knowing that you are thinking, and that prepares the way for the sudden burst of useful thought. Have my readers not frequent-

ly found that, after meditating over a course of action and having been unable to come to a decision, the whole situation becomes clear after "sleeping on it"?

There can be no doubt that while we lie unconscious the brain goes on doing its work, just as do the lungs and the digestive organs. But the brain will not do anything which has not already been the subject of conscious action; the mental food must be given before it can be digested.

In a post, or a musician, the results of such "unconscious thought" is called *inspiration*. We are loath to believe that it comes from "ourselves"; it appears to come from outside. But it is the essential feature of what we term "genius."

Such a faculty is more highly developed in some minds than in others. Like music or mathematics, it appears at an early age. Think of Mozart, who performed in public at the age of eight, and who composed some of his immortal work at a not much later age; of Lord Kelvin, whose first paper—one which contained ideas on which his mind dwelt during his whole long life—was published before he was eighteen; of Schiller, whose "Robbers" was given to the public before he was twenty-three, of Goethe, who charmed the literary world by "The Sorrows of Werther" before the age of twenty-five. In fact, most men of genius have developed early.

But, as a rule, they have not done well at school. The fact is that those whose minds are exceptionally formed refuse to keep to the beaten track. The formalism of the classical grammar repels them; they will not accept statements on authority. Great classicists develop into respectable imitators; they rarely, or never, become great poets or authors. It is true that the great authors are said to have often been captivated over the beauties of classical writers; but they have rarely been great scholars.

If we restrict our definition of greatness to a capacity for enlarging the bounds of science, it is certain that some of our great scientific men have displayed any marked aptitude for classical or literary studies. It may be said that the introduction of the teaching of science into schools is such a modern innovation that there has not



been time to find out whether scientific genius will be developed by its help; but I strongly suspect that it will have little influence.

A third characteristic of men of genius which may serve to distinguish them at an early age appears to be that they are extreme in their temperaments. The ancient division of temperament into sanguine or emotional, and phlegmatic, is a just one. Some men, by their vitality, by their impulsiveness, by their refusal to be daunted by obstacles, achieve success. Others attain distinction by their persistence, by their conscientiousness, and by their self-criticism, which refuses to make public work other than what they consider to be the best. All of us possess these qualities, some more of one, some of the other.

Viewing the human being as a system in which a succession of chemical changes takes place, in obedience to external stimulation, the first class may be termed "reactive"—they respond quickly to stimu-

lus; the second class are more slowly receptive, but the machine, once set in motion, works well.

Now it is to be noticed that while most of us are neither very sanguine nor very phlegmatic, men of genius are characterized by an excess of one or other of these temperaments.

The sanguine man, as his name implies, sees no difficulties in his way, or if he does regard them, it is only to ignore them; his imagination pictures the results to be attained as of such importance that they are certain to be realized, let the difficulties be what they may. It is by such men that great discoveries are made, which catch the attention of the public. The phlegmatic man, on the other hand, though more conscious of difficulties, possesses patience enough to overcome them; his discoveries are more of the order of the solution of set problems of measurements than of brilliant efforts of imagination.

## The King as a Time Saver

KING GEORGE has adopted all the up-to-date time-saving methods for getting through his business which were introduced at Buckingham Palace by King Edward, says a writer in the *Business World*. Often before breakfast a secretary will read the morning's telegrams. To save reading through lengthy despatches a special summary of current news is daily prepared by a staff of clerks. Files and cross-references enable any wanted fact to be at hand in a moment.

Another body of clerks, under the King's Private Secretary, open all letters except those which, bearing a distinctive private mark, are "personal" to the King. Classified in labelled boxes, the bulk of the correspondence goes then before King George, and usually a reply is sent out the same night. The royal typewriting department keeps a copy of every letter sent out. A separate copy is actually typed. No letter goes out bearing signs of having been placed in a copying press.

Private telephone and telegraph services put the King directly into touch with all public departments. All documents are kept on loose files alphabetically, and special sizes of paper used for different series.

The card index system is utilized by King George in many different ways. Points against, as well as for, people of the day are carefully recorded—a black list of people who, for one reason or another, will never be able to elude the vigilance of the card index and appear at Court.

People presented to King George are always very much astonished and no less flattered to find that he knows all about them, their family, and their achievements. He puts some kindly question that shows intimate knowledge.

The explanation lies in the card index. A perfect record of all the people his Majesty meets is kept in card indexes. The cards contain a memorandum of the man,

what was said on each occasion, and notes his individual career diligently kept up to date. Nobody has access to the King without an appointment or an invitation,

so that his Majesty has always time to consult the card index and to know precisely what the person he is going to meet has done.

## The Upkeep Bugaboo in Automobiling

WHEN I first determined to get an automobile, writes Stanley Suesow, in *Country Life in America*, the upkeep bugaboo loomed up on my horizon. Of course, I didn't know it was a bugaboo. And being no mechanic, I was deprived of much of the pleasure I should have had in making the purchase. I hadn't figured on spending my "fishing money" and my "camara money" and the few shelds I always had contrived to scrape up to squander on my duck-shooting trips, together with what other loose change I might have, to keep the automobile running. I wasn't willing, either, to give up all my other recreations. But, from all I was told, I began to fear that was just what I was going to have to do. However, I was determined to have the car, and thought that by taking the pains to learn all there was to know about it, and using good judgment in running it, perhaps it wouldn't be such an expense after all.

So I bought the car. And right at the start, I learned the one big lesson that every man of moderate means should learn, if he takes up automobiling. I had one experience that impressed me most vividly. Like anyone else, I thought to get my car and then gradually learn all about it, and so be able to meet any difficulties as they might arise. But my first car was not a new one, and I didn't have any time to prepare to meet those difficulties. They met me, right on the doorstep, as it were.

I was told my car had been thoroughly overhauled. It had—on the outside. I started out with it (I had learned to drive through the kindness of a neighbor who had a car), to drive it to my home town, thirty miles away, and the engine heated up badly before I had gone five miles. I had not been interested in automobiles for

several years for nothing, and so I understood what the trouble was. But the remedy was beyond me. I decided the car needed some adjustment—perhaps the oil- or was not feeding enough oil, or the water circulating system might be at fault. I knew in a general way that it must be one of these two things. However, while stopped by the roadside, wondering what to do, I was approached by another car, with a single occupant. This man kindly stopped and got out of his machine and offered to help me out. He was a chauffeur, and I felt sure now I would be fixed up in a jiffy. But, after spending some fifteen minutes tinkering with the ignition and the carburetor, after which the engine refused to start at all, my friend advised me to go to a near-by farmhouse and "phone for the agent of that particular make of car to send a man out and get my machine and take it into the shop and put it in running order. He said that a machine bought second-hand was almost sure to need adjustment by someone familiar with that particular make of car. I thought this was good advice, so did as he advised, and went home by trolley—much disappointed, you may be sure.

I do not say that the agent for my car did not honestly believe it had been put in proper shape for me. My instructions to him were to adjust it; not to tear it down unless absolutely necessary. His men renewed the primary wiring of the ignition system, soldered a leaky connection in the gasoline lead, put on a bracket for the generator for the gas lamps (as requested), greased up all 'round and filled the tanks—they had been full when I started out in the first place—and the bill was \$25.18!

That made me mad! I felt sure that bill had been padded on four sides at least. But I didn't see anything—just forked out my total of \$26.00, accepted my

eighty-two cents change, and drove away. I had my fill of repair shops—at least of that kind. It seemed to me the bill might have been all right enough for a man with a long pocketbook, who might not know or care how much labor there was about such a job, but I wasn't in that class, and I resented being played for a big fish when the agent knew very well I was a financial minor; otherwise I'd have bought a new car from him.

My anxiety in starting out on that thirty-mile run with only eighty-two cents in my pocket soon overshadowed my wrath at the repair-shop men. Suppose I should get stuck again! But the car hummed along nicely, I drove with elaborate care, and we limped in the last mile on the second gear, with the engine once more hot.

Now I had the car home. And you may be sure I lost no time getting well acquainted with it. I had previously procured the manufacturer's instruction book for that particular model, and as well his catalogue of parts. And I put in my spare time going all over the power plant (outside, or without stripping it down), and after making sure the trouble could be nowhere else, I found it was due to defective lubrication. This I discovered by taking out the spark plugs, inserting my finger in the different cylinders and feeling. The third cylinder was dry as a bone, whilst the others were greasy. Removing the mechanical oiler and taking it apart, I found one of the plungers was not doing its duty, on account of a loose lock-out inside the tank and stripped threads on the shank of the plunger yoke. The only reason I was able to get home had been because the repairman had turned on so much more oil for the other cylinders that some of the excess had splashed over into the base of the one that was not getting any in the regular way. The smith soldered a leaky corner of the lubricator tank for fifteen cents, the manufacturer supplied a new plunger yoke complete for seventy cents, and it was another evening's work for me to put the car in running order.

That was the last of my trouble for that season. I did not try to see how much mileage I could run up. I had bought the car for recreation for myself and family, and ran it very conservatively. Luckily,

in the five hundred and odd miles I ran I never once had a tire trouble. My only upkeep expense was for gasoline, oil, grease, brass cleaning preparations and carbide. And we had a deal of pleasure, everything considered—although I admit it was not until the next spring that I could take the car out without any anxiety as to what might happen to it. I was dead set against ever taking it to a repair-shop again. This anxiety is something a man must overcome, before he can really enjoy his car. He must not be on the qui vive all the time he is driving, anticipating a mis-firing cylinder or a tire blow-out or a cranky carburetor or some other difficulty. If he knows a little about his car, but not enough, he is as badly off as if he knew nothing. Oddly enough, I have found that a great many motorists are in just that foolish position, of having only half learned to know their cars. Professional chauffeurs and repairmen are, as a general rule, little better off. And it all comes from the general practice of meeting troubles only when they arise. I have been told by men who have had much experience with automobiles, that "it is a mistake to tinker with a car all the time." Perhaps it is, if you don't know what you are doing. But if you do know your car, you will not be "tinkering" unnecessarily or unwisely. What would you say of a locomotive engineer whom you never saw pattering about his engine with monkey-wrench and oil-can? No, an automobile should be kept properly adjusted, the same as any other machine. And to the average American who has the good sense to learn how, by himself taking entire charge of his car, this adjusting, oiling, greasing, cleaning and polishing is a pleasure. It is a change from his more serious work, perhaps; and after all it is only an elaboration of the "tinkering" every man likes to do. It is by no means the difficult and intricate task so many foolishly believe. A typewriter is ten times—yes, I would almost say twenty times—as intricate as any automobile. I ought to know, for as a writer I use a typewriter every day, and I have completely and successfully overhauled two different automobiles. The actual work with the hands is simple; the most difficult job I have tackled has been soldering terminals on cables. Mechanical expertness is not necessary; one needs only

a good average pair of hands and a little gumption.

In order to preserve the tires as well as possible, I always jacked the car up in the barn when I knew I was going to let it stand a few days. And after every run I washed off the tires with gasoline, to remove the oil (from the oiled roads) and to expose any cuts or holes in the rubber. These latter I filled up with a preparation called "gun-gum," which served to keep the water and sand from working in and ruining the fabric of the tire. All together, I think I have not used a dime's worth.

When I laid the car up for the winter, I drew off the gasoline from the tank and gave the barn a good airing. Then I set up a little pot-stove, and after the shooting season was well over and I found my spare time hanging rather heavily upon me, I fired up the little stove and started in to strip down the car. (First, however, I made sure that the differential and the transmission needed no overhauling). Briefly, I took the engine right out and tore it down completely. And one of the most interesting things I found was that the man who sold me the car had lied when he said new piston rings had just been put on the pistons. (He declared he had put them in himself). I had found that the second and third cylinders did

not "kick" as hard as the other two (learned by holding down the vibrators on the coil), but I now saw the whole four of them should give much better service. I made a thoroughly good job of removing all carbon from cylinders, pistons, etc.; a better job than I could ever expect from a repair-shop, because I was working for myself. I put in new piston rings, a couple of new connecting-rod bushings, new cylinder gaskets, tightened things up carefully and put the engine together again. I put three more new plunger yokes in the mechanical oiler, with new packing for all of them, and a new lead to one of the cylinders, the old one having worn through to a leak from contact with the vibrating engine base. I installed a complete new set of valve springs and washers and ground in the valves. I disassembled the carburetor and cleaned it carefully, and put in new packing in all the suction pipe connections. I renewed a couple of drive-shaft pin bushings, overhauled all the ignition, replacing some terminals and insulators, and I re-painted the rims of the road wheels under the tires. Everything necessary or anywhere near necessary to put the car in first-class shape, with the exception of painting, and refinishing the top, was done. It was all accomplished during spare time, and the cost was just \$7.85.

## Laying Out The Day's Work

**A**CAREFULLY thought out article, emphasizing the great importance of planning ahead in business work, is contributed to *Business and the Book-keeper Magazine* by Charles O'Malley.

Both man and business can not afford not to plan. The fruits of lack of planning may estrange partner from partner in a small business; it may lose a big customer in a large one. But the greatest argument that can be brought against work slightly laid out, or not at all, is that it wastes.

"A day's work rightly laid out is often worth a dozen which 'just happen,'" says the supervisor of a metropolitan printing plant. "We have been able to

get approximately three-fifths more work done—usually by planning for each day. Work is apportioned every morning; past work records show what we can expect to do—and we do it. 'A good plan is an extra man' on most jobs."

Perhaps one of the best systems for planning the day's work is that in use by a large manufacturing company.

First of all the general plans are passed down from overhead by the Board of Control. These plans are not specific, except in unusual cases. Particularly for the new employee who joins the organization, they may be made specific for a while, but at the earliest opportunity he is thrown on his own resources.

The head of each department, for the beginning of each day's work, is required to draw up a schedule of what he intends to put through himself and have his subordinates put through that day. If the work requires more than the day, he makes tentative plans for as many days ahead as the work will require.

The day's plans, as noted or dictated by the manager, are made out in triplicate. The original is forwarded to the general manager. The first duplicate is kept for immediate reference for himself, the second duplicate is filed.

As a usual thing, all department heads are down early to lay out their day's work, while their mind is fresh, and before the arrival of the general manager. On the arrival of the general manager, therefore, he finds that complete plans for the day's work of the organization are made, and these plans, in writing, are on his desk ready for a quick check-up. This check-up determines the general plan of the manager's work and of the men under him, for the day. Usually it is not necessary to make any material changes; the men are experienced and are on their mettle to do their very best, and as a result the morning plans usually stand.

But commonly—it has been the experience of this general manager—it is necessary to see one or two personally in order to talk over the work as it has been planned. In some cases it is best to get two or three men together and go over the work in detail. Again, it may be found that a department head is starting out to duplicate work that has been done or that has been planned by another. In this case interference is automatically taken care of, as the two men are brought together to talk over the work and see which can care for it to the best advantage.

It is found that often in the morning plan sheets—as these reports are called—are suggestions that are of large value. In one case a suggestion of the manager of the buying department was so pertinent that the policies of the house were entirely changed. He was called in to meet the board of managers and his plan for car lot buying was adopted. This was a suggestion that the ordinary "suggestion-box" would never have reached.

There now remains the third copy of the original day's plan, in the files of each

department head. Each manager goes through these duplicates from time to time and sees how his plans have worked out in comparison with the ones he originally had in mind. He sees that in one place he has gone counter to the general instructions of men higher up; in another case some trifling suggestion which was not thought of as of any great value by him has been utilized by his superiors to the fullest advantage, benefiting both him and the business. He is able, by checking up his results, to see exactly how accurate his plans are and how they work out.

This method of systematically planning the day's work, passing the plan on to the general manager for his supervision and actual or tentative O.K. or his corrections and suggestions, is one that develops the man as well as the business.

Various organizations find that it is possible to make the ordinary operations of business the means around which the day's work is planned and grouped. One engineering works handling mainly large orders for complicated machine tools finds it possible to make the drafting room the basis for planning the day's work. This was brought about by the fact that at one time a drafting room mistake was responsible for the loss of a \$15,000 contract. When it came to placing the responsibility for the error it was impossible to find any one who could be held. To prevent a future recurrence of a similar mistake, the manager brought the department heads together at 10 o'clock the next morning to go over in detail all plans for a week's work ahead. It was found that this required a great deal of time, and the men were not at their best in a long session of four or five hours every week. So the session was made into a morning meeting of department heads in the drafting room, where the day's work was planned. The responsibility for mistakes now lies beyond the draftsman—it is placed collectively upon the shoulders of the men who attend the meeting. It has been found that this meeting, in twenty or thirty minutes, can take care of the plans for the day. Each man goes back to his work not only knowing what is ahead of him, but enthused with the business—brought into a state of mind where he works at the highest efficiency point. And

he can pass his enthusiasm on to the workers under him.

"To me there is nothing that has the inspiration that leads a man to dig into work so much as the orders that come in," says the supervisor of work of a Chicago manufacturing house, and once a salesman on the road.

"For a long while I studied whether there was not some plan by which this enthusiasm could be communicated to the department heads. Finally I got together the men, let them study over the orders; tried to place the responsibility for them as much as possible, and drilled every man relentlessly from the standpoint that the bunch of orders before them was the actual result of what we all had been doing for the last few years. I impressed upon them that it was not what we meant to do, or had tried to do, but what had actually come in that counted.

"By taking up each individual order and studying it from two standpoints, it was possible to get my men to plan their work systematically and to handle it to good advantage. I was able to make them see that not only was the bulk of orders as they came in the result of our work, but also to get them to arrange their departments so that these orders would be taken care of to the best advantage. Around incoming orders I have been able to group a system of planning the day's work which takes care of the business as I believe it ought to be taken care of."

The manager of an electrical engineering works making a wide range of electric specialties uses a morning mail reading meeting as a means of laying out the day's work. He groups the day's plans about incoming mail.

The department heads gather each morning in the manager's office. The mail is opened—read—commented on—alotted to the man who can best handle it. Policies are settled as well as the day's details. The interchange of information giving each man an exact and authoritative knowledge of what the others are doing has made it possible to eliminate the waste plans which are a regular part of the day's work of so many institutions.

A further advantage of the morning mail reading as a means for planning

what can be done to best advantage during the day is the fact that the cost is so light. There is no expensive system to install; no complicated records have to be kept, for a simple memorandum on the corner of a letter may be the specifications for the day's work for a department.

"We have found it possible to group plans for the day's work about the correspondence department," says the manager of a Chicago mail order house. "One of the hardest things in taking on a new department head is to get him to plan systematically for what is ahead. He is willing, once a thing is done, to submit it to any amount of scrutiny. But before work is finished, usually he does not like to submit his plans to his manager. This we have found, in all cases, comes because he is not sure of his plans. His work he is sure of; his plans—particularly in skeleton form and without his personality—he fears will not make a good impression.

"In order to train the men—especially department heads taken on from other businesses—in the quickest possible time, the cartons of the previous day's letters are read before them. This list of letters does not include all the letters of all the departments, as many are of routine interest only. But each department head is requested to turn in to the manager the cartons of such letters as would prove instructive to the men who are to hear them. Such letters are those touching booked orders which call for special work in other departments. Filled orders which call for special work also may be of some interest. Adjustments found necessary and made are of great importance, as they show how faults have occurred in the past and warn the new worker how to avoid them."

"We also have a modification of this method, by which a second copy of letters which will be of assistance to department heads is sent from the correspondence department to the appropriate men. Boys who come early in the morning assist in the opening of the mail and distribute all copies of previous day's letters to the heads of the departments, as specified by notations. When the department head arrives he finds on his desk duplicates of all letters necessary to a complete planning of the work that is just ahead."

One of the large mail order houses of Chicago uses a "work ahead" schedule as an aid to planning the day's work.

On opening the mail it is noted, for instance, that the orders throw extra work upon certain departments. A morning's mail may call for extra help to fill the inflow of orders on schedule time. Or the packing department may need to know that there will be an unusual run on "Size A" boxes. The "work ahead" advice enables the department manager to plan his work effectively and not be taken by surprise.

This method has been adopted by a number of small businesses; the general manager notifies his subordinates as early as possible what work is ahead. Small manufacturing plants especially are using this method of helping the department head to make an accurate plan for the day.

The mind side of planning for others is one that is being considered more and more. The mechanics of work can be determined by figures; it takes close and accurate observation to learn how the mind influences the handling of work.

"I find that planning the day's work for forthright help is a matter of systematically handling the 'overload,'" says the

manager of the large stenographic department of one of the large Chicago plants. "Our force is of all classes; for instance, we have workers who have special training and must be kept on even when there is no paying work for them. Then we may have a day a week when ten of our hundred workers could easily care for what is in hand. Work for the force then becomes an important problem. Once it comes to their mind that there is a time when they can 'slack up,' this tends to demoralize the working efficiency of the entire force. As a consequence, it is necessary to keep work ahead so as to keep the force moving at a fair rate all of the time. This I provide by means of an 'overload'—work held back for these emergencies.

"It is important that this work must be 'new.' The employee must not know that there is constantly hanging over him what he calls an 'old job.' Old jobs and leftovers are bugaboos to workers. What he must know is that a few minutes before his desk is clear other similar work, no harder or no easier, will be provided. The important thing, therefore, in planning the day's work for any routine employee is that of keeping ahead of him a fair amount of work of the same quality as he is doing."

### "A Fossil, A Freak and A Fanatic"

THE world lost three remarkable teachers during the year 1910. It may seem strange to group the names of Professor Goldwin Smith, Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy and Count Lyoff Tolstoy, for three persons whose characters, aims and methods were so dissimilar could not well be brought together, and a cynic might dismiss them curtly as a fossil, a freak and a fanatic. But at least all of them were notable as interpreters of tendencies of thought in the civilized world, and to that may be added another minor point of resemblance. It was not the philosophy or religious teaching of any one of them which formed the principal foundation for fame, and it is even possible that Goldwin

Smith, Mrs. Eddy and Tolstoy might never have been known outside of a small circle, but for other gifts which won for them the attention of Christendom.

If Professor Goldwin Smith had not ranked among the most brilliant essayists of the century, his unobtrusive personality would never have wielded an influence in public life, but he was fitted to become the mouthpiece of a type of man which, though some regard it as existing merely to disturb the complacency of the multitude, nevertheless exerts an influence on the country as a whole. The nobility of the enthusiasms of Goldwin Smith can never be assailed, even by those who considered him misguided. He puzzled men who could only think

nationally, for his first concern was with humanity in the large and he made himself a servant of truth, freedom and justice. In his effort to do away with prejudices and similar handicaps of different races, the age of the Grange frequently took an unpopular stand, and even while people admired the man they execrated his views. Because he could not make them see down to the bed-rock of righteousness on which he sought to build, they considered him merely negative and destructive. Yet they knew him to be a man who had devoted his gifts and his riches to the service of mankind when he might have lived a life of idle ease.

The religious position taken by Professor Goldwin Smith was as difficult for most persons to understand as his consistent championship of unpopular political views, and he seemed always to be arguing against the cheering. It must be borne in mind that his religious views were formed in the days when liberals had command of the situation, and he never completely cleared his mind of the impression that to admit a flaw was the same thing as admitting that the whole of the religion of Western civilization was wrong. The theology of the churches seemed to him to be enmeshed in tradition, but he recognized that as organizations they stood for the essential things in both public and private life. Philosophically his religious stand may have been negative, but the important part of the life of Goldwin Smith as a teacher is that pectically it was positive.

For many years Professor Goldwin Smith attended a little church near his historic home, and there was a touch of pathos and nobility about the old man whisking out into the darkness of his uncertainty while hundreds of pulpits in the land thundered against things which he had written. This position was not the result of intellectual insincerity, but showed that one of the greatest humanitarians of the century endorsed the work being done by the Christian Church as an organization. It is also a significant indication of the expansiveness of modern religious life, when not dominated by religious hierarchies, for surely the church ought to be the first to recognize that

man's chief test lies in his character and his sincerity. The value of Goldwin Smith as a teacher doubtless lay largely in his example. During his lifetime, theologians found that the destructive work of critical minds had to be done so that the constructive work might be commenced on firm foundations which had never ceased to exist. The battles which accompany the blending of theology, science and social economy may well puzzle and dismay many a lay mind, but the Goldwin Smiths of recent generations have at least tried to preserve their grip on that central truth for which, when all is said and done, the churches stood—that fundamental thing which the prophets called righteousness. Is there a congregation in Christendom which does not contain some members whose theology is hazy, but whose characters are staunch? Such a condition of things is sure to exist in an age of development and fortunately such men as Professor Goldwin Smith have shown that such a stand may be sincere.

It may seem at first glance a mistake to class Mrs. Eddy as a person who was not primarily a religious teacher, but a very brief study of her philosophy and life makes the reason for doing so quite apparent. It was not "Christian Science" that made her one of the greatest women of the century, in fact one of the most remarkable of the world's daughters, for without her splendid ability as an organizer, she might have remained as little known as Quinby. She gave the greatest practical demonstration ever presented of the value of the centralization of power, and she showed her genius in realizing things of which other ambitious persons have only been able to dream. Other popes have made their infallibility a dogma, but Mrs. Eddy's became a fact. She left no loop-hole through which heresy could creep, for she and "Science and Health" were supreme, the only voices and the only authorities in the church. If any of her followers desired a new deity, Mrs. Eddy was willing to assume that role as well, but above all she asserted her position as the sole guardian of truth, which in her case was synonymous with cash. Even the wealth of the sect was so centralized that the church at Bos-

tion has become possibly the most powerful single organization on the continent. There are those who see in it a political menace in the future, but the danger hardly seems imminent in a country where the bitter sentiment against trusts, either political or religious, is steadily growing. A contemplation of the church must indicate that Mrs. Eddy is great chiefly in her ability to acquire and manipulate power.

As a woman she does not inspire the world at large with a desire to worship or even admire her. In the first place the man on the street doubts her sincerity, and everyone who takes an unprejudiced stand retains a slight suspicion that her 'discovery' was stolen from her former friend Quimby. She may have taken the manuscript or she may have only carried off the idea—in which case she apparently secured assistance in the use of it, for anyone who reads the shallow pretentious writings of Mrs. Eddy such as her letters and autobiography will doubt that she penned the stately English of "Science and Health." Mark Twain has proved this conclusively in his literary analysis of her work. The controversy over the question "Where did the idea come from?" may rage for generations without either side being convinced, but Mrs. Eddy's claims to inspiration are discredited by her own acts. She stands alone in history as a prophet, who copyrighted the divine message and sold it at a margin of five hundred per cent. Her followers regard such reflections upon her sincerity as blasphemy, but these are just a few of the reasons why the 'Mother Mary' of the Christian Scientist does not win respect from the average passer-by. Her talents were not the kind which conquer the human heart.

Yet the truth which lay at the root of her success and which she garbled and twisted in her teaching is bound to have a far reaching effect during the present century. Miracles have been wrought by the bones of saints, by sacred pools, by witch doctors and by faith healers for centuries, and in all these cases the same power was exercised as Mrs. Eddy used in her science. The workers of the miracles accounted for them to the best of their ability, but there can be no doubt that

the success of Christian Science hastened the discovery of the wonders which can be accomplished by mental suggestion. The men behind the Emmanuel Movement are making use of it, and it is being given scientific application in other quarters. If half of the illness of the world results from imagination and morbid mental conditions, then it stands to reason that physicians will accomplish much by tuning up the mind. In Mrs. Eddy's teaching there was one important factor which the miracle workers who preceded her had overlooked. Christian Science demanded an optimism which was carried to the edge of the ridiculous, but this compulsory cheerfulness played an important part in the permanency of the success of the cures. When people moved from shadow into sunlight—real or imaginary—and thereafter refuse to recognize the existence of anything but brightness, it is not surprising that they will consent to worship the woman who led them. It is this healthy outlook that the men who are using mental suggestion desire to attain. It will mean a great deal to the world, but the progress towards it must be slow, for mankind yields obedience less readily to a science than to a religion.

Count Lyoff Tolstoy resembled Professor Goldwin Smith in his splendid sincerity and he also possessed Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy's power of arresting attention. These two characteristics hardly seem combinable, but in the case of the Russian philosopher his actions were not calculated for effect, but it so happened that the logical outcome of his beliefs were acts which appealed to the imagination. The greatest indication of his sincerity is the reverence which the whole world felt for him.

It has been declared that Tolstoy can only claim immortality as a literary artist. Such critics as Edmund Gosse and Matthew Arnold marvelled at the wonderful accuracy of his realism, and accurate realism is, oh, so rare. Arnold described 'Anna Karenina' as a 'piece of life' and Gosse said of the writer, "There is no other author whose name I can recall who gives anything like his presentment of all that moves beneath the scope of heaven." Still it is just possible that the

literary artist may be almost forgotten in days when his theories of conduct will be attracting general attention.

Although he waged a war against the Orthodox Greek Church, Tolstoy believed devoutly in Christ, but he wanted to expound the Nazarene anew for the benefit of the world. He had faith in the spiritual insight of Jesus and wanted to apply the precepts which He taught to modern conditions. Even the most ardent admirers of Tolstoy find it difficult to follow him through the maze of his philosophic wanderings, but the industrious W. T. Stead attempted to formulate the creed of the great Russian and found that it was based on a conception of Christ embodied in five commandments. First, "Live in peace with all men; treat no one as contemptible and beneath you. Not only allow yourself no anger, but do not rest until you have dissipated anger in others against yourself."

Second. No libertinage and no divorce; let every man have one wife and every woman one husband.

Third. Never on any pretext take an oath of service of any kind; all such oaths are imposed for a bad purpose.

Fourth. Never employ force against an evil-doer; bear whatever wrong is done to you without opposing the wrong-doer or seeking to have him punished.

Fifth. Renounce all distinction of nationality; do not admit that men of another nation may ever be treated by you as enemies; love all men alike as alike near to you; do good to all alike.

Even though this summary may be incomplete, it serves to indicate that Tolstoy was what most of us would call a dreamer, but dreamers are often in reality the men who see further than the next step to be taken towards the perfecting of civilization. Theories which appear Uto-

pian to-day may have a very wide application a century hence. The five commandments of the Russian mystic strike the reader at once as idealistic but impracticable, and though a few individuals might advocate them, not even the nations which count themselves to be the most advanced would attempt to inculcate such ideas in the youth of the land. There are prominent public men in Canada who could be counted upon to fight them as imbecile and suicidal. Imagine Colonel G. T. Denison turned loose among his theories of universal peace. But when all is said and done, Tolstoy merely advocated a more complete application of principles which Christendom has acknowledged for a long time to be fundamental. Is it, therefore, very daring or optimistic to prophesy that time will find the world following Tolstoy? Not perhaps in his entirety, but much that he has taught will be found so practical that future generations will wonder why he was ever considered a lone voice crying in the wilderness.

These teachers, representing three widely different types, with widely different aims, passed out of their activity at a ripe old age and two of them lived to see much of the fruit of their work. Professor Goldwin Smith might be described as a man of the past, whose influence was needed in an age of reconstruction which seemed to the world to be an age of destruction. Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy served her purpose as a teacher in the present by calling attention to useful little truths which were being overlooked and having done that, she ceased to be important save as a founder of a wonderful organization. Tolstoy holds the mind longer for us is not yet fully understood and in him one may be admiring a great prophet of the future.

## Queen Mary, the Old-Fashioned Wife and Mother

A NUMBER of sidelights on the character of Queen Mary have been collected by the editor of *Current Literature*, under the above heading, all tend-

ing to show the present Queen of England as pious, Puritanical and impeccable. The relaxation of manners and even of morals which characterized the British

aristocracy in the reign of the late King Edward will not be tolerated in the present period of respectability. Women who invade the divorce court, wives who live apart from their husbands and possessors who tend to be "fast" will receive short shrift at court. The Queen is understood to have set about a drastic purification of the tone of English society, and those who perceive the extent to which she has gained sway over the mind of the King do not doubt her ability to enforce her policy of strict correctness. Primarily, as the *London World* says, Queen Mary is a wife and mother and she is determined that society shall be governed from the standpoint of the wife and mother. It will be correct in households that model their ways to accord with those of the court to have family prayers, to attend church regularly and to manifest a decent respect for the conventions. It was thought that Her Majesty might not be so rigorous in her ideas after a brief period on the throne. On the contrary she is more straight-laced than ever. The royal family is to be, it seems, a pattern and an example of respectability to the entire Anglo-Saxon world.

Queen Mary in truth is deeply religious, retaining the evangelical faith in which she was brought up, writes Mr. W. T. Stead in the *London Review of Reviews*. Her religion is more concerned with morals than with imagination, with conduct more than with belief. She is a regular church-goer and communicant, who is extremely tolerant in her views, but very punctual in reading her Bible every day; no matter how much work she has to do, she always reads her chapter. She is not attracted either by high ritual or by low Church; she loves the music of the organ and the singing of a well-trained choir. She is very fond of singing, and her voice, although not strong or of great volume, is sweet and sympathetic. For the modern love song, even in her teens, the Queen had no fancy, but preferred words more in keeping with her every-day thoughts—"The Lost Chord" and "The Convent Gaid" used to be among her favorite songs.

Her Majesty has much interested herself in the servant problem. She has stated that to her mind the real root of the unsatisfactory state of things is that mistresses are too little concerned

about the comfort of those whom they employ. They ought, she says, to do everything they can to make the leisure hours of their servants as agreeable as possible, and Her Majesty has practised what she has preached. Both the King and Queen loathe gambling. The Queen dislikes cards. The King plays bridge sometimes, and for small points, but without any enthusiasm. The King is interested in athletics, but the Queen cares little or nothing for sport of any kind. She is a keen walker and an enthusiastic needlewoman. The Queen is always the mother first and everything else afterwards. When she was compelled to part from her children in order to accompany her husband in his tour around the world she had a cinematograph fixed in the royal yacht, so that she might be able, whenever she chose, to see a living and moving presentment of her little ones playing and working.

The education of the children has always been of very great moment to the Queen, says Mr. Stead further; she was anxious that they should each be thoroughly taught all that others can teach them and therefore personally arranged the system she desired should be followed. Favoring the kindergarten for the very young—which amuses while it instructs—the Queen adopted this method for each one at the outset, often herself explaining the use and manipulation of the objects employed. Her Majesty, it seems, has never made the mistake of allowing or encouraging her children to have very long lessons, and here she is in agreement with the most advanced thinkers of our time, who have become aware that very serious injury may be done by overtaking young brains.

The Princess's own governess and companion, Madame Brieka, had charge of the elder children when they were young, and the tutors to the young Princess were Mr. Huan and Mr. Hensell, under whose charge they have been taken to see many of the historic and show places of London. They have paid their first visits to the Tower of London and to the Zoological Gardens with the fresh natural enthusiasm of a country cousin. They are dressed plainly, live plainly, and have good, serviceable toys which are not easily destroyed. No pleas-

anter picture of an English mother amongst her babies could be seen than that afforded by the Princess of Wales when living quietly at York Cottage. All the children, even to the youngest, came to their mother's room for tea, and when there was a baby it was brought down and laid on the couch so that the circle might be complete. No more devoted mother ever existed, and in former days to see one of the family at Sandringham has been generally to see them all. Mother and children would ride or ramble in the park, the father often completing the happy group.

Prince Edward becomes Prince of Wales, and bonny Princess Mary the Princess Royal. The remaining four boys, Prince Albert, Prince Henry, Prince George, and Prince John will, all being well, figure in the distant future as Royal dukes. The education and upbringing of the Royal children has been on eminently modern lines, writes Mrs. Sarah A. Tooley in the *London Chronicle*. At York Cottage, Sandringham, they have passed much of their time in healthy outdoor exercise, and have been very gradually initiated into book learning. They have been trained to use their eyes and their hands, and to acquire knowledge by observation. At the Technical Schools, Sandringham, they practice needlework and wood-carving. The young princess can compete with their sister in cross-stitch and wool crochet, and each year they send some of their handiwork to the Needlework Guild, of which their mother is president.

At Sandringham, too, they have been brought up in friendly association with the rural people. The Princess play cricket and football on the recreation grounds with the village boys, and practice at the gymnasium, which King Edward provided for the youth of the district. At Christmas they help to entertain the school children, and join in their merry-making.

At Frogmore House, in Windsor Park, the Royal children have delightful recreations. There is a new cricket ground for them, where the young Princess captain teams of boys from Eton College and St. George's, and where Princess Mary also tries her skill at a game. During the Diablo craze the Royal children played

with the keenest zest, and the young French boy Marcel Mounier gave a display of his skill for them at Marlborough House. From Frogmore, too, they go on delightful picnics to Virginia Water, where the big "King Edward VII." lies moored on the lake.

This small little craft was provided by "grandpa," and on it Prince Edward and Prince Albert took their first lessons in seamanship before they went to Osborne College, and now it serves as a training craft for the younger Princes. It is at Frogmore also that the Royal children practice riding and driving, under the tuition of Mr. Stratton, who has been groom to their father for many years. They have two pairs of driving ponies, one dark and the other the beautiful cream-colored ponies given to them by Mr. George Sanger. The Windsor home farm and dairy, close to Frogmore House, afford the children endless diversion, and have somewhat eclipsed their old love, the Sandringham Dairy. In the hay-making season they have glorious times in Windsor Great Park.

All the Royal children have cameras, and receive instruction from Mr. Huan, one of their tutors and a skilled photographer. They vie with each other in filling photographic albums with snapshots, and may possibly have some sympathy with the Pressmen who are not permitted to snapshot them. They have also their postcard albums, which contain quite a wonderful collection of views sent by their parents from the Colonies and India, and many cards signed "From grandpa." These from Biarritz have a sad significance now.

Prince Edward, who is known in the family circle as "David," played the role of elder brother, even in his earliest years. The newcomers were "the children," for whom his protecting and admonitory care were quite necessary. There were times, however, when the "new boy," as Prince Albert was called, showed signs of rebellion against the nursery sway of his elder brother, and one day their mother was deeply shocked to find them disputing the possession of the rocking-horse with blows. But their father said, "Let them have it out; they will be better friends afterwards."

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# SMOKING ROOM STORIES

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Mrs. Peck: "Henry, what would you do if burglars broke into our house some night?"

Mr. Peck (*valiantly*): "Humph! I should keep perfectly cool, my dear."

And when, a few nights later, burglars *did* break in, Henry kept his promise: he hid in the ice-box.—*Lippincott's*.

\* \* \*

There is living in Illinois a solemn man who is often funny without meaning to be. At the time of his wedding, he lived in a town some distance from the home of the bride. The wedding was to be at her house. On the eventful day the solemn man started for the station, but on the way met the village grocer, who talked so entertainingly that the bridegroom missed his train.

Naturally he was in a "state." Something must be done, and done quickly. So he sent the following telegram:

"Don't marry till I come.—Henry."  
—*Lippincott's*.

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A well-known New York contractor went into the tailor's, donned his new suit, and left his old one for repairs. Then he sought a cafe and refreshed the inner man; but as he reached in his pocket for the money to settle his check, he realized that he had neglected to transfer both purse and watch when he left his suit. As he hesitated, somewhat embarrassed, he saw a bill on the floor at his feet. Seizing it thankfully, he stepped to the cashier's desk and presented both check and money.

"That was a two-dollar bill," he explained when he counted his change.

"I know it," the cashier replied, with a toss of her blonde head. "I'm dividing with you. I saw it first."—*Lippincott's*.

The late Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia was a diplomat of the first order, and was possessed of a full share of Celtic wit and kindly humor.

Before the *Catholic Standard* and the *Catholic Times* were combined to form one publication, there was keen rivalry and much controversy between their proprietors and readers as to which was the more truly representative Roman Catholic organ in Philadelphia. Each sought eagerly to gain the official endorsement of the Archbishop. On one occasion a prominent layman tried to trap him into a statement as to which of the two publications he preferred.

"Well, I will give you my opinion," said the Archbishop deliberately; "it is certain that the *Standard* is far ahead of the times, and it is equally certain that the *Times* is much above the standard. Therefore I prefer to regard as most worthy the one which is thus proved to be superior."—*The Housekeeper*.

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Rastus was on trial, charged with stealing seven dollars and eighty-five cents. He pleaded not guilty, and, as he was unable to hire an attorney, the judge appointed Lawyer Clearem as counsel. Clearem put up a strong plea in defense, and Rastus was acquitted.

Counsel and client met a few minutes later outside the court room.

"Now, Rastus," said Clearem, "you know the court allows the counsel very little for defending this kind of a case. I worked hard for you and got you clear. I'm entitled to much more pay than I'm getting for my valuable services, and you should dig up a good-sized fee. Have you got any money?"

"Yes, Boss," replied Rastus, "I still done got dat seben dollahs and eighty-five cents."—*Everybody's*.